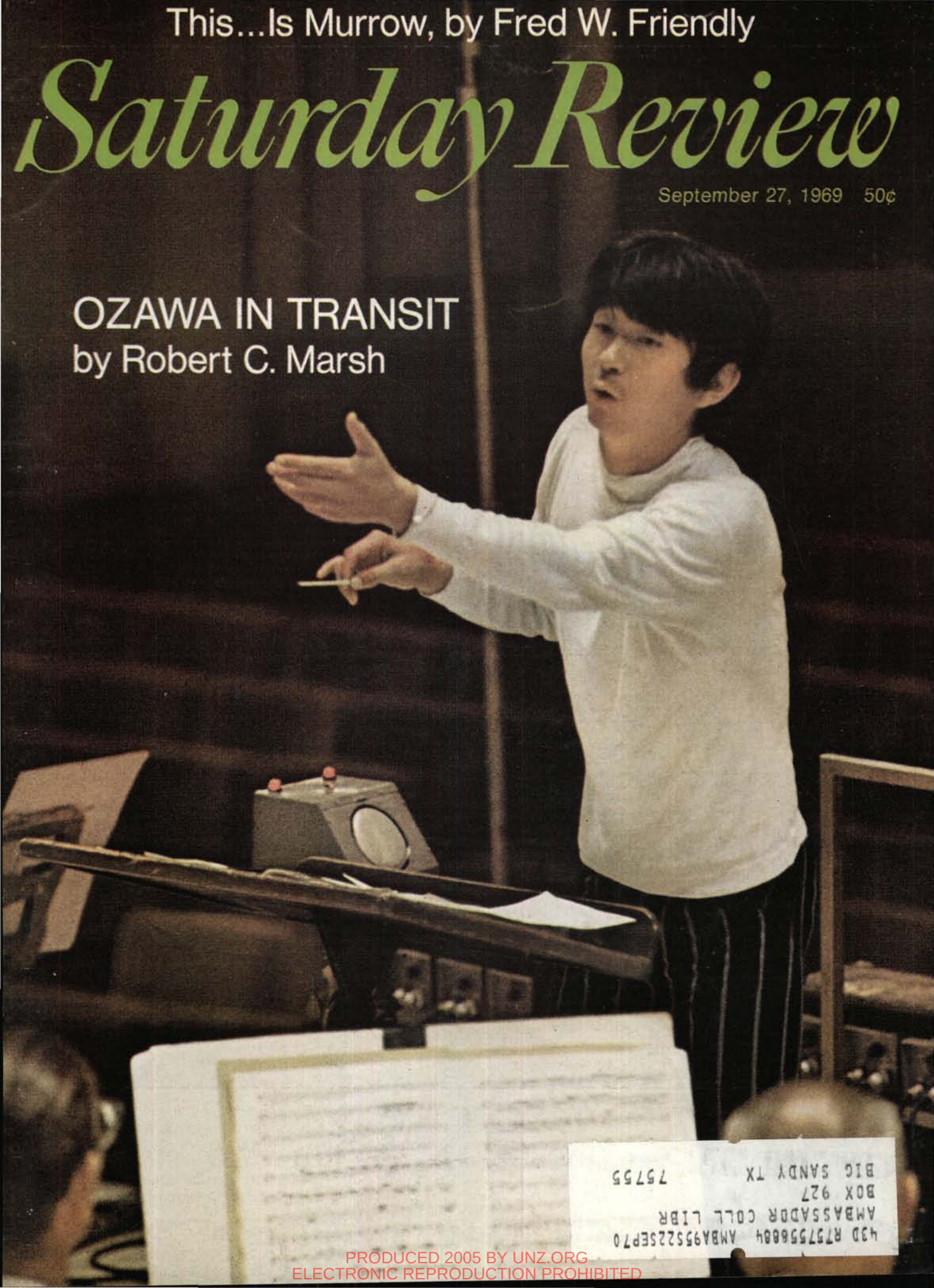
This...Is Murrow, by Fred W. Friendly

Saturday Review

September 27, 1969 50¢

OZAWA IN TRANSIT

by Robert C. Marsh



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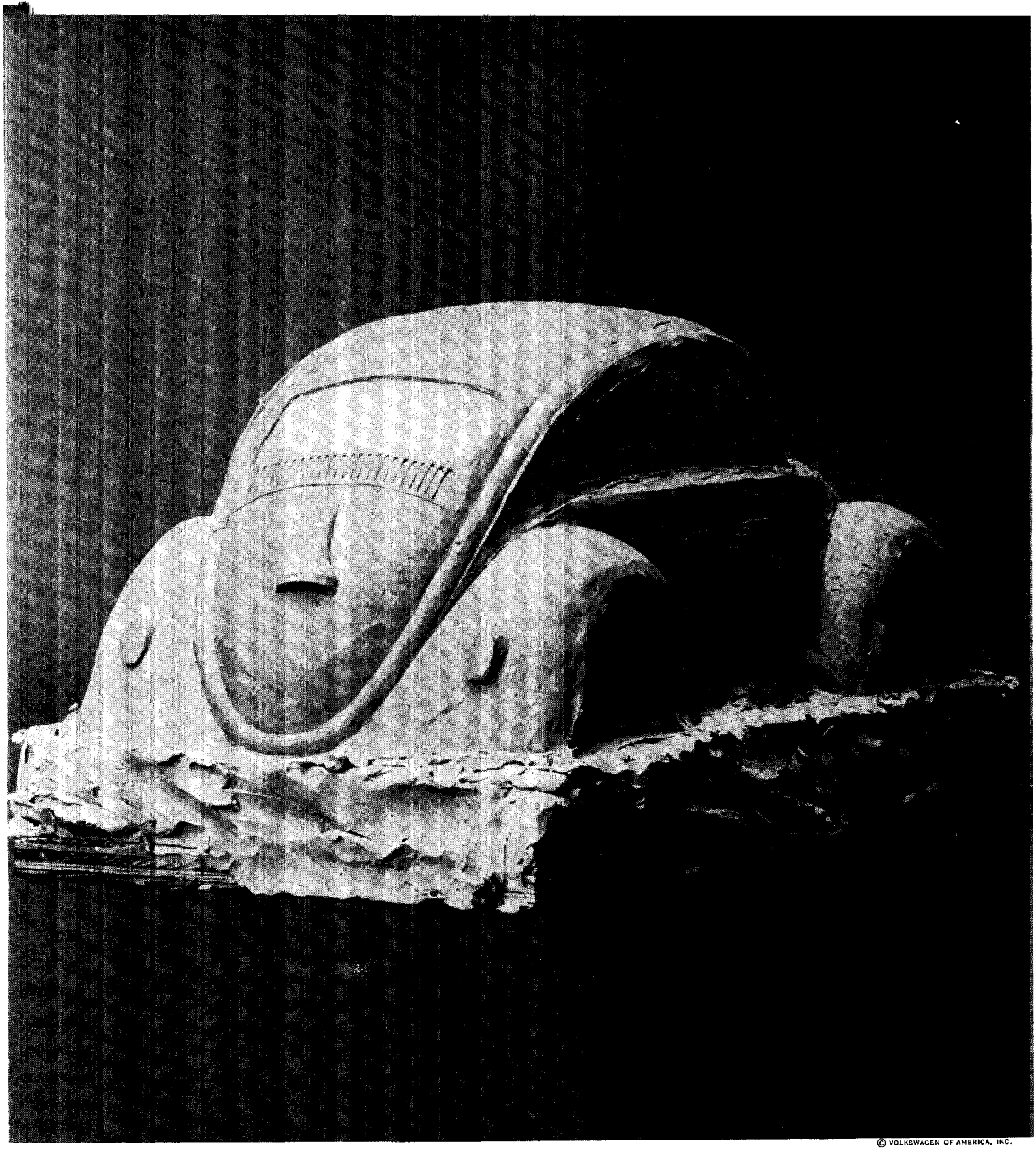

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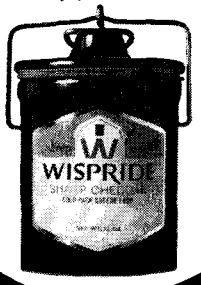

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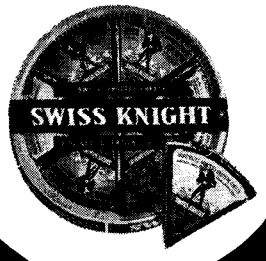

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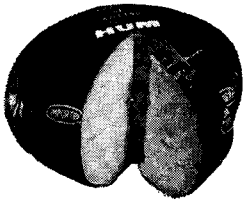

GERBER CHEESE CO., N.Y., N.Y. 10017

September 27, 1969

Saturday Review

Cover Story, page 45

Ozawa in Transit

by Robert C. Marsh

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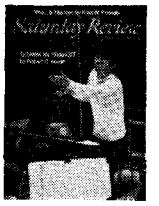

IDEAS

14 The Silent Arsenal

EDITORIAL

18 The Omnipotence of the Majority

BOOKS

21 Index of Books Reviewed

21 "Prime Time: The Life of Edward R. Murrow" by Alexander Kendrick

23 Perspective by J. H. Plumb

31 Criminal Record

RECORDINGS

45 Ozawa in Transit by Robert C. Marsh

48 The Year of No Show

49 Tape Today by Ivan Berger

56 Recordings in Review by Irving Kolodin

58 Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

59 The Ultimate Pop Experience by Ellen Sander

60 Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

61 The "Great Recordings" Revisited by Roland Gelatt

THE ARTS

MUSIC

20 Irving Kolodin at the opening of Alice Tully Hall.

MOVIES

39 Hollis Alpert on variations of the Western theme.

TRAVEL

40 Wilson Sullivan inside Cambridge and Concord.

COLUMNS

4 Goodman Ace: Top of My Head

6 Martin Levin: Phoenix Nest

12 Jerome Beatty, Jr.: Trade Winds

19 Letters to the Editor

34 Robert Lewis Shayon: TV-Radio

WORD GAMES

26 Literary Crypt

27 Your Literary I.Q.

32 Wit Twister

70 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1851

Photo Credits on page 7

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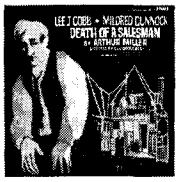

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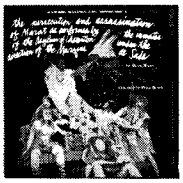

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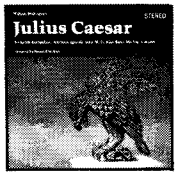

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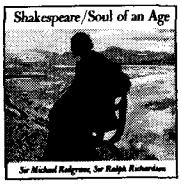

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

My Hero

BEING A hero-worshiper these days is tough going. Especially if the objects of your adoration are sports figures, as mine have always been since early school days, when I pasted their pictures on the wall underneath the school pennant.

Although I never made track and field, never personally put a shot, vaulted a pole, hurled a javelin, ran a mile, or jumped a broad, there never was a more ardent worshiper of all athletes.

I revered and envied their muscles and stamina, and forlornly hoped that somehow, some day, I would be one of them. The nearest I ever came was a slight case of athlete's foot.

That is not entirely true. In grammar school I got on the baseball team. I was given uniform number 1, which made me the proudest player on the squad. It wasn't until after I was dropped, having gone 0 for 114, that I learned the reason I got number 1. My shoulders and back would not accommodate any higher digit.

My heroes of yesteryear were durable figures. But today's athletes are made of lesser stuff. I'm constantly replacing their pictures. Where once Babe Ruth and Red Grange graced my wall, there have lately been Mickey Mantle and Joe Namath. But recently they have come up with knees of clay, or, at the very least, a saloon.

In desperation I turned to golf and Arnold Palmer. Up went his picture. But to my dismay, I learned while watching a telecast of a tournament, that Palmer was not playing golf this season, having come up with a hip of clay.

But he looked so much like a hero that I decided to wait out the season and his picture stayed up. Until a week later I heard him as an NBC commentator of a golf match. Mr. Palmer was describing a long putt a golfer was about to make.

"There is a lot of grass," Mr. Palmer said twice, "between he and the cup." Down came his picture, and I began to shop around for another hero.

Then I recalled that early last January I had thought of adopting as my hero a man in a field unrelated to sports. And yet, to my mind, he looks like what a football hero should look like. Tall, broad-shouldered, ruggedly handsome, quiet-spoken Robert H. Finch, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare.

Coach Richard Nixon, always on the scout for a player to fill out his new Washington expansion team, got Finch in a trade from Coach Ronald Reagan of the California squad. It might have been because the West Coast coach let him go that I was attracted to Finch. But it was mainly his TV appearances before the press that really got me. He looked like a man who could carry the ball, no matter how impenetrable the defense.

"Carry the ball" is a phrase I got from Coach Nixon in a pep talk he gave at the governors' meeting in Colorado Springs. "We can only toss the ball," he said, "the states and localities will have to carry it."

Despite his mixing that metaphor in the same speech with: "Washington . . . is a two-way street, and if the partnership is to survive, that street has to be traveled two ways," I felt that Nixon is at heart a football man. The new expansion team would need men for the wing formation who could split to the right. But Finch seemed the kind of football player who could scramble his way to the goal.

Well, the season finally opened and what can I tell you? *Sports Illustrated* could better describe the complicated plays in which Finch carried the ball, but I'll have a go at it:

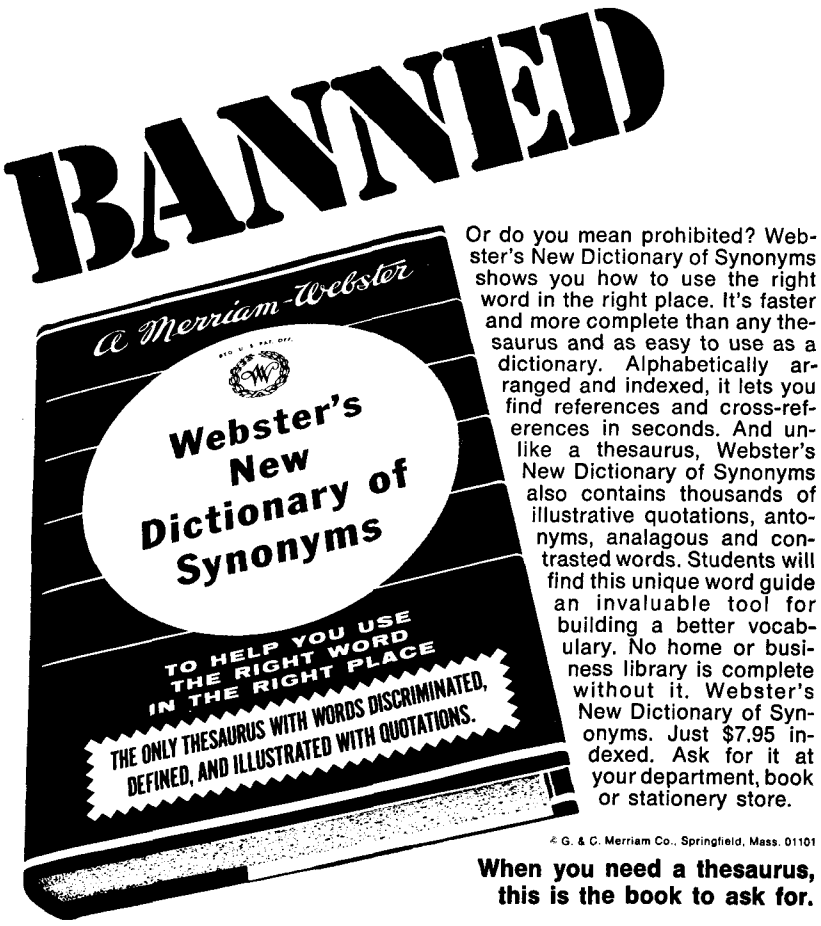
1) Washington vs. The American Meddling Association: Finch got the ball on a screen pass from Doc Knowles, was immediately tackled by Egeberg, and not only thrown for a loss, but he fumbled, and Egeberg recovered and ran for a touchdown.

2) Washington vs. South Carolina: Finch got the ball on a segregated pass and was on his way to the goal when he was tackled by Thurmond and thrown for a sixty-day loss.

3) Washington vs. Mississippi: Finch again was thrown, this time for a ninety-day loss.

4) Washington vs. Georgia: Finch did not play when Coach Lester Maddox, who never allowed even salt and pepper shakers on the same tables in his restaurant, insisted the goals be set further back—about one year.

I don't know the present state of my Secretary hero's Health, but he's getting a helluva Education, which I fervently hope will not find him one day out on Welfare.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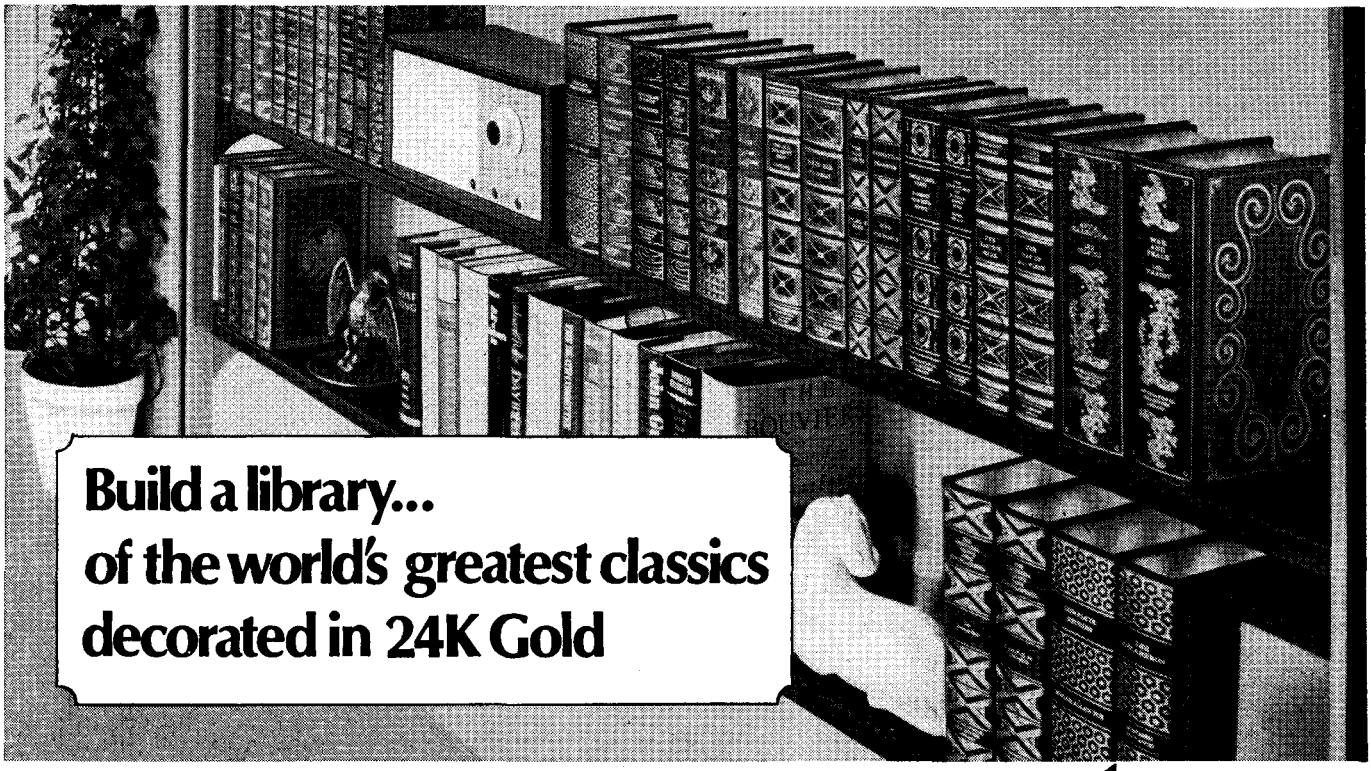

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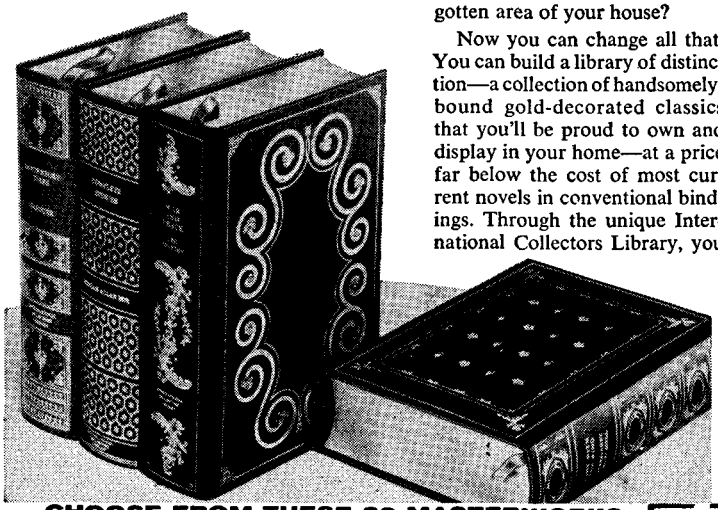

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Choc

A FIGHT, in Italian, may be a *lite*, a *rissa*, a *mischia*, a *zuffa*, or a *tafferuglio*.

A *lite* is not much of a fight—maybe no more than two women screaming at each other, or a man and his brother-in-law angrily trading insults. I don't know the difference between a *rissa* and a *mischia*, and Italian friends of mine, while warmly assuring me that they will let the light of day shine on the darkness of my perplexity, have their own difficulties distinguishing a *rissa* from a *mischia* and a *zuffa* from a *tafferuglio*.

An uproar or riot is a *gazzarra*, but *Il Messaggero*, my favorite Rome newspaper, seems to shy away from the word. If several hundred youths battle the police all the way from Piazza dei Cinquecento to Piazza Venezia, I mentally tab it as a *gazzarra*, but *Messaggero* sticks to *tafferuglio*.

Cars may be upset, shop windows smashed, buses and trams halted, and dozens of participants and spectators hurt by thrown stones, but to call such an occurrence a riot is plainly provocative; it is a *tafferuglio*.

All this leads me to "choc," a *cianciafruscola* or trifle as one would say unless one looks a little more closely at the matter. Choc is not an Italian word. It is the Italian version of the English noun shock. *Il Messaggero* uses choc so frequently that I suspect the paper's editor posts bulletin board instructions to the staff to employ choc whenever possible—as in the man was in *un stato di choc*.

Not long ago a Roman was driving his little Fiat on the Via Aurelia, the ancient coastal road, when he came to a sharp curve and, failing to make the turn in time, shot off into space flying ten *metri* before landing in the blue Tyrrbenian sea, where the car sank in several *metri* of water. The man came out without a scratch—*senza un graffio*.

But *Il Messaggero* observed that he was in a *stato di choc*. *Messaggero* it seemed to me, was a little too hasty with its diagnosis.

Now the Italians have a perfectly good word for shock: *trauma*. But suddenly, all over Italy, people involved in accidents or who hear bad news go into a *stato di choc*. Not since the Italians adopted the word stop has a word been as popular as choc. (A hitchhiker is an *autostoppista*, and there is a cigarette named Stop.)

To my eyes choc always looks like an abbreviation for chocolate. My ear tells me it makes no sense at all because "ch" in Italian is pronounced "k." Thus a man in a *stato di choc* is in a *stato di kok* and not shock.

I know why the Italians spell it choc. If they used the right letters to produce the correct sound of shock they would have to spell it "scioc" and that obviously is too close to *sciocco*. A *sciocco* is a fool, and to be *sciocco* is to be silly.

So choc it is, and that reminds me that *Il Messaggero* has another word for a fight in the street: *un western*.

—JOHN FERRIS.

Up for Grabs

ALL THOSE screen doors slamming after supper in my old neighborhood meant everybody was getting ready to race down to the ball field, scramble up on the steel-mesh fence, and cling there until dark in the hopes of seeing catcher Herschel "Staggers" Mallory of the Oak Hill Avengers parallel park his 220 pounds under a high pop fly.

Folks looked to Staggers for those great moments in sport. Rearranging the landscape with a slide into second base, slapping a line drive through the windshield of Harley's ice cream truck, or just throwing a strike to a section of fresh air—there wasn't a thing the kid couldn't do on a sandlot. But the thing Staggers couldn't do best was interrupt a falling baseball.

I am pitching for the Avengers in the fourth inning of a taut 16-to-4 skirmish with the aromatic Parker Street Slops, so named for the gobs of what it looks like they have been known to propel at passersby from their clubhouse in a huge, semi-extinct sewer pipe. The Slops have the 16, and it soon could be 20 because the bases are loaded and at the plate, rustling the leaves with each swish of his Georgia Cracker, coils brutish Slops cleanup hitter, Buzzy Armbruster.

Armbruster has been a thorn all evening—a search party still combs the woods beyond center field for the last pitch I threw him—and it is with muscle-shredding virulence that he now reacts to a slow curve, lashing it to an improbable height exactly straight up.

Tossing his bat disgustedly, Buzzy

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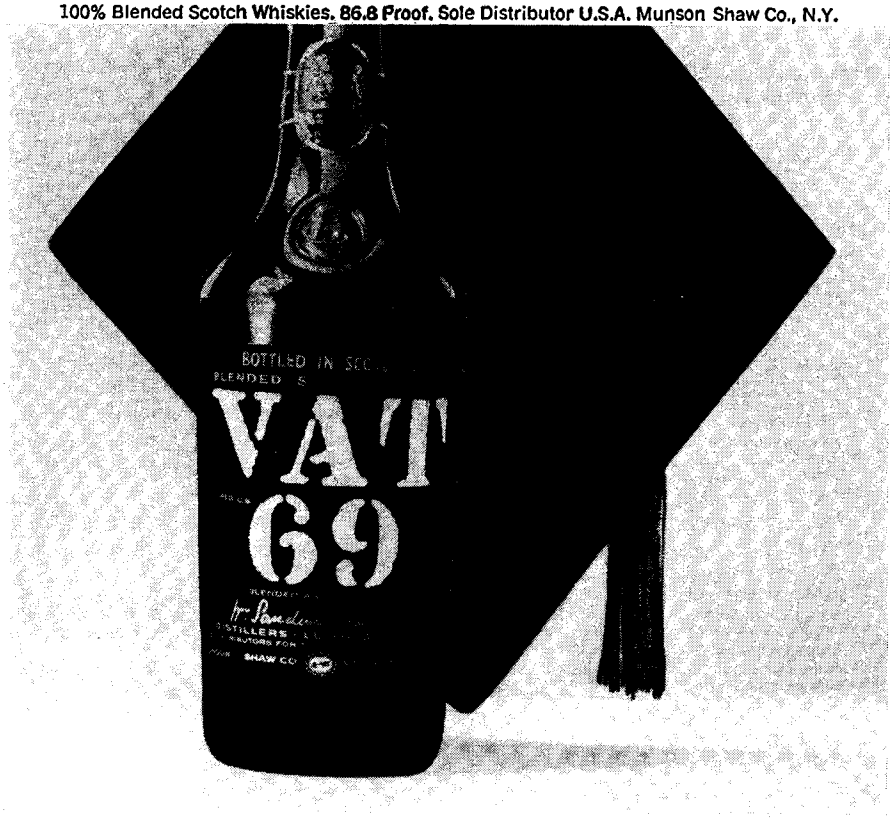

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chugs off toward first base in a fusillade of hoots from the fence-clingers. Staggers staggers halfway to the mound and asks what happened to the ball. In from-the-shoulder terms employed at regrettable volume, I explain that the ball is still visible to the naked eye directly above, that even as we chat the base paths are churning with Slops, and that it better the hell behoove somebody to maneuver beneath and make the catch.

Assigned the task by cries of "All yours, rotund" and "Squeeze it, lard" from our first and third basemen, Staggers gazes skyward openmouthed in appraisal. There is the ball, all right, approaching a streak of cirrus spissatus. Overwrought, not to say overequipped what with chest protector, shin guards, and so forth, Staggers reverses traditional procedure by holding on to his face mask while flinging his catchers glove a full fifty feet toward the Slops bench.

Imagine Staggers' surprise when, still looking up, he takes a reassuring pound at the soft leather of the latter and sinks his fist into the iron bars of the former. Imagine the astonishment of the fence-clingers, whose own knuckles whiten in realization that their behemoth home-team catcher has rid himself of the one implement assumed to be indispensable in such a situation.

The ball is definitely going to come down, and with what looks like a strong right-to-left drift. Staggers begins a plunging, cross-legged traverse of the infield that is climaxed by a savage uprooting on Buzzy's bat. With one shin guard now sheathing a calf muscle and his chest protector scrunched beneath his right armpit, Staggers rises bawling his displeasure to the umpire and looking about wildly for his glove, which is being prodded by a curious Slops utility infielder.

Considering windage, the ball is going to end up near home plate. This is very bad; Staggers is halfway up the third base line. "Behind you, idiot," I encourage. Staggers whirls and starts to backpedal. It is not apparent how he plans to snare the ball. Probably with his bare hands. Maybe with his mouth, which now stretches as wide as the jaws will permit.

Another great moment has come. Backing at full pedal, Staggers dips and launches into a surprisingly svelte back swan, his mask reaching high for the ball. It is a stupendous catch.

—PETER NICHOLS.

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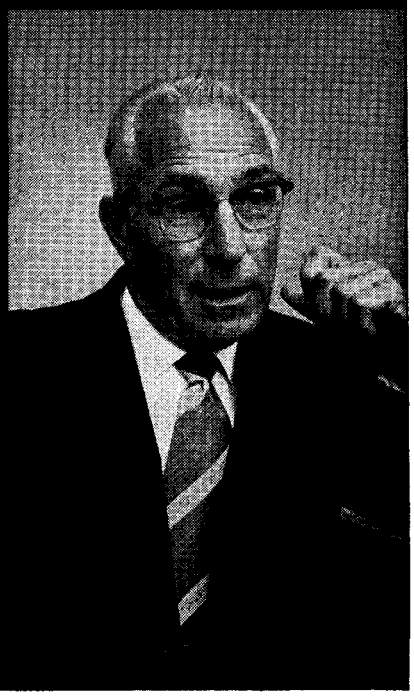
"Drug research gives me the tools that save lives."



A family doctor looks at new developments in the pharmaceutical industry. And he speculates on the future.

When I look back at some of my old records, I'm constantly reminded of the changes that have come about in medicine just during the past twenty-five years. Some of the diseases I treated and prayed over in the '40's are found mostly in medical history books now.

Thanks to drug research and development, we've made substantial gains in the control of cardiovascular disease, diabetes, malaria, mental illness, strep and staph infections, meningitis and a long list of ailments. It seems like only yesterday when a diagnosis of pneumonia was almost the kiss of death. Now, with modern medical techniques and drug therapy, we can offer some real help.

My records on polio, influenza and measles show an unbelievable trend for the better. New vaccines have reduced the toll of these age-old threats dramatically. And I see patients in pain from crippling arthritis helped with new medicinals unknown just a few years ago.

I hear questions about the three billion or so dollars spent by the drug industry in research during the past ten years . . . working on new and better drug products. It does seem like quite a bit of money to spend, and I realize some of it goes into dead ends. That's the problem with research, any research . . . you often don't know where you're going until you get there. I want all the tools I can get to help my patients. I want more drugs and more effective drugs. If they mean less pain, longer lives and more productive careers for those I treat . . . well, that's what really counts.

Another point of view . . . Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 Fifteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.

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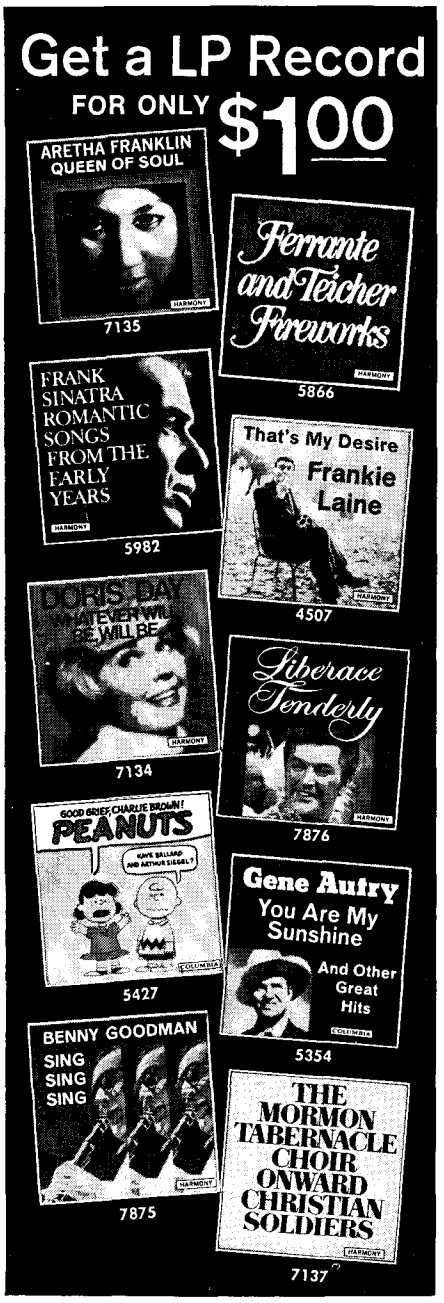

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Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Most of us were born and brought up on the English language, yet we spend all our lives battling with it. A professor of English at Drake University told me that one of his missions is to cure students of clichés and malapropisms, if those are the words to describe what he finds in their papers, such as, "The foreigner comes to America in hoards, and, finding freedom here, sometimes goes besmirch." Another student wrote about a controversy that "has raged thick and thin for eighty years." When the professor asked students to correct "put your shoulder to the wheel and aim high," one student wrote that it should be "put your shoulder to the grindstone."

From the West Coast a friend sends me some original utterances by a neighbor who talks in this fashion. Discussing the house, she once said, "It's about time to tar and feather the roof." Another time, after a meeting, she reported that the outgoing official "didn't have much to do except hand over the gravel."

A most astonishing example of a lost skirmish with the language comes to me from New York. An executive at the fashionable Bergdorf Goodman store writes to people on paper that gives his title as "Stationary Buyer." I hopes he gets moving.

I have been reading *The Honeycomb* (Doubleday) by Adela Rogers St. Johns, the autobiography of that well-known woman writer. She started her career at the age of eighteen as a reporter for William Randolph Hearst, and has led a life of adventure and excitement. She knew all the screen stars; she covered such events as the Lindbergh kidnap trial; she interviewed the Duchess of Windsor; she was a Washington correspondent while Franklin Roosevelt was President.

But, she says, the most attractive man she ever knew was Tom Mix, the silent screen cowboy star. Mix had never finished grammar school, but after becoming famous he discovered Shakespeare and eagerly devoured *Hamlet*. Then he was shocked to learn that the author was dead. Nevertheless, he went on reading the plays. Once, Hearst took Mix to his library and showed him the Folio Shakespeare. The cowboy grabbed *Romeo and Juliet* and read out the lines. "Look, look at all those exclamation points!" he exulted. The two men discussed the murders in Shakespeare's tragedies, and how the Bard created sensation and thrills for the audience.

"You may include Dickens's Bill Sikes and Nancy and Bill Sikes's dog," Hearst said, "and the way Aeschylus presents the return of Agamemnon from Troy and his murder by Clytemnestra."

"I gotta get around to the Greeks," Tom Mix said.

At the Athens airport last month Clyde Robert Bulla was taking a plane to Paris, and he asked the Olympia Airlines girl at the desk, "Do I choose my plane seat here?"

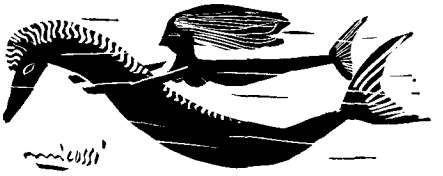
She said, "No. As you get on, you choose any seat that isn't taken."

He said, "That's very democratic."

"What?" asked the Grecian girl.

"Democratic," he repeated.

She frowned and said, "I don't know the word."



On page 260 of *Portnoy's Complaint* is a sentence that bothered Amy Vanderbilt. She asked for enlightenment from Philip Roth, the author, and Random House, the publisher, without success. The sentence reads:

"The more fanatical of her fellows, she told me, would never have accepted such a gift, and would probably disapprove of her failing to do so."

Amy asks shouldn't it be "of her having done so"?

Sharps and Flats: Nanette Scofield of Scarsdale, New York, has a gentleman friend who sent a suit out to be pressed, not cleaned. When it came back a card was attached: PRESS ONLY. He put it on the windshield of his car and has been able to park almost anyplace.

► Commenting on President Nixon's proposal to withdraw 15,000 men from overseas bases next year, Senate Democratic Leader Mike Mansfield said it was inadequate. According to the *Christian Science Monitor*, he added: "This is a step in the right direction, but it's only a drop in the bucket."

► Phyllis Feuerstein knows a woman who, trying to get her son to shape

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up, took away all his privileges, except she let him keep his car. It didn't do any good. He still has no job and gets in trouble. Moral: Spare the hot rod and spoil the child.

► Adding to our list of unlikely novelists, Albert E. Johnson reports that John Philip Sousa wrote a book called *The Fifth String*, a love story that featured a violin with five strings. When the fifth string was played, it meant death to somebody. Mr. Johnson also recalls that Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., wrote a book, and that Enrico Caruso composed some music.

► The euphemisms for a "television commercial" are always funny. They call it "this important word" or a "message," as though something of moment is about to be delivered to you. I heard Ed Sullivan announce a commercial as a "memo."

► In a branch of the New York Public Library, Morton Clark found Philip Wylie's *Generation of Vipers* in the zoology section.

► Professor Ernest B. Speck, professor of English at Pan American College, Edinburg, Texas, was reading the bulletin advertising for candidates for the Fulbright-Hays Awards, to lecture and do research in linguistics and to teach English. He found the word "grammer" in two places.

► Charles Gramley asks how come in soap operas no families ever watch television, nor even have a television set in their homes?

► Peter Martin likes the sign that keeps people away from the Toronto subway tracks: WARNING—TRESPASSERS WILL BE ELECTROCUTED.

► An ambitious experiment has failed. Scientists were trying to develop an abadile, by crossing an abalone with a crocodile. But something went wrong, and they got a crocabalone.

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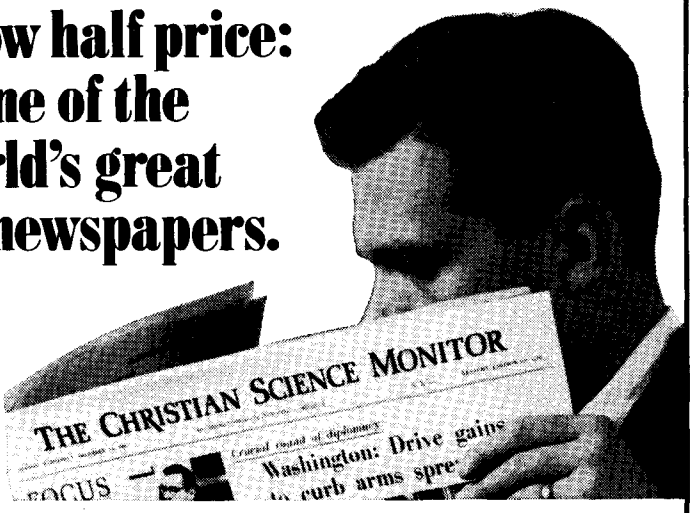

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Saturday Review
September 27, 1969

THE SILENT ARSENAL

A United Nations Report on the Production, Use, and Effects of Chemical and Bacteriological Weapons

No form of warfare has been more condemned than has the use of chemical and bacteriological weapons. The poisoning of wells has been regarded from time immemorial as a crime incompatible with the rules of war. "War is waged with weapons, not with poison" (*"Armis bella non venenis geri"*), declared the Roman jurists. As the destructive power of arms increased over the years, and with it the potential for the widespread use of chemicals, efforts have been made to prohibit the use of chemical weapons. The fear today is that the scientific and technological advances of the past few decades have increased the potential of chemical and bacteriological weapons to such an extent that their use could cause casualties on a scale greater than that associated with conventional warfare.

A considerable effort has also been made to develop chemical agents that do not kill but reduce a man's capacity to fight. Such agents are used by civil authorities in a number of countries to suppress disorders and to control riots, but when used in warfare they would inevitably be employed as an adjunct to other forms of attack, and their overall effect might be lethal.

As the report shows, the outstanding characteristic of these weapons, particularly the bacteriological, is the variability—amounting under some circumstances to unpredictability—of their effects. Depending on environmental and meteorological conditions, and on the agent used, the effects might be devastating or negligible. They could be localized or widespread. They might bear not only on those attacked but also on the side that initiated their use, whether or not the attacked military forces retaliated in kind. Civilians would be even more vulnerable than the military. The development, acquisition, and deployment of chemical and bacteriological weapons—quite apart from questions of protection—constitute a real economic burden that varies in extent for different countries. Above all, their acquisition could not possibly obviate the need for other weapons.

It would be enormously costly in resources, and all but impossible administratively, to organize adequate protection for a civilian population against the range of possible chemical agents. Even military personnel, if locally engaged in an operation in which chemical and/or bacteriological weapons were used and where they had the advantage of protective measures, would be unlikely to escape the widespread and long-term effects on their country at large. These might arise, for example, from the impracticability of protecting soil, plants, animals, and essential food crops against short- and long-term effects.

To appreciate the risks of bacteriological warfare, one has only to remember how a natural epidemic may persist unpredictably and spread far beyond the initial area of incidence, even when the most up-to-date medical resources are used to suppress the outbreak. The difficulties would be considerably increased were deliberate efforts made to propagate pathogenic organisms. Mass disease following an attack, especially of civilian populations, could be expected not only because of the lack of timely warning, but also because effective measures of protection or treatment simply do not exist or cannot be provided on an adequate scale. Once the door was opened to this kind of warfare, escalation would in all likelihood occur, and no one could say where the process would end.

Chemical agents of warfare are taken to be chemical substances—whether gaseous, liquid, or solid—that might be employed because of their direct toxic effects on man, animals, and plants. Bacteriological agents of warfare are living organisms, whatever their nature, or infective material derived from them, that are intended to cause disease or death in man, animals, or plants, and that depend on their ability to multiply in the person, animal, or plant attacked. Various living organisms (e.g., rickettsiae, viruses, and fungi), as well as bacteria, can be used as weapons. In the context of warfare all these are generally recognized as bacteriological weapons. [In the report the term bacteriological encompasses all forms of biological warfare.]

Chemical Agents

As a class, chemical agents produce their injurious effects more rapidly than do bacteriological agents. The time between exposure and significant effect may be minutes, or even seconds, for highly toxic gases or irritating vapors. Blister agents take a few hours to produce injury. Most chemicals used against crops elicit no noticeable effect until a few days have elapsed. On the other hand, a bacteriological agent must multiply in the body of the vic-

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The accompanying article is excerpted and adapted from a study prepared by an international group of experts for U.N. Secretary General U Thant in accordance with a resolution of the U.N. General Assembly. In his foreword to the report, the Secretary General comments: "During the past few years I have become increasingly concerned by developments in the field of chemical and bacteriological weapons. . . . A year ago I stated publicly that 'the international community was not sufficiently aware of the dangers inherent in this new type of weapon of mass murder.'

"The group has submitted . . . a document that, I believe, provides valuable insights into the grave dangers that are posed by the production and possible use of these dreaded weapons. . . .

"I feel it incumbent upon me . . . to call upon all countries to reach agreement to halt the development, production, and stockpiling of all chemical and bacteriological agents for the purpose of war and to achieve their effective elimination from the arsenal of weapons."

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tim before disease (or injury) supervenes; this is the familiar incubation period of a disease, the time that elapses between exposure to infection and the appearance of symptoms of illness. This period is rarely as short as one or two days, and may be as long as a few weeks or even longer. For both chemical and bacteriological agents the speed of action is affected by the quantity absorbed, but this secondary factor does not obscure the basic difference between the two classes of agents in the time they take to manifest their effects.

The effects of most chemical agents that don't kill quickly do not last long, except in the case of some agents such as phosgene and mustard, where they might continue for some weeks, months, or longer. On the other hand, bacteriological agents that are not quickly lethal cause illness lasting days or even weeks, and on occasion involve periods of prolonged convalescence. The effects of agents which act against plants and trees could last for weeks or months and, depending on the agent and the species of vegetation attacked, could result in death.

Because they infect living organisms, some bacteriological agents can be carried by travelers, migratory birds, or animals to localities far from the area originally attacked. The possibility of this kind of spread does not apply to chemical agents. But control of contamination by persistent chemical agents could be very difficult. Should large quantities of chemical agents penetrate the soil and reach underground waters, or should they contaminate reservoirs, they might spread hundreds of kilometers from the area of attack, affecting people remote from the zone of military operations. Although we know of no comparable substance likely to be used as a chemical warfare agent, the spread of DDT over the globe illustrates, in an extreme form, how man-made chemicals can spread. This chemical insecticide is now found in the tissues of creatures in all parts of the world, even in places in which it has never been used. For example, as a result of its transfer through food chains, it is even found in the tissues of penguins in Antarctica.

In circumstances that favor their persistence, herbicides, defoliants, and perhaps some other chemical agents might linger for months, stunting the growth of surviving or subsequent plant life, and even changing the floral pattern through selection. Following repeated use, certain chemical agents could even influence soil structure. The risk of residual effects with some bacteriological agents is potentially greater, mainly because they could lead to disease that might become epidemic if man-to-man transmission occurred readily. Bacteriological agents also might find unintended hosts in the animals and plants of an area, or be transported by infected individuals over great distances to new environments.

Lethal chemical agents kill in relatively small doses, and, as a rule, the amount that causes death is only slightly greater than that which causes incapacitation. Death may occasionally be caused by high doses of presumed incapacitating agents, and, conversely, minor effects could be caused by low doses of lethal agents. Blister agents are considered with the lethal agents, since a small but significant fraction of those attacked with such agents may die or suffer serious injury.

Lethal nerve agents are readily absorbed through the lungs, eyes, skin, and intestinal tract without producing local irritation, and they interfere with the action of an enzyme (cholinesterase) essential to the functioning of the nervous system. The nerve-agent casualty who has been exposed to a lethal dose will die of asphyxiation within a few minutes if he is not treated swiftly by means of artificial respiration and drugs such as atropine or oximes. Otherwise, recovery is generally rapid and complete. Occasionally it may take several weeks, but will be complete unless anoxemia or convulsions were so prolonged as to cause irreversible brain damage.

MUSTARD is a typical blister agent that, like other members of this class, has general toxic effects. Exposure to small concentrations in the air for several hours results at least in irritation and reddening of the skin, but may even lead to temporary blindness. Exposure to higher concentrations in the air causes blisters and swollen eyes. Severe effects of this kind also occur when liquid falls on the skin or into the eyes. Blistering with mustard is comparable to second-degree burns. More severe lesions, comparable to third-degree burns, may last for a couple of months. Blindness may be caused, especially if a liquid agent has entered the eyes. Inhalation of vapor or aerosol causes irritation and pain in the upper respiratory tract, and pneumonia may supervene. High doses of blister agents cause a general intoxication that may prove lethal.

PHOSGENE and compounds with simi-

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lar physiological effects were used in World War I. Death results from damage to the lungs. The only treatment is inhalation of oxygen and rest. HYDROGEN CYANIDE in lethal doses causes almost immediate death by inhibiting cell respiration. Most of the so-called blood agents contain cyanide, and all act rapidly. The casualty would either die before therapy could begin, or recover soon after breathing fresh air. BOTULINUM TOXIN is one of the most powerful natural poisons known, and could be used as a chemical warfare agent. There are at least six distinct types, of which four are known to be toxic to man. Formed by the bacterium clostridium botulinum, the toxin is on occasion accidentally transmitted by contaminated food.

The population density in a modern city may be 5,000 people per square kilometer. A heavy surprise attack with nonvolatile nerve gas by bombs exploding on impact in a wholly unprepared town would, especially at rush hours, cause heavy losses. Half of the population might become casualties, half of them fatal, if about one ton of agent were disseminated per square kilometer.

If such a city were prepared for attack, and if the preparations included a civil defense organization with adequately equipped shelters and protective masks for the population, the losses might be reduced to one half of those which would be anticipated in conditions of total surprise. Given a town with a total population of 80,000, a surprise attack with nerve gas could thus cause 40,000 casualties, half of them fatal, whereas under ideal circumstances, fatalities might number no more than 2,000. It is inconceivable, however, that the ideal would ever be attained.

PSYCHOCHEMICALS have been suggested for use in war as agents that could cause temporary disability by disrupting normal patterns of behavior. The idea cannot be accepted in its simple form, since these substances may lead to more permanent changes, particularly in individuals who are mentally unbalanced or who are in the early stages of a nervous and mental disease. Moreover, very high doses, which would be difficult to exclude during use in war, can cause irreversible damage to the central nervous system or even death. Psychochemicals could also have particularly severe effects on children.

Compounds such as LSD, mescaline, psilocybin, and a series of benzilates that cause mental disturbance—either stimulation, depression, or hallucination—could be used as incapacitating agents. Psychochemicals do more than cause mental disturbance. For example, the general symptoms from the benzilates are interference with ordinary activity, dry, flushed skin, irregular heartbeat, urinary retention, constipation, slowing of mental and psychical activity, headache and giddiness, disorientation, hallucination, drowsiness, occasional maniacal behavior, and increase in body temperature.

Bacteriological Agents

Bacteriological agents could be used with the intention of killing people or of incapacitating them for short or long periods. The agents, however, cannot be defined rigidly as either lethal or incapacitating, since their effects are dependent upon many factors relating not only to themselves but also to the individuals they attack. Any disease-producing agent intended to incapacitate may, under certain conditions, bring about a fatal disease. Similarly, attacks that might be intended to provoke lethal effects might fail to do so.

A number of natural diseases of man and domestic animals are caused by mixed infections (e.g., swine influenza, hog cholera). The possible use of two or more different organisms in combination in bacteriological warfare needs to be regarded seriously because the resulting diseases might be aggravated or prolonged.

Victims of an attack by bacteriological weapons would, in effect, have contracted an infectious disease. The diseases would probably be known, but their symptoms might be clinically modified. For example, apart from the deliberate genetic modification of the organism, the portals of infection might be different from the natural routes, and the disease might be foreign to the geographical area in which it was deliberately spread. The following are possible bacteriological agents representing diseases caused by the main groups of relevant microorganisms.

ANTHRAX: Under natural conditions, anthrax is a disease of animals, the main sources of infection for man being cattle and sheep. Its vernacular synonym, wool sorter's disease, indicates one way men used to contract the disease. Depending on the mechanism of transmission, a cutaneous form (contact infection), an intestinal form (alimentary infection), or a pulmonary form (airborne infection) may develop. The lung or respiratory form is most severe, and unless early treatment with antibiotics is resorted to death ensues within two to three days in nearly every case.

With suitable expertise and equipment, large masses of anthrax bacilli can be easily grown, and heavy concentrations of resistant anthrax spore aerosols can be made. Such aerosols could result in a high proportion of deaths in a heavily exposed population. Immunization could not be expected to protect against a heavy aerosol attack. The soil would remain contaminated for a very long time and so threaten livestock farming.

COCCIDIOIDOMYCOSIS: This disease, which is also called desert fever, is cause by a fungus found in the soil of deserts in the United States, South America, and the U.S.S.R. The spores of the fungus are very stable, and can easily be disseminated as an aerosol. If they are inhaled, pneumonia with fever, cough, ague and night-sweating, and muscle pains follow after an incubation period of one to three weeks.

PLAGUE: Under natural conditions, small rodents, from which the disease is transmitted by fleas, are the main source of human infection. This is how bubonic plague develops. If the plague microbes are inhaled, pneumonic plague develops after a three-to-five-day incubation period. The patient suffers from severe general symptoms, and, if untreated, normally dies within two to three days. A patient with pneumonic plague is extremely contagious to contacts. Animal experiments have shown that particles of one micrometer diameter containing single microbial cells can cause primary pneumonia with a rapid and fatal outcome. If the aerosol is formed by larger particles (five to ten micrometers in diameter), microbial cells are deposited in the nose and other regions of the upper respiratory tract, and primary foci of the disease develop in the corresponding lymphatic nodes. A fatal generalized infection may then follow. A large mass of plague bacteria could be grown and probably lyophilized (freeze-dried) and kept in storage. The agent is highly infectious by the aerosol route and most populations are completely susceptible. An effective vaccine against this type of disease is not known.

It is almost impossible to conceive of the complexity of the arrangements that would be necessary to control the consequences of a large-scale bacteriological attack. Even in peacetime, the

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development of an epidemic of a highly contagious disease started by a few individual cases introduced from abroad necessitates enormous material expenditures and the diversion of large numbers of medical personnel. No estimates are given of the actual costs involved in dealing with these events, but in some cases they must have run into millions of dollars. Large-scale bacteriological attacks could thus have a serious impact on the entire economy of the target country. Depending on the type of agent used, the disease might well spread to neighboring countries.

Whatever might be done to try to save human beings, nothing significant could be done to protect crops, livestock, fodder, and foodstuffs from a chemical and bacteriological weapons attack. Persistent chemical agents could constitute a particular danger to livestock. Water in open reservoirs could be polluted as a result of deliberate attack, or perhaps accidentally, with chemical or bacteriological weapons. The water supply of large towns could become unusable, and rivers, lakes, and streams might be temporarily contaminated.

Production of Weapons

Today a large number of industrialized countries have the potential to produce a variety of chemical agents. Many of the intermediates required in their manufacture, and in some cases even the agents themselves, are widely used in peacetime. Such substances include, for example, phosgene, which some highly developed countries produce at the rate of more than 100,000 tons a year; ethylene-oxide, which is used in the manufacture of mustard gases, is also produced on a large scale in various countries—mustard gas and nitrogen mustard gases can be produced from ethylene-oxide by a relatively simple process.

A country that possessed a well-developed chemical industry could clearly adapt it to produce chemical agents. But were it to embark on such a step, it would be only the beginning. The establishment of a comprehensive chemical warfare capability would also involve special research centers, experimental test grounds, bases, storage depots, and arsenals. The development of sophisticated and comprehensive weapons systems for chemical or bacteriological warfare would be a very costly part of the whole process. Nonetheless, the possibility that a peacetime chemical industry could be converted to work for military purposes, and of chemical products being used as weapons, increases the responsibility of governments that are concerned about preventing chemical war from ever breaking out.

The microbiological expertise necessary to grow agents of bacteriological warfare exists to a large extent in many countries, since the requirements are similar to those of a vaccine industry and, to a lesser extent, a fermentation industry. Apart from the combination of the highly developed technologies of these two industries, there remains only a need for some specialized knowledge, expertise, and equipment to permit the safe handling of bacteriological agents.

Despite the fact that the development and acquisition of a sophisticated armory of chemical and bacteriological weapons systems would prove very costly in resources and would be dependent on a sound industrial base and a body of well-trained scientists, any developing country could in fact acquire, in one way or another, a limited capability in this type of warfare —either a rudimentary capability that it developed itself, or a more sophisticated one that it acquired from another country.

Conclusion

All weapons of war are destructive to human life, but chemical and bacteriological weapons stand in a class of their own as armaments that exercise their effects solely on living matter. The idea that bacteriological weapons could deliberately be used to spread disease generates a sense of horror. The fact that certain chemical and bacteriological agents are potentially unconfined in their effects, both in space and time, and that their large-scale use could conceivably have deleterious and irreversible effects on the balance of nature adds to the sense of insecurity and tension. Considerations such as these set them into a category of their own in relation to the continuing arms race.

The present inquiry has shown that the potential for developing an armory of chemical and bacteriological weapons has grown considerably in recent years, not only in terms of the number of agents, but also in their toxicity and in the diversity of their effects. At one extreme, chemical agents exist and are being developed for use in the control of civil disorders; others have been developed in order to increase the productivity of agriculture. But even though these substances may be less toxic than most other chemical agents, their ill-considered civil use, or use for military purposes, could turn out to be highly dangerous. At the other extreme, some potential chemical agents that could be used in weapons are among the most lethal poisons known. In certain circumstances the area over which some of them might exercise their effects could be strictly confined geographically. In other conditions some chemical and bacteriological weapons might spread their effects well beyond the target zone. No one could predict how long the effects of certain agents, particularly bacteriological weapons, might endure and spread and what changes they could generate.

Moreover, chemical and bacteriological weapons are not a cheap substitute for other kinds of weapons. They represent an additional drain on the national resources of those countries by which they are developed, produced, and stockpiled. The cost cannot, of course, be estimated with precision; this would depend on the potential of a country's industry. To some the cost might be tolerable; to others it would be crippling, particularly, as has already been shown, when account is taken of the resources that would have to be diverted to the development of testing and delivery systems. And no system of defense, even for the richest countries of the world, and whatever its cost, could be completely secure.

Because chemical and bacteriological weapons are unpredictable, in varying degree, either in the scale or duration of their effects, and because no certain defense can be planned against them, their universal elimination would not detract from any nation's security. Once any chemical or bacteriological weapon had been used in warfare, there would be a serious risk of escalation, both in the use of more dangerous weapons belonging to the same class, and of other weapons of mass destruction. In short, the development of a chemical or bacteriological armory, and a defense, implies an economic burden without necessarily imparting any proportionate compensatory ad-

(*Continued on page* 43)

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The Omnipotence of the Majority

It is more than a century since Alexis de Tocqueville put together his resounding *Democracy in America,* a brilliant sociological study of both the strong and weak aspects of the American method. A new translation by George Lawrence of Tocqueville's most notable work re-establishes the master's scholarship and reopens the door for any inquisitive reader of intelligence to the serious questions Tocqueville raised—questions now more pertinent than ever—on whether any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure.

In the new paperback edition by Doubleday, the Lawrence translation quotes Tocqueville on one of the touchiest of subjects in a democracy—the omnipotence of the majority: "My greatest complaint against democratic government as organized in the United States is not, as many Europeans make out, its weakness, but rather its irresistible strength. What I find most repulsive in America is not the extreme freedom reigning there, but the shortage of guarantees against tyranny." Tocqueville goes on to ask what an individual may do when he suffers injustice in the United States, to whom can he turn? Well, he cannot very well turn to public opinion because that is what constitutes the majority. Similarly, legislative bodies represent the majority and obey blindly its omnipotence. Can an injured party turn to the executive power? No, it is appointed by the majority and serves as its passive instrument. Can one who has suffered an injustice turn to the police? Not often, for they are nothing but the majority under arms. Even judges and juries, vested with the right to pronounce judgment, usually represent the majority. So, Tocqueville concludes, "however iniquitous or unreasonable the measure which hurts you, you must submit."

A bit later in his treatise the author declares that when the majority has irrevocably decided any question in the United States, it is no longer discussed, for the power over thought exercised by the majority in America is formidable indeed. We have only to look at the way in which honest, decent statesmen and journalists in this century have been held up to ridicule and even threatened with violence for suggesting that some war measure or military proposition should not be so hastily approved. The life of an American who sincerely believes that we are and always have been spending far too much on peace-time military material and personnel is at best an uneasy one. In this respect, certainly, Tocqueville's repulsion for the irresistible strength of the majority is as timely in 1969 as it was in the great revolutionary year of 1848.

What then are possible antidotes? One of the first should be the press—both print and electronic—and the eternal vigilance of publishers, editors, columnists, reporters, broadcasters, commentators, and station owners to the rights of those persons and parties representing less than the majority opinion. This is what freedom of the press and freedom of speech were designed to accomplish in the formula of checks and balances vital to the democratic way of life—the fundamental guarantees against tyranny that Tocqueville believed to be in shortage. Yet, in a paper delivered recently at the University of Michigan during the American Civil Liberty Union's biennial conference, Jerome A. Barron, associate professor of the George Washington Law School, Washington, D.C., drove straight to the heart of the matter: The realistic facts are that much of the American press—print and electronic—care little or nothing about the rights of minorities and string along only with the winning side. Professor Barron went on: "What is essential to emphasize is the positive dimension of the First Amendment. The First Amendment must be read to require opportunity for expression as well as protection for expression once secured. Provision of opportunity for expression is, on an affirmative approach to the First Amendment, the responsibility of both governmentally controlled as well as privately controlled means of communication."

No one traveling across this country need be told how uneven the performance of daily newspapers and local radio-TV facilities is. Size of community bears little or no relationship to public responsibility or lack of it. Some of the finest and most conscientious communications facilities turn up in the smallest of cities, while in some of our great urban areas the "affirmative obligation" of the First Amendment is customarily ignored by newspapers with circulations in seven figures and by their radio-TV counterparts.

Access to the press has, indeed, been slowly evolving over the past few years as a new First Amendment right and privilege. Any worthy newspaper editor or conscientious broadcaster must shudder at this new interpretation of freedom of press and speech, and yet it must be seriously considered, particularly in view of an increasing tendency toward monopoly in both print media and broadcasting. The emerging right of access to the media, affirmative obligation of government in the First Amendment area, may one day satisfy Tocqueville's fear of the shortage of guarantees against tyranny in the democracy we know. Along with the other safeguards enumerated in the Bill of Rights, a truly open and available press will help balance the overpowering omnipotence of the majority that so disturbed one of history's great minds.

—Richard L. Tobin.

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Letters to the Editor

On That Date with Destiny

IN "America's Next Rendezvous With Destiny" [*SR*, Sept. 6], Chester Bowles returning from India sees our ecology and society as seriously ill, and he sets forth a series of imperative remedial measures. At this point in history such articles are simply futile verbiage.

The first, second, third, etc., propositions to cure our ills can really be only one: stoppage of population growth. If this could be done, many problems would disappear and the rest could be corrected; without it any action can be only partially and temporarily effective.

CHARLES BOCKLER,
Coral Gables, Fla.

AMBASSADOR BOWLES worries us with imbalances and impending watershed decisions. Such gaps as he notes between rich and poor individuals and nations have always been. Today's difference is that our magnificent communications have made the poor aware of the gaps without offering any usable formulas for closing them.

The watershed decision we really face is whether we in the advanced nations must become the workers for the world, supporting the others—as at least one Latin American philosopher has proposed—or come up with new means for making our promises of prosperity practically obtainable by the vast majorities of mankind. A mere reordering of our priorities to make more public tax money available to the poor is no longer adequate.

DONALD L. MILLER,
Washington, D.C.

A REVITALIZING of United States commitments to working through the international organizations, especially those of the United Nations, by innovative proposals for dealing with critical problems of peace and development is essential in the context of the other requirements mentioned by Ambassador Bowles.

WALTER H. C. LAVES,
Dept. of Government,
Indiana University,
Bloomington, Ind.

Exploitation in the Tinderbox

SOL M. LINOWITZ in "Tinderbox in Latin America" [*SR*, Aug. 16] takes the urgent, brutal, sorrowful problem of Latin America and turns it into the same sort of cliché-ridden ("We mean what we say about wanting to work with them."), superficial, self-serving, faint-voiced warning that *Latinos* have been hearing from the United States for more years than anyone cares to recall.

Evidently, like most of our ambassadors, former OAS diplomat Linowitz has too long served as an arm of private business (one can always find an ambassador giving a speech protecting U.S. business interests, but one seldom finds them speaking with equal energy and frequency about other aspects of our culture) to have much insight into some of the fundamental causes of Latin America's continued underdevelopment.

One of these causes is the economic imperialism (I'm afraid there's really no other word for it) the U.S. so relentlessly practices south of the Rio Grande. Despite Mexico's celebrated nationalization campaign, U.S. business still dominates—and abuses—that country's economy. This domination seems specifically designed to prevent Mexico from establishing and sustaining any kind of vigorous economic independence. The reason there are no Mexican designed and manufactured cars, planes, and tractors is not because no one there has thought of these ideas. When we speak of "economic cooperation," Latin Americans wish we would talk about *these* problems that are fundamental to their future.

Economic exploitation is more than paying workers less than generous wages and working hand in glove with entrenched oligarchies to keep fertile lands out of the hands of the people; it also consists of bullying tariffs, inequitable trade agreements, and heavy-handed and corrupt monopolistic practices. These are the things that Mr. Linowitz's Chilean student friend was undoubtedly talking about when he asked that the U.S. "put more . . . weight behind the concept of economic democracy."

HUGH ALLYN HUNT,
Ajijic, Jalisco, Mex.

History's Proper Perspective

IN RESPONSE to Richard L. Tobin's thought-provoking editorial, "Who Needs History?" [*SR*, Sept. 6], I agree, but with reservations. Ignoring history could prove unfortunate. However, dwelling upon history for answers to today's and tomorrow's questions could prove equally unfortunate. Given the world of 1969, history may not be the best place to look for answers. Alfred North Whitehead, for example, believed that many of our long respected theories and political philosophies are no longer useful. He wrote:

> Our sociological theories, our political philosophy, our practical maxims of business, our political economy, and our doctrines of education are derived from an unbroken tradition of great thinkers and of practical examples from the age of Plato . . . to the end of the last century. The whole of this tradition is warped by the vicious assumption that each generation will substantially live amid the conditions governing the lives of its fathers and will transmit those conditions to mold with equal force the lives of its children. *We are living in the first period of human history for which this assumption is false.*

I am not proposing that we ignore history, and I am not prepared to refute Santayana's statement that "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." Nevertheless, looking ahead, rather than behind, has something to be said for it. As Lerner stated in *The Human Meaning of the Social Sciences*, "One needs to know not what great men of the past have done, but what ordinary men of the future may be doing."

MRS. CAROL COLE,
State College, Pa.

HISTORY CAN TEACH nothing, for the majority of human beings, that will turn them from their autisms. What is needed is far more creative thought and action toward resolving the historical fear of man in men. In short, the activist can do nothing better than to disregard history—knowledge of the past—if he hopes to transcend it.

HARRY G. BEDFORD,
Escondido, Calif.

"You never filibuster me anymore."

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

A Memorable Opening for Alice Tully Hall

THE FIRST VOICE to be raised in Alice Tully Hall when that last addition (in the new Juilliard School building) to the public facilities of the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts had its formal opening in mid-September was, appropriately enough, John D. Rockefeller 3rd's. In this it was hardly different from similar ceremonials that attended the prior openings of halls in the center he instigated, promoted, and generously funded. But it was different to the extent that the sound of his greetings reached the ear—twangy, peculiarly itself—exactly as it was produced. In a hall seating 1,096, this was auspicious.

To the aurally oriented, this was a first signal that acoustician (someone referred to him, not wholly without justice, as "obstetrician") Heinrich Keilholz had calculated well, that they could settle back in their comfortable (raspberry-colored) chairs, enjoy the subdued, channeled (basswood) walls and carefully considered carpeting with confidence that the works to follow would be well served by Pietro Belluschi's creation. What they could not equally anticipate was how well they would be served by the newly organized Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center.

It was a help that the first guest to perform under its auspices was baritone Hermann Prey, in Schumann's magical *Dichterliebe*. But there was also solid promise of quality to come in the collaboration, as accompanist, of Charles Wadsworth. Prey's finely molded sound, his always resourceful use of a light but flexible voice, and his beautifully comprehending blend of word and tone are universally familiar. But Wadsworth is a far less known quality. The significance of his fine effort is that he is also director of The Chamber Music Society (created by William Schuman during his period as President of Lincoln Center), and if this personal standard is the one to which his group will adhere, its future couldn't be more promising.

In the preceding, incontrovertibly first segment of music in Alice Tully Hall, Wadsworth took an inconspicuous place at the harpsichord in support of violinists James Oliver Buswell IV and Pinchas Zukerman and cellist Leslie Parnas in the C-major Trio of Bach. In some hands, a trio sonata of Bach can be a proper bore—proper in its observance of the musical proprieties, boring in its lack of animation or propulsion. But there was hardly a gray hair visible among the fashionably many displayed by the performers, with results attesting not only to youth but to expertise. Clearly, these are players at that young-but-not-too-young time of musical prime when exciting things can happen. This was beautiful Bach, and at my listening post in row L, "beautiful" included every shred and strand of sound as well as every thoughtful, pulsating phrase.

The underlying concept of The Chamber Music Society, which calls for a nuclear group numbering nine able to perform most anything from a duo to a nonet, was not wholly exposed in the inaugural concerts. One of them, for example, was devoted to the B-flat (Opus 130) Quartet performed by the Guarneri Quartet, and the Tchaikovsky *Souvenir de Florence* sextet in which they were joined by Walter Trampler, viola, and Leslie Parnas, cello, charter members of the resident group. In the other, Pierre Fournier and John Browning collaborated on the G-minor Sonata of Rachmaninoff for cello and piano, preceded by the Beethoven Quintet (Opus 16) and followed by the Mendelssohn C-minor Trio.

Of prime interest was the Guarneri Quartet's playing of Opus 130. This is a formidable challenge for the most seasoned foursome, and the youthful members of the Guarneri ensemble met it boldly. It was a powerfully projected, thoroughly studied performance, especially strong in its solution of technical problems. However, some passages in the first "Allegro" and the succeeding "Presto" were taken too fast for clear articulation of detail, stressing velocity rather than design. Concluding the work with the "Grosse Fuge" (as the composer conceived the quartet) was a final stroke of enterprise that the group vindicated with energy, control, and insight. It had an ally in the hall itself, which gave affirmative response to the quartet's full-bodied, colorful sound. In all, prospects for chamber music in New York have not been as bright since the best days of the New Friends of Music (whose founder, Ira Hirschmann, was an attentive, inconspicuous listener).

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An essay review of "Prime Time:
The Life of Edward R. Murrow," by Alexander Kendrick
(Little, Brown, 528 pp., $8.95)

This . . . Is Murrow

by FRED W. FRIENDLY

"It's really a pretty rotten world, isn't it? No one can look at what is happening without realizing that civilization is disintegrating and there are no standards left. Everyone is lost and wandering in a thick fog. . . . Sometimes I almost wish I had never gone to college and kept working in the woods, getting drunk. . . ."

Those lyrics of despair are not from a protest song of the late Sixties, not the product of student anger at Columbia or Berkeley; they were written in the early Thirties by a young skeptic from the West named Ed Murrow. That was at another time of disillusionment, when Americans were in danger of losing faith in themselves and their country. Yet Walter Lippmann had written, "You cannot despair of the possibilities that could exist by virtue of any human quality and if, amidst all the evils of this decade, you have not seen men . . . known moments you would like to multiply, the Lord himself cannot help you."

Reading Alexander Kendrick's *Prime Time: The Life of Edward R. Murrow* is to know again the human qualities that Lippmann described. The man is not likely to be reproduced, but the moments recorded in these 515 pages may just rekindle in others that rare mix of courage and talent which for twenty-five years insulated Murrow from his own skepticism. William L. Shirer once called him "a skeptical idealist." In Kendrick's book, and for almost everyone who knew this man with the weak lungs and a strong heart, the noun was more accurate than the adjective.

An uncompromising Murrow emerges very early, whether it is in the Pacific North woods where young Egbert, as he was named, grew up quoting Marcus Aurelius (". . . expecting nothing, fearing nothing but satisfied with thy present activity . . . and with heroic truth in every word and sound which thou utterest, thou wilt live happy") or in London during the blitz ("Once you start going into [bomb] shelters you lose your nerve . . . I have a peasant's mind. I can't write about anything I haven't seen.").

He wrote to his parents: "As America becomes more hysterical, you may read and hear some pretty hard things about your overgrown baby, for I propose to report this [war], not preach about it." The horror was implicit in his description of the concentration camp at Buchenwald: "Rows of bodies stacked up like cord wood . . . One shoe, two shoes, a dozen shoes, yes. But how can you describe several thousand shoes?"—the pathetic heap of footwear which the Nazis had taken from the dead. Discussing the Joseph McCarthy film clips the Sunday before they were telecast, Murrow said, "The terror is right here in this room . . . No one man can terrorize a whole nation unless we are all his accomplices." "If television and radio are to be used for the entertainment of all the people all of the time," he said after the bitter meaning of the death of *See It Now* had become clear, "we have come perilously close to discovering the real opiate of the people."

The medium was not the message for Murrow, states Kendrick—"the society was the message." In this book mankind is the message, and Murrow

FRED W. FRIENDLY, a long-time partner of Murrow on *See It Now* and other CBS News programs, was executive producer of *CBS Reports* and president of CBS News. He is now Edward R. Murrow Professor of Journalism at the Graduate School of Journalism at Columbia University, as well as communications advisor to the president of the Ford Foundation.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

21 **"Prime Time: The Life of Edward R. Murrow,"** by Alexander Kendrick

23 **Book Forum: Letters from Readers**

24 **Perspective,** by J. H. Plumb

25 **"The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language,"** edited by William Morris

26 **"Cronopios and Famas,"** by Julio Cortázar

27 **"A Loving Wife,"** by Violet Weingarten

28 **"Listen to the Silence,"** by David W. Elliott

28 **"An Ideology in Power: Reflections on the Russian Revolution,"** by Bertram D. Wolfe

30 **"The Super Spies,"** by Andrew Tully

31 **Criminal Record**

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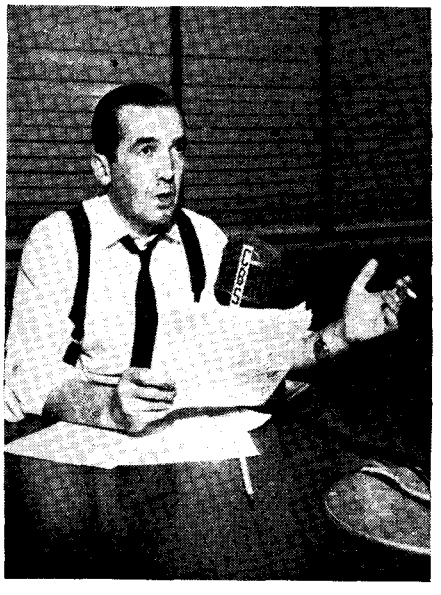
exemplifies that man, live, and without make-up. Kendrick honors Murrow by not sparing him or those around him. He describes Ed's youthful temper, which later turned "into long freezing silences," his willingness to let his friend Raymond Swing write commentaries which "passed for pure Murrow on the air," his acceptance of the *Person-to-Person* entertainment format in order "to let Jesse [Zousmer] and Johnny [Aaron] pick up some change" —a slight oversimplification, Murrow might say now. The author is justifiably critical of Murrow's lapse of judgment in accepting a lavish fee from *Collier's* to write a shock piece about an imagined nuclear bomb run that destroys Moscow during the Cold War, and of Murrow's admitted blunder when, as director of the U.S. Information Agency, he tried to get the BBC to kill the *Harvest of Shame* broadcast he and David Lowe had done only a few months before on CBS.

Kendrick does some things better than others. He is a brilliant news analyst and reporter, but the only real reporting in this book is contained in that marvelous early Chapter III, "You Must Hoe to the End of the Row." He writes of Murrow's life with mother, Spartan Ethel Lamb Murrow, who "never weighed more than ninety-eight pounds sopping wet," and their rough-hewn existence in Pole Cat Creek, North Carolina, and later on the Olympic Peninsula in the state of Washington, where his father, Roscoe Murrow, went to work in logging and railroading. Like something out of Carl Sandburg's *Always the Young Strangers*, Murrow's character was shaped and styled by the bustling, nervous, fretting, affectionate, iron-minded mother who "ruled by a copy-book maxim, and hoped that Egbert, the youngest, would become a preacher," and by the laconic, imperturbable father ("Don't seem quite right, you gettin' paid all that money just for talkin'—especially since you don't sound any different than you did when you were talkin' and hangin' around the porch years ago.")

The early years with CBS, the building of CBS News with Bill Paley, Ed Klauber, and Paul White are carefully and fairly documented, although the White-Murrow "inescapable rivalry" may be slightly exaggerated to set up the dramatic conclusion that required Ed to fire him. Murrow's courtship of serene Janet Brewster from Middletown, Connecticut, and Mt. Holyoke College, and their wonderful if terrifying years together during the searing of London are touchingly recounted. Their gloomy voyage around the world during Murrow's sabbatical is described with equal candor. The dramatic contrast between Murrow under pressure during combat in the 1940s and Murrow demoralized and frayed after his losing encounters with management and with his health are the frozen frames that will haunt the reader long after the book is finished.

Perhaps best of all is Kendrick's reporting of the third woman in Murrow's life, along with mother and wife. Ida Lou Anderson was a speech instructor at Washington State University who taught Ed how to speak with that remarkably orchestrated voice and style. A transplanted Southerner, she spent most of her life in a wheelchair, the victim of poliomyelitis. She was Ed's mentor and the inspiration for his interest in poetry, debating, drama, and the world out there. Miss Anderson, who introduced Ed Murrow to Marcus Aurelius, lived long enough to hear her prize pupil become an international voice of conscience. Listening to his broadcasts from London through 6,000 miles of short-wave static, she continued to coach, criticize and praise him, even tutoring him on the timing of that famous signature "This . . . is London." The pause was hers. In writing of Miss Anderson to his fiancée, Ed said, "She knows me better than any person in the world. The part of me that is decent, that wants to do something . . . is the part she created. . . . I owe the ability to live to her, and to her you owe the things you like in me. She calls me her masterpiece."

Kendrick is really more illuminating on the time of Ida Lou Anderson and the drama of the war years than he is on the corporate wars and the economics of broadcasting that were the core of the Murrow-CBS management breakup. Although Kendrick was one of the few journalists to interview CBS Board Chairman Paley and President Frank Stanton on this emotional subject, neither his questions nor their answers result in much original copy. It is not very revealing to report that the chairman considered the dispute over the killing of a Murrow news analysis of General Douglas MacArthur's strategy in Korea "the most difficult experience he had ever had with Murrow." One finds nothing on the Paley version of the death of *See It Now*, or why Murrow could not produce and be central reporter on the successor program, *CBS Reports*. The Murrow-Stanton relationship is well chronicled here, as it has been before, including Stanton's version of that midnight dialogue in 1959 when, the CBS president has remarked, "The chemistry was right," and they were able to reminisce about the years past and consider future opportunities.



Edward R. Murrow—"able to engage not only his viewers but their consciences."

The chemistry was never right again. As Kendrick says, "Now they were fixed on a collision course." The specifics of the dreadful, needless Stanton-Murrow public row over the *Person-to-Person* "rehearsed questions" and other production techniques, and the dispatching to London of a corporate lawyer and board member to obtain Murrow's apology or resignation, are reported here in depth for all to gasp at. The role of the chairman of the board in all this, and whatever attempts he may have made to bring Murrow and Stanton together over the twenty-year period when both of these gifted men were his closest lieutenants and confidants, are left unprobed. It is certainly not for lack of courage. Alex Kendrick has plenty of that, and this critical volume, written at a time when he is still a valued working journalist for CBS, is evidence of it.

Kendrick gives Murrow good marks for his leadership of the U.S. Information Agency, along with some criticism. "You were always the Voice of America, long before President Kennedy brought you down to Washington and made it official," said one historian. Kendrick admired Murrow's USIA philosophy: "To be persuasive, we must be believable. To be believable, we must be credible. To be credible, we must be truthful." He praises Murrow for his opposition to the Bay of Pigs invasion, for sending John Glenn on a propaganda orbit of the world, for elevating USIA to a higher level of prestige than it occupied before or since, but chides him for appearing as "the poacher turned gamekeeper" in his thwarted attempt to "plant" domestic films, television documentaries, and books that would be useful for showing abroad.

Murrow's comments about the two Presidents he served are illuminating

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and new. On John Kennedy: "I have had great difficulty in trying to reach some judgment regarding that young man's relation to his time. I saw him at fairly close range under a variety of circumstances, and there remains for me a considerable element of mystery —and maybe that is good. I always knew where his mind was, but I was not always sure where his heart was.

"My experience with Lyndon Johnson was rather the reverse. I was never in doubt where his heart was, as he was generally beating me over the head with it." After the assassination of November 22, 1963, Kendrick states, Murrow "was less deeply shaken, it seemed, by Kennedy's passing than by the thought of Lyndon B. Johnson as his successor."

During Murrow's three years in government service he became concerned about the prospects of what is now referred to as Public Television. Kendrick quotes in detail a Murrow memorandum written for the Ford Foundation calling for a strong fourth network that "could take advantage of the commercial networks' 'obvious' weakness—their failure to provide adequate news background . . ." Prophetically Murrow urged that it not be tagged "educational" television, and that those "who had become disillusioned with network practices, but remain in their employ due to the absence of any alternative" be lured away. Murrow predicted the fourth service would be possible "with a little courage and lots of judgment." For those of us who in 1969 are short on both commodities, the prescription may have been understated, but certainly not the opportunity and challenge.

Regarding this reviewer Kendrick is both generous and critical, and in that order. He has leaned heavily on *Due to Circumstances Beyond Our Control,* and in those few instances where our interpretations of events vary, the reader had best decide for himself. If I emerge as a sort of electronic Walter Burns out of *Front Page,* or, as Murrow put it, his "electric cattle-prod," more qualified as a producer than as a president-administrator of the News Division, it isn't for the first time. Kendrick is rough on Dr. Jonas Salk and me for being relentless in trying to get Ed Murrow to join the Salk Institute or rejoin CBS News during the period of convalescence after his lung operation. What Kendrick does not report is his own plea to me in writing, reflecting the feelings of every CBS News correspondent and producer at the time I became president of CBS News: "Now if you can only get Ed back, we could be in business." Dr.

(*Continued on page* 32)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Relevant Facts

SURELY THE READER is entitled to a fuller explanation of my novel, *The Devil's Daughter,* than Dennis Powers gives [*SR,* Sept. 6]. In his list of historical prototypes, it is surprising that he omits a pivotal character: Stephen J. Field, an associate justice of the U.S. Supreme Court, who was arrested in 1890 with a deputy federal marshal, David Neagle, for the murder of David S. Terry, a former chief justice of the Supreme Court of California. The prisoners were discharged on writs of habeas corpus, and the case never went to trial.

The supposed facts are described in the leading case of Cunningham *v.* Neagle, in which the Supreme Court said that Terry was justifiably shot by Neagle in time to avert the murder of Field by Terry. That decision was assuredly based on fiction. The archives point to an entirely different story—that Neagle almost surely murdered Terry and that his guilt was swept under the carpet by the Supreme Court in disregard of important known material evidence excluded from the record. Not all the evidence is in my novel, of course, but since the origins of the antagonisms between Field and Terry are shown, enough is there in epitome for the willing reader.

The Sharon scandal was prologue. The novel makes clear the larger issues which engaged Terry—the radical struggle against an entrenched corrupt federal judiciary and the brutal oligarchy of the day. It was the milieu of Frank Norris's *The Octopus.* It was indeed Terry's inflammatory speech at Hanford which launched the slaughter at Mussel Slough which inspired Norris's novel. Mr. Powers's review gives no indication of this background whatsoever.

ELEAZAR LIPSKY,
New York, N.Y.

I WAS SURPRISED at the ill-natured and, in my opinion, ignorant appraisal of Eleazar Lipsky's book. Mr. Powers says, "The characters remain too much the sum total of the author's research rather than the product of literary skill." He accuses Mr. Lipsky of including every fact that he unearthed, no matter how irrelevant. How does Mr. Powers know whether a fact is relevant or not? If it is put on record, the reader may find it the very item he has been looking for for years.

EVELYN FOSTER MORNEWECK,
Stuart, Fla.

Wider Implications

I WAS HAPPY TO READ Robert J. Clements's reference to Tarjei Vesaas's *The Bridges* [European Literary Scene, Sept. 6] but, as the translator of this work and of *Palace of Ice,* I must query his statement that the latter novel (published in 1963) is a "chronicle of the Nazi occupation of Norway." This story-poem of a brief and tragic friendship between two schoolgirls, a theme repeated in a teen-age setting in *The Bridges,* surely has wider implications? Vesaas did write several novels during and after World War II that reflect the Norwegian experience during the Occupation: among them *Huset i Morkret* (The House in the Dark) and the Kafkaesque *Signalet* (The Signal). There is also the fable *Kimen* (The Seed), which was translated by Professor Kenneth Chapman of UCLA.

Vesaas readers may like to know that the author recently celebrated his seventieth birthday with a book believed by Norwegian critics to be a summing up of the artistic experiences of his own life. The translation of *Baaten om Kvelden* (The Boat in the Evening) will also be published in London by Peter Owen.

ELIZABETH ROKKAN,
North Haven, Conn.

Free Translation

ROBERT J. CLEMENTS'S SUGGESTION [European Literary Scene, Sept. 6] that the study of German opens doors to the wit of Grasshoff, as well as the wisdom of Goethe, is to be applauded at a time when foreign language studies are under attack in our schools and colleges. Unfortunately, this refreshing rightmindedness does not extend to Clements's translation of the title of a recent book by Fritz Grasshoff. Far from meaning "Wacky Classical Lessons," the Brechtian title *Klassische Halunkenpostille* may be rendered as "Classical Rogues' Breviary" or "Manual of Piety."

HARRY ZOHN,
Waltham, Mass.

Anarchy

IN HIS ESSAY REVIEW of *The Trial of Dr. Spock,* by Nancy Mitford [*SR,* Sept. 6], Emile Capouya led with his chin, as he so often does. He says, "Free men do not require to be governed, but will govern themselves." He feels that anarchy is the only way out of our American mess.

Where have Capouya's recommendations proven workable? Whenever and wherever anarchy has toppled an establishment—Russia, Red China, Cuba, for openers—the results have included dictatorship, terror, mass murder, militarism, regimentation, imprisonment, and poor living conditions for all save the élite class, which somehow always manages to surface.

WHIT HILLER,
Evanston, Ill.

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Perspective

J. H. Plumb

Have your chickens stopped laying? Has your son developed warts on his thumbs? Are you suffering violent headaches? Have you lost your job or been involved in an automobile accident? Did your parents die suddenly? Are you a victim of night terrors?

If you have experienced any of these things, and live in York County, Pennsylvania, you will be well aware of the cause, and have probably already taken the appropriate action. You will have recognized that you were bewitched, that somewhere a man or woman, motivated by evil, has hexed you, and that you will never be free until you find a stronger witch to best him on your behalf. Your witch doctor is likely an old friend who has eased your aches and pains and helped you many times to escape from the powers of darkness.

Of course, sometimes even the most capable and highminded witch doctors fail. If so, there is only one solution—the death of the witch who has you in his power. That is why John Blymire was so serene at his trial in November 1928. He had killed the witch who had nearly ruined his life.

I am not slandering either Blymire or the Pennsylvania Dutch, simply reporting cold facts. Fear of witches did not suddenly die out after the last Salem hanging. Witchcraft has been widely practiced in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, not only in remote and backward places but in America.

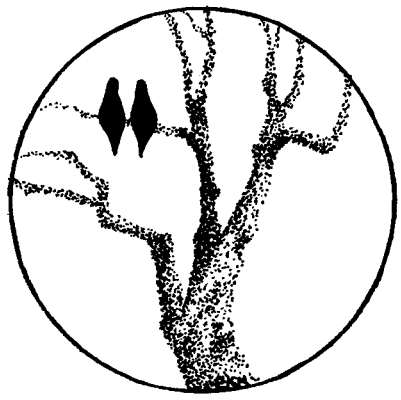
It was one of life's minor ironies to read Arthur Lewis's remarkable book about the Blymire trial, *Hex* (Trident, $4.95), during the weekend when human beings first stepped on the moon: juxtaposed with a triumph of man's rationality and skill was the kind of superstitious terror one might expect to find in the most primitive of jungle villages.

Hex deserves a wide reading. The story is compelling, at times even horrifying; but Lewis radiates good sense and compassion. As one would expect from such a skilled writer, he has meticulously researched his subject, and none of his statements is rash, ill-considered, or without the support of solid evidence. He has interviewed all the survivors of Blymire's trial, and with patience and care unearthed the facts that the court excluded in its attempt to prove that the motive of Blymire and his teen-age accomplices, Hess and Curry, was robbery, not witchcraft. Although the court's effort was successful in a formal sense, the evidence of Blymire and Hess's involvement in witchcraft was too vast to be suppressed.

The education of John Blymire, a fourth-generation witch who killed Nelson Rehmeyer because he *knew* that Rehmeyer had hexed him, was little different from an African peasant's in the backwoods of Nigeria, for all that Blymire occasionally attended school. At home he lived surrounded by charms, spells, and necromancy. He suffered years of ill health, he lost jobs, his marriage broke up, his children died; and he was unshakably convinced that it was all because a stronger witch had put a hex on him.

Blymire poured his pitiful earnings into the pockets of other witches, and in the end tracked down Rehmeyer, a most potent witch who also had the entire Hess family under a spell. Rehmeyer died; Blymire recovered, and lived at peace with himself in jail and out. For Blymire, witchcraft worked. His own life was proof positive of it.

And there lies the horror: the insulated, self-justifying world of paranoia. Worse, the capacity for paranoia lurks in most of us. Before we dismiss Blymire and his companions as ignorant oafs or laugh at the backwoods farmers and their wives who line up even today at the doors of their witch doctors, we should take a good long look at the irrationalities of our own society, at the recent history of mankind, and, better still, at the swamp within ourselves. As we know, the world has rarely been free of the most bestial forms of persecution. Charges of witchcraft alone led to the torture and destruction of innumerable innocent men, women and children. The Salem trials, the subject of an excellent and wise book by Chadwick Hansen (*Witchcraft at Salem*, Braziller, $6.95), were the last gruesome manifestation of a phobic phenomenon.



Fear of witches, however, was only one form of social paranoia. There have been others in abundance. Since the days of Constantine slight differences in religious belief have led to the death of thousands of Christians. The Jew for more than ten centuries was the scapegoat of Protestant and Catholic alike. In our own time the Aryan myth culminated in the hideousness of Hitler's gas chambers. The paranoia of Stalin and his henchmen raged like a forest fire, destroying millions of lives.

At the base of all these enormities lies irrational fright, transformed into hatred of those whom the terrified endow with extraordinary powers of evil. The "anti-social deviates" of Omsk served the same psychological function as the witches of Salem and the Jews of Germany. Indeed, at the heart of Lewis's book lies what is perhaps the greatest human problem of all: the conquest of those deep fears that have been with man ever since he first chipped magical patterns on the walls of his cave.

The safeguards against tempests of fanatical terror are few. Education, so long as it is skeptical and humanistic, helps a great deal, especially if it is combined with some degree of affluence and security. The poor, ill-educated, and insecure are notoriously prone to superstition, which enables them to blame their failures on another's malice. It is no accident that magic abounds in the most backward of all West Indian islands, Haiti (see the excellent and disturbing book *The Invisibles: Voodoo Gods in Haiti*, by Francis Huxley, McGraw-Hill, $6.95).

Legal protection of the rights of individuals is essential, and that means positive—not negative—laws. The elimination of discrimination because of color, religion, or sexual deviation cannot be left to good will. Even so, in a deeply divided society fear, anxiety, and hate tend to polarize about those who are different—long-haired hippies, leftists, blacks. And it seems the larger the society the more difficult it is to achieve communal harmony. In human freedom and tolerance it is Denmark, Sweden, the Netherlands that have led the world and so, perhaps, should be our models. And it may not be a coincidence that tolerance has grown in Britain as her power has diminished and that England's worst intolerance is to be found amongst her die-hard imperialists.

That is as may be, but books such as these, and particularly Arthur Lewis's, do a great service by driving us to consider the evil that still abides in too many of us.

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Lexicography

THE AMERICAN HERITAGE DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

edited by William Morris

American Heritage and Houghton Mifflin, 1,600 pp., $7.95 plain-edged, $8.95 thumb-indexed, $12.50 de luxe

IF WORD-WATCHING'S your bag, The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language affords the most with-it ball of the year—a $4-million lexicographical spectacle in which some 10,000 biographical and geographical entries contribute to a total of 155,000 terms, many of them newcomers of Negro, hippie and Yiddish invention. As a big-sales pitch, the AHD also embraces the gamut of what used to be called dirty words, classifying them either "vulgar" or "vulgar slang." In the editor's book, nothing should be omitted "merely because of taboo." Thus, as part of the "language of confrontation" that American Heritage is earnest to encompass for the college market it addresses, each coital and scatological obscenity, though never so labeled, is exhaustively defined and its genealogy traced, frequently to Middle or Old English roots —a dignity that could dampen their fuse, and then where would one look for verbal detonation?

Whereas the competitive College Edition of the Random House Dictionary, published last year, cannot boast that refinement in *its* 155,000 entries, eschewing the four-letter word, RHD is but slightly behind AHD with the ultimate in cant. Neither has caught up with the epithet "pig" for cop, and in their next edition AHD may also wish to include "hype" and "funky" as employed by John Roberts, an organizer of the Woodstock Festival: "You can't hype kids into buying things they don't want, even with people in funky clothes soft-selling them. . . . They hate hype."

American Heritage is ahead, however, with explanations of "doing your thing" and such gifts from the Yiddish as "schmeer," "schlock," and "schlimazel." Characteristically, American Heritage is blunter than Random House about the coarse derivation of some.

In general, The American Heritage Dictionary's pronunciation system lives up to its publishers' claims for clarity and simplicity but, falling short of the Random House, is maddeningly remiss with respect to first names. We are told how to say Saarinen, but not Eero; O'Casey, but not Sean; Kádár, but not Janos; Nehru, but not Jawaharlal; Bernini, but not Giovanni (and it's not gee-o-vah-nee). Yet two-thirds of the alphabetical lists end with from one to four inches of blank space decorated with an illustration to balance the page.

For a dictionary that extols its biographical entries, the American Heritage has curious omissions—not least, if one is at all sensitive to Western Hemispheric abrasions, the total exclusion of Latin American authors, even those who are statesmen. Absent are Julio Cortázar (see page 26 in this issue), Jorge Amado, Octavio Paz, Gabriela Mistral, Machado de Assís, Erico Veríssimo, Jorge Luis Borges, Pablo Neruda, João Guimãraes Rosa, Miguel Angel Asturias, and Carlos Fuentes, to name the well-known. Only minimally better, Random House mentions Mistral and Neruda.

The Scandinavian countries suffer almost as much from AHD, which shuns not only Sigrid Undset and Pär Lagerkvist but the world-famed Gunnar Myrdal, whom RHD, too, ignores. Among Germans, the AHD lists Erich Maria Remarque but not Günter Grass and that campus idol Hermann Hesse.

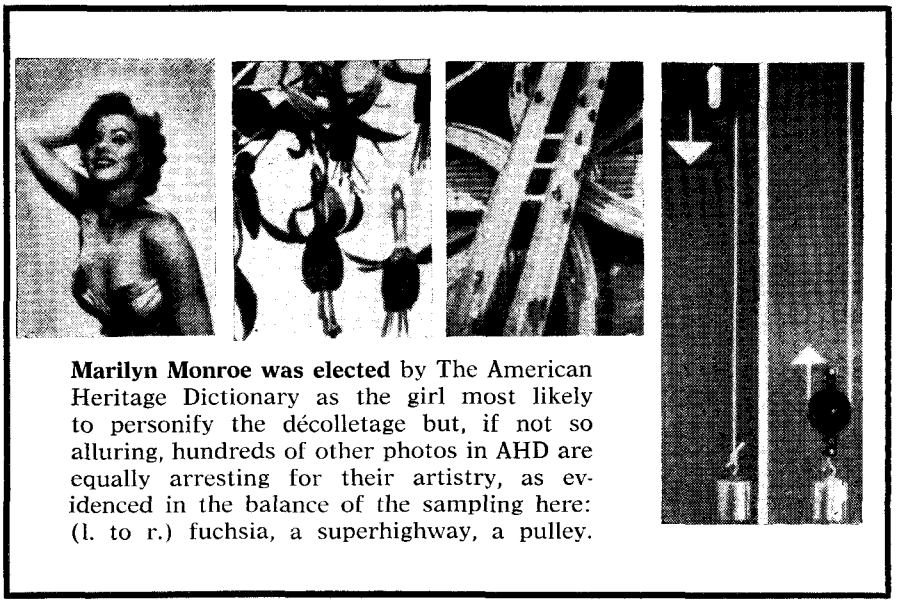
Actress Mary Pickford is included by American Heritage, but not Helen Hayes; dancer Rudolf Nureyev but not his at least equally distinguished partner, Dame Margot Fonteyn—to say nothing of the celebrated ballerina Alicia Markova, who is overlooked also by Random House. Among painters we have Diego Rivera but not Covarrubias, Hiroshige and Hokusai but not Ukiyo-e, the "floating world" school to which they and numerous other Japanese woodblock artists belonged.

Cambodia's chief of state since 1960, Prince Norodom Sihanouk, and Prince Souvanna Phouma, premier of Laos since 1962, are in AHD but General Ne Win, the president since 1962 of the neighboring Republic of Burma, and its founder, U Nu, are omitted. To a college student it might be useful to be told that the "U" preceding Nu and Thant is neither an initial nor a given name but a title of respect, and that the Khan after Mohammad Ayub is an honorific rather than the former Pakistani president's surname.

Both Random House and American Heritage show Jean Genet with a circumflex over the second "e," which the French novelist and playwright does not use. One wishes, moreover, that AHD had been more finicky about lower-casing the de in Charles de Gaulle and the du in duPont, which is inaccurately printed as two words; it is to determine such niceties that one turns to a dictionary.

Invaluable, though, are the exceptionally clear maps, which locate almost every nation, and—extending to such out-of-the-way spots as Dibrugarh and Aberystwyth—so, too, is the endless gazetteer of place names with, for the most part, their correct pronunciation. If it is gratifying to learn that the Cantonese for Kwang-tung is gwahng-DOONG, one is distressed to see Osaka pronounced o-SAK-a. As anyone who attends the 1970 World's Fair will discover, Japan's host city is called OH-saka. The AHD is inconsistent about permitting popular mispronunciations as alternatives. It will not allow Kabul to be accented on the second syllable, and you can forget that isle of cah-PREE: it's CAH-pree. Yet, although for Hiroshima, American Heritage rightly prefers the virtually unstressed Hir-o-she-ma, it gives in on a secondary form, Hi-RO-shima.

Irritated at the permissiveness of Webster's Third New International Dictionary, the publishers enlisted 100



Marilyn Monroe was elected by The American Heritage Dictionary as the girl most likely to personify the décolletage but, if not so alluring, hundreds of other photos in AHD are equally arresting for their artistry, as evidenced in the balance of the sampling here: (l. to r.) fuchsia, a superhighway, a pulley.

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leading writers, editors and public speakers to serve as a panel on correct usage. Since the arbiters have proved far from unanimous on what is or is not acceptable as the King's American English (we almost elected a President who always says "myself" when he means "me"), ample license is provided for non-U expressions by simply going along with the opinion of the minority who upheld them; they, too, were chosen for their ability to handle the language with "felicity, facility, grace and power." Frequently 65 per cent for, versus 35 per cent against a usage, the split is sometimes almost 50-50. Even so, though 94 per cent of the panel disapproved of the qualified "rather unique," Morton W. Bloomfield writes, "It is largely because we know rather precisely . . ." in his essay, "A Brief History of the English Language," which precedes the lexicon proper.

Other introductory pieces are "The Indo-European Origin of English," by Calvert Watkins; "Good Usage, Bad Usage, and Usage," a shining example of belles-lettres by Morris Bishop; "Dialects of English," by Henry Lee Smith, Jr.; "Grammar and Meaning," by Richard Ohmann; "The Spelling and Pronunciation of English," by Wayne O'Neil; "Computers in Language Analysis and in Lexicography," by Henry Kucera, and Norman Hoss's "Guide to the Dictionary," which often clarifies in a few paragraphs some of the less intelligible foregoing articles.

For the intelligibility and sensibility of the usage notes we have nothing but praise. *Vide* this portion of the comment on the split infinitive:

> The split infinitive (as in *to readily accept*) is not a grammatical error, and it has ample precedent in literature. But it is still avoided, where possible, by many writers and editors, especially in its more extreme forms. It is least desirable, according to a majority of the Usage Panel, when *to* and its verb are separated by a succession of modifying words that slow the reader's comprehension needlessly and produce a clumsy effect: *We are seeking a plan to gradually, systematically, and economically relieve the burden.* In this example, termed unacceptable by 77 per cent of the Usage Panel, simple transposition of the adverbs (*to relieve the burden, gradually, systematically* . . .) would improve both clarity and style without changing the desired sense. . . .

"There is nothing inherently bad in ending a sentence with a preposition," says AHD in another usage note. "Such placement may cause awkwardness in giving undue stress to the preposition: *the arrogant manner he always spoke with*; or it may provide a weak ending: *He welcomed the invitation, for Maine was the state he hoped to spend most of his time in.* But just as often the final position is the only natural one for the preposition: *We have much to be thankful for.* Where rearrangement would give an awkward or stilted effect . . . the natural order should be kept." American Heritage's more than 800 such notes on usage can help to fill the lacunas in the teaching of grammar and composition that American education in recent years has been all too guilty of. As the publishers state, AHD is indeed incomparable in this respect.

Their own fanfare, however, doesn't do justice to the again incomparable quality of the hundreds of photographs among the dictionary's 4,000 illustrations. Under the editorship of Iris F. Eaton, every picture has been selected with the utmost thoughtfulness—sometimes amusingly, as in the halftone of Marilyn Monroe to personify "décolletage"—and then each has been cropped to create a small work of art. Art Director Thomas Morley is responsible for that and the pleasurable design of the entire work, all the illustrations of which are set in wide margins instead of, as traditional in dictionaries, encircled by print. Even more important, the type-face chosen can be read with ease.

The pity is that a book as beautiful as this should rely so on anything as ugly as the "language of confrontation" to promote it.

Rochelle Girson

As SR's book review editor, Rochelle Girson has more than average recourse to a dictionary.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1364

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1364 will be found in the next issue.

AJ AT XCJJCK JE TLCYG RATWEF VEENATPNZ, NAGC JPC TYAMJT, KYJPCK JPYM JE TLCYG VENNZ RATCNZ, NAGC JPC WEMT.

—DPCTJCKJEM

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1363

A writer with real taste trying to attract our surfeited public is like a young woman set inside a circle of libertines.

—CHAMFORT.

Fiction

CRONOPIOS AND FAMAS

by Julio Cortázar, translated from the Spanish by Paul Blackburn
Pantheon, 161 pp., $4.95

FOR THOSE WHO DIDN'T realize it before, *Cronopios and Famas* should convince American readers not only that the Argentinian novelist Julio Cortázar is a major literary figure, but that he is also one of a select, disappearing breed—an intellectual humorist. His intellectuality is cultured and cosmopolitan, ironic and totally unpretentious; his *Weltanschauung*, which is coherent, is presented for the delight of the reader with no abstraction and not a trace of heavy-handedness. On the contrary, the really remarkable quality that makes *Cronopios and Famas* such pure joy is Cortázar's dry, off-beat, highly original sense of humor. He has a rare gift for isolating the absurd in everyday life, for depicting the foibles in human behavior with an unerring thrust that is satiric yet compassionate.

Cronopios and Famas is unconventional in format. It consists of a series of very short pieces, varying in length from four or five lines to four or five pages. Mostly they are about one page long. Cortázar's utter economy of means is admirable; he does more with a single paragraph than most writers manage in a full-length short story, and he does it much more entertainingly. Moreover, he creates a strange world entirely his own: a world of surrealistic bizarreness and playful fantasy the likes of which we have not encountered elsewhere. Nevertheless, Cortázar himself considers his writings to be realistic since, as he states, typically with tongue-in-cheek, "reality appears fantastic to me."

The pieces are divided into four groups. The first is an "Instruction Manual," which addresses itself to such simple problems as how to sing ("Begin by breaking all the mirrors in the house . . ."), how to cry ("In order to cry, steer the imagination toward yourself . . ."), how to be afraid, how to comb one's hair, etc., and to several more esoteric matters, among them how to kill ants in Rome.

The second group concerns Cortázar's relatives. "We are an uncommon family," he begins simply, but before long we find "uncommon" far too modest an adjective. The zany family he depicts, composed of countless brothers, sisters, uncles, and aunts all living under the same roof make up the most engaging household since *You Can't Take It with You.* For example, one day they all decide to

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construct a gibbet and a rack and wheel in their front garden. Each does his share as matter-of-factly as if they were fixing up a basement playroom. "We began the construction work on a Sunday afternoon after the raviolis," but on Monday some are obliged to go to their jobs because "after all, you have to live somehow." Eventually, to the satisfaction of the family, neighbors stand at the fence by the hundreds to protest, threaten, and mutter, and the police are called in to have a look (they "commented favorably on how well the gallows looked"). And when the work was done the delightful crew, who never intended to *do* anything with their macabre construction, happily go off to sleep.

Equally whimsical is the account of what happens when a large part of the family are given jobs in a post office by a distant relative. For three days everything is topsy-turvy: a shot of vodka accompanies each money order, and balloons are handed out free with stamps. When the police invade the premises the mother showers them with multi-colored paper airplanes made of telegrams and money orders.

The book's third section has less unity; it pokes fun at a wide variety of subjects, from pedants to secretaries, and from the nature of language to the strange recurrence of the first name Felix.

The last and longest section contains "Stories of Cronopios and Famas." Neither Cortázar nor the American publisher bothers to explain these strange names invented by the author. In fact, there is no need to explain, because we quickly come to understand that they are elements of Cortázar's particular cosmography. Cronopios are the spontaneous, temperamental, artistic people who are congenitally disorganized and impractical, but who enjoy life and live it fully. Famas are plodders—prudent, scientific, intelligent, but unimaginative. Lastly come esperanzas, the slugs who do not think at all, who see no further than the ends of their noses, but who are nevertheless not entirely unappealing (Cortázar cannot really dislike *any* segment of people), because, like the "nebechs," they are born losers.

> Now it happens that turtles are great speed enthusiasts, which is natural.
>
> The esperanzas know that and don't bother about it.
>
> The famas know it, and make fun of it.
>
> The cronopios know it, and each time they meet a turtle, they haul out the box of colored chalks, and on the rounded blackboard of the turtle's shell they draw a swallow.

When traveling, famas investigate hotel accommodations, prices, and locations very carefully. Cronopios miss trains and find all rooms taken, but manage to find a bed finally and are thrilled because the city is beautiful. Esperanzas don't take the trouble to travel at all. In a post office the fama meticulously sticks his stamps on an envelope and then presses them to make doubly sure, while the cronopio becomes enraged that the portraits on the stamps are too ugly for him to use on a love letter to his wife.

Cortázar is masterfully incisive. Each page sparkles with vivid satire that goes to the heart of human character and, in his best pieces, to the essence of the human condition; in its entirety *Cronopios and Famas* comprises a veritable human comedy. One

is tempted to mention possible literary influences on Cortázar: Borges, Kafka, Jarry, the surrealists, Thurber, to name a few. But in reality this Argentinian writer who has lived in France for more than a decade and a half is very much his own man; if he naturally does not write in a vacuum, his work does clearly bear his own stamp, and his whimsical imagination is wholly original. Paul Blackburn's outstanding translation preserves the crispness of Cortázar's style, the wealth of his images, and the gaiety of his humor.

Tom Bishop

Tom Bishop is professor of French and Comparative Literatures at New York University.

A LOVING WIFE

by Violet Weingarten
Knopf, 241 pp., $5.95

IF ONE COMMENTS about Violet Weingarten's second novel, *A Loving Wife*, that the author shows remarkable insight into the educated, urban, fortyish matron, it sounds not only like a put-down, but seems to suggest dull fiction. Yet such is not the case. *A Loving Wife* is something more than entertaining for both the dialogue and the characters are believable. Most readers will be engrossed, and many women will find themselves surprised into the "shock of recognition."

Like *Mrs. Beneker*, the perceptive and witty first novel by Mrs. Weingarten published last year, the story is told from the point of view of the central character, in this case Molly Gilbert, the loving wife. An ironical title? At first one would think so, for after years of what seems to have been a happy marriage, Molly becomes involved in a passionate love affair. It can't go anywhere, since her lover cannot—or will not, which amounts to the same thing—divorce his wife. But for Molly, as her son remarks in another context, everything is supposed to lead to something else, and if love affairs are a kind of shopping around, then the one that suits is supposed to lead to marriage. It is Molly's maneuvering and questioning, her rattling of the box she is in, her scrutiny of the cards she has chosen, that make up the novel.

Her husband, Mike, is a familiar and exasperating type—uncommunicative, often kindly, wrapped up in his work. "No one says anything and everything

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

PATE DE MA MERE L'OIE

With no help from the youngest generation, how fast could you associate these nursery-rhyme characters with their customary foods? Such is the stern challenge flung by Sister Mary Jeremy Finnegan of River Forest, Ill. The menu is straightened out on page 31.

1. Curly-Locks ( )	A. mince and quince
2. Taffy ( )	B. cold potato
3. A queen and a knave ( )	C. bread and honey
4. Good King Arthur ( )	D. pease porridge
5. The man in the moon ( )	E. a piece of beef
6. Billy Boy ( )	F. white and brown bread and plum-cake
7. Little Tom Tucker ( )	G. tarts
8. The lion and the unicorn ( )	H. pumpkin
9. The queen in the parlor ( )	I. strawberries, sugar, and cream
10. Peter ( )	J. cherry pie
11. The owl and the pussy-cat ( )	K. white bread and butter
12. Mister South ( )	L. bag-pudding

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to anyone else. You want to say everything that comes into your head, go see a psychiatrist." Her lover is seen more dimly. He fills the hotel rooms at which they rendezvous with flowers —different ones every time—but he is the sort of domesticated philanderer who takes his wife and children skiing at Christmas and probably spends August with them at the shore. Her son, although he still comes home from college on vacations with his laundry and his girl, is basically where he wants to be—out of it. Her mother, never a friend nor a model, coldly and devastatingly sketches life as she sees it for the widow or divorcée. Molly's job, which she loves, offers a refuge of sorts, for "each day, when she walked into the office, she hung up her conflict like a coat." The world of Molly's work is skillfully and knowledgeably woven into the texture of the novel, yet the job may also be one of the strains that has worn down her marriage.

Mrs. Weingarten has pre-empted for her fiction a small bit of ground and cultivated it admirably. Whereas Doris Lessing, an author of greater stature, writes ambitious novels in which she studies women of more scope in considerable depth, Mrs. Weingarten, less complex, has taken the territory of the well-to-do city or suburban matron whose children are almost independent and whose marriage has grown a bit stale. The stuff of *McCall's* or the *Ladies' Home Journal*, perhaps, but Mrs. Weingarten's characters are intelligent, and she neither gushes nor pants over their escapades. Her reach is exactly in keeping with her grasp, with the result that her honest novels achieve exactly the right note.

Cecile Shapiro

Cecile Shapiro, a former college English teacher, is now doing free-lance editing and writing.

LISTEN TO THE SILENCE

by David W. Elliott

Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 279 pp., $5.95

LIKE MANY NOVELS about mental institutions, *Listen to the Silence* is filled with emotional land mines, booby traps, and pitfalls. It is also the longest 279-page book I have read in many a month. Let the reader proceed at his own risk.

Timmy, a teen-age orphan committed to a mental institution by one of the many foster families he has lived with, seems to be an autobiographical figure (a brief note about the author states that he spent his first thirteen years with fifteen different families). The boy's sojourn in the asylum, is

David Elliott—"weird incidents."

punctuated by a series of weird, unlovely incidents and passages of dialogue that do not make any progress or do much in the way of defining character. The cumulative impression is of a wretched, hopeless life, both in the world of the institution and inside the heads of its inmates.

That life is, of course, a vastly different one from what would be described by an attendant or a doctor. How important is this? Highly important, I would say, because it is not the result of the difference between two human minds or characters, but of that between rationality and nonrationality.

The publisher has the caution to hedge in designating the book as a novel, yet it is clear that the author intends it as a work of fiction. But what are the ground rules for such a work? It is hard to say—whatever, I suppose, the author believes he might find in the heads of his unfortunate characters; and who is to say he is wrong in what he dredges up? Perhaps the whole area of mental illness ought to be treated only in nonfiction.

Whatever the answer to that question may be, *Listen to the Silence* suffers from shapelessness. After a certain number of pages the reader realizes that he has no idea where the book is going. The last two pages could come equally well at the end of any chapter in the second half of the book. There seems to be no special reason why they are placed where they are except, perhaps, that this is how it happened in the author's life.

Paul K. Cuneo

Paul K. Cuneo is a magazine editor and free-lance writer.

USSR

AN IDEOLOGY IN POWER: Reflections on the Russian Revolution

by Bertram D. Wolfe

Stein & Day, 406 pp., $10

BERTRAM WOLFE has been a prolific commentator on the Soviet scene for thirty years. His *Three Who Made a Revolution* (1948) is a classic in a field where few books achieve longevity. He wields the facile pen of a seasoned and skillful polemicist, readily produces colorful similes and memorable quotes, and elegantly launches poison arrows at antagonists as he mercilessly exposes wishful thinking or naïve *non sequiturs*.

Thus another in the impressive list of his books is bound to merit careful inspection. This one brings together twenty-five essays and articles—twenty-three of them previously published —that illustrate the range of topics Mr. Wolfe, now senior research fellow at the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution, and Peace at Stanford University, has dealt with over the past generation. Here are pieces on the Russian Revolution and Marx, on the First World War and the Leninist heritage, on "Backwardness and Industrialization in Russian History and Thought," but, above all, on the Soviet régime as it took shape in the Stalin era. Wolfe is at his best when exposing and debunking, and his chapters on Stalinist historiography, forced labor, and party control over arts and sciences are telling indictments well worth reading and pondering.

But the most provocative chapters are those that summarize his general outlook on Communism and the Soviet régime. The title of this volume,—*An Ideology in Power*,—and of one of Wolfe's best-known essays, reprinted here—"The Durability of Despotism in the Soviet System"—are indicative of his approach. Bertram Wolfe is a leading exponent of the thesis that the Soviet system has not changed and cannot be expected to change in any fundamental sense. He has reason to be proud of his own consistency in the face of others who have time and again forecast either the collapse of the Soviet régime or its regeneration. His insistence that the leaders in Moscow are animated by Communist beliefs is a healthy antidote to the proclivity for dismissing "ideology" as *post facto* rationalization and mere propaganda.

Yet the reader will wish to approach these rather indifferently edited essays with a critical eye. Wolfe assumes that the "ideology in power" remains unalterably operative in shaping Soviet

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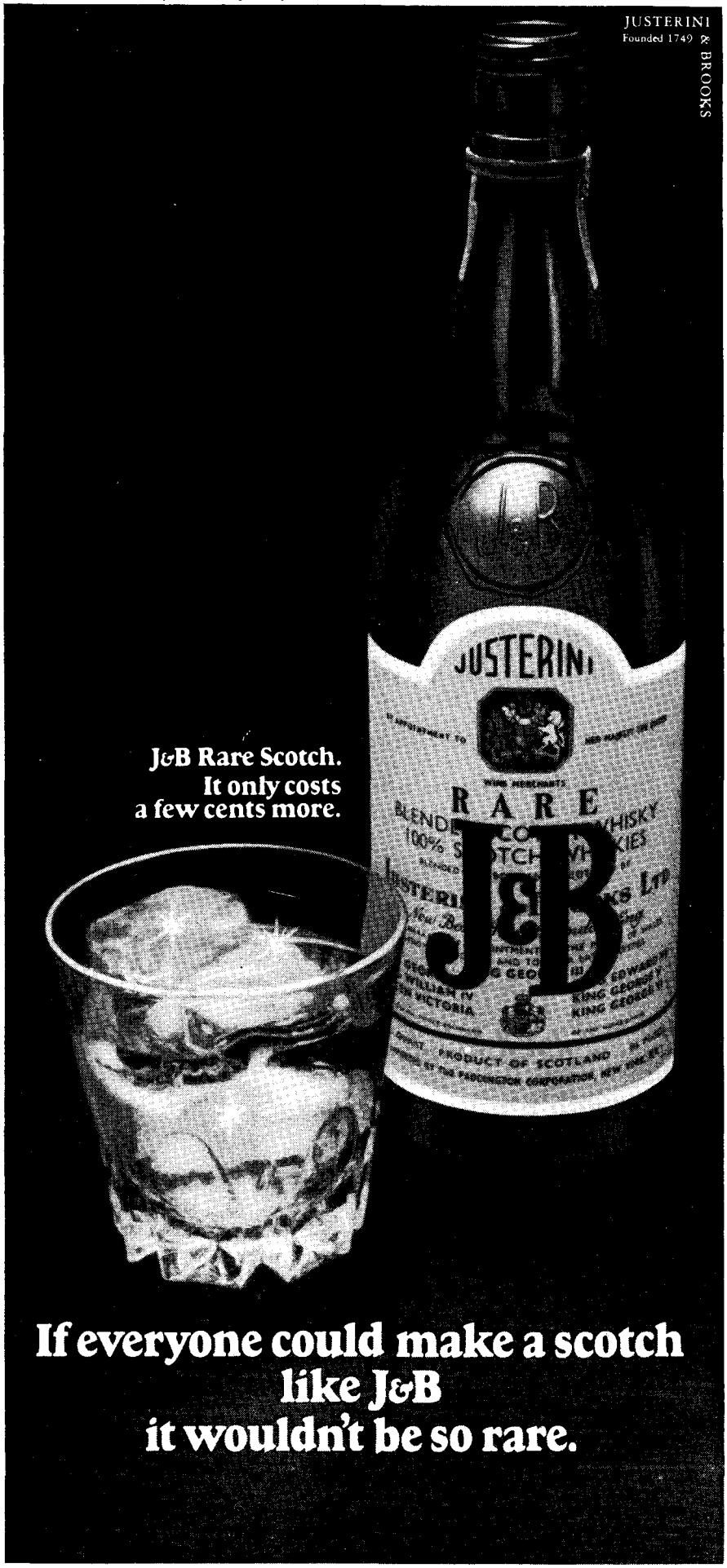
behavior; that the atomization of Soviet society continues essentially unchanged; that the régime has not gained (and cannot gain) any legitimacy in the eyes of its people; that "totalitarianism" is a constant and immutable condition; that under it there must be a one-man dictatorship which despotically asserts its claim to omnipotence and infallibility. It denies the reality of Soviet politics; it ignores the emergence of interest groups whose views and values are far from "monolithic," far from identical with those of the party *apparat*, yet impinge increasingly on the policy process in Moscow.

Much—perhaps most—of what Wolfe has to say may well have been true of the Stalin era. But when applied to the ambiguities and uncertainties of the past twelve or fifteen years, the dogmatic insistence on the uniqueness and immutability of Communist totalitarianism reduces brilliant insights to bitter rhetorical assertions. What neither Wolfe nor his Communist opponents are prepared to recognize is that power is, and must be, inherently *un*total; and that Soviet policies, like all others, are bound to have unwanted and unanticipated consequences which its sires cannot "totally" control.

At one time proponents of such views insisted that there could be no true diversity among Communist régimes. In the face of the Sino-Soviet conflict and the crises in Eastern Europe, Wolfe makes no such allegations (though he still belittles East European diversity as "partly deceptive"). But when it comes to the Soviet system, he writes as if the Kosygins and Brezhnevs were indeed charismatic defenders of the faith, plotting world revolution with diabolical skill, wielding knouts and breathing fire as they manipulate recalcitrant masses into obedient servitude. Actually the Soviet leaders—for the USSR is of course no longer a one-man show—are themselves divided and confused, uncertain as to how to cope with the many complex problems of running a superpower, with conflicting commitments both to change and to status quo, to welfare and warfare, to crises and normality, to diversity and intolerance. If anything, the post-Khrushchev élite has exhibited an even greater commitment to a conservative orientation toward low risk-taking and bureaucratic timidity regarding new initiatives—a strange mixture of reaction, rationality, and revolutionary rhetoric.

Surprisingly for one so skilled in separating the chaff of dissimulation from the grain of reality, Wolfe seems to ignore both the differences in perceptions and priorities among Soviet



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and other Communist leaders, and the many instances in which their behavior cannot be reduced to the pursuit of Communism. Such an approach denies the real, albeit subtle and often unadvertised, transformations in Soviet society. It fails to fathom that Soviet totalitarianism is itself a stage, not eternal doom, and that Communism is a plural rather than a singular phenomenon. Is it not more realistic then to think of totalitarianism itself as an infantile disease of Communism, which in some cases may prove fatal but in others may be outgrown and overcome as the organism matures?

Communist systems are not immune to the general pattern of regularization which all "developing" societies tend to experience. As societies and economies become more complex, for instance, greater specialization and functional differentiation become imperative; and these in turn are bound to produce differences in outlook, preferences, and values for various occupational groups. Like it or not, policy makers must increasingly suppress pride and prejudice and listen to experts rather than partisans. This is one of the lessons of the Chinese experience that have not been lost on the Soviet élite. And such processes have indeed been at work in Soviet Russia, too, however much both Soviet officialdom and analysts such as Bertram Wolfe would deny it.

Yet Wolfe's latest book should not be lightly dismissed. It is the cumulation of many years of informed research and reflection, and is bound to offer much that is challenging and instructive not only to those who agree but to those who don't.

Alexander Dallin

Alexander Dallin is a professor in the Department of Political Science and the Russian Institute at Columbia University.

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Espionage

THE SUPER SPIES

by Andrew Tully

Morrow, 256 pp., $5.95

THE LITERATURE OF ESPIONAGE is more or less evenly divided between the allegedly factual, the category to which Andrew Tully has added his mite, and the frankly fictional. What is probably the oldest and is certainly the best written spy story is to be found in the second chapter of the Book of Joshua, which tells how that commander sent two agents into Jericho to collect intelligence on the city's defenses and the morale of its armed forces and civil population, and how Rahab, the harlot whose house was upon the city wall, concealed the agents in exchange for a guarantee that she and her family would be exempted from massacre. It sounds like fact; indeed, it is probably being re-enacted at this moment in the Republic of Vietnam.

Espionage is thus an activity as old as war itself, which is to say about as old as *Homo sapiens*. Like war, it has aspects of glamour and even nobility. Nathan Hale deserves his statues, although it is unlikely that the Soviet Union will ever erect memorials to

Messrs. Burgess and McLean, or even Kim Philby. The international code is careful not to confound spies with war criminals; a spy is executed in no spirit of contempt or disapproval, but merely for purposes of deterrence. So far as international law is concerned, he is entitled to be shot and buried with military honors. (A more practical advantage of the spy's superior status is the curious rule that one who manages to rejoin his own forces cannot thereafter be punished for his previous acts of espionage.)

In the classic branches of espionage that of the United States has always seemed rather backward compared, for example, to British Intelligence, at least in the latter's legendary form. There is no American equivalent of Mahbub Ali or Hurree Chunder Mookerjee, of Ashenden the Secret Agent, or even of their vulgar epigone, James Bond. In the days of homemade cryptography a century ago the best the telegraphers in the War Department could do to encode a message from President Lincoln to General Burnside was to pun or misspell all the words (A. Lincoln became Ale in Can) and send them out in reverse order, trusting that Burnside's man at the other end would be more ingenious than any Confederate agents who might have tapped the wire. A British general in similar circumstances elegantly signaled his capture of Sind by telegraphing the single word "Peccavi."

Since World War II, however, the intelligence business has been mechanized and computerized on an enormous scale. Our national talents in these lines are considerable. The National Security Agency, an account of which forms the core of Mr. Tully's book, covers nearly 2,000,000 square feet of floor space, which are said to contain more electric wiring than any other building in the world. It holds some 12,000 employees and $3-million worth of the products of IBM and its competitors. It orbits an undetermined number of SAMOS satellites, which watch and listen from 150 miles up. It probably spends a couple of billion dollars a year.

The labor of this mountain, and others only slightly less massive, such as the Defense Intelligence Agency (which perches atop the Office of Naval Intelligence and the G-2s of the Army and Air Force), produces a prodigious quantity of information. The quality of that information is debatable. The known facts, plus the anecdotes leaked to Mr. Tully, a generally friendly reporter, by the bureaucrats concerned, suggest that some of it is important (such as the U-2 photographs of Russian missile sites in Cuba), some curious and intriguing (such as de Gaulle's private opinion that Robert Kennedy had a "European, sophisticated intelligence," but suffered from "youthful arrogance"), and much more is neither. The unexciting is not necessarily unimportant: All intelligence services, of course, rely heavily on the laborious collation of data from open sources—newspapers, scientific publications, directories, and the like, even in the cases of such paranoiac, secretive countries as Russia and China. A junior attaché in the Soviet embassy, supplied with *The New York Times*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and a pair of scissors, can probably glean more really useful and reliable information than Colonel Abel with all his microfilms concealed in hollowed-out nickels.

Mr. Tully describes in considerable detail the work of the National Security Agency, the Defense Intelligence Agency, and six other American superspy bureaus—omitting, however, the Central Intelligence Agency, whose inside story he has already published. The trouble with them, their organization charts, and their IBM machines, and consequently with a large part of

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Mr. Tully's book, is that they are not really very interesting. A row of computers, operated by a row of civil servants, is to Mata Hari (even if she wasn't in sober fact a particularly efficient intelligence collector) what a Quartermaster Supply Depot is to the 300 Spartans at Thermopylae. Eric Ambler himself couldn't write a thriller about an IBM 7090, even if it does perform 230,000 additions per second and cost $3,300,000.

The author, a highly professional journalist, is apparently aware of this, for he has thrown in several chapters on human spies and defectors, which make much better reading. They tell of stolen documents left at a Hong Kong drop disguised as a tailor shop, of secret agents with forged credentials landed by night in rubber boats, of counter-intelligence agents shot and stuffed into luggage compartments, of *femmes fatales* climbing into bed with impressionable junior diplomats.

All this is good journalism and sure to sell the soft-cover edition. Unfortunately, it is written in bad journalese, reminiscent of the old Hearst Sunday supplement style, full of clichés and solecisms. Mr. Tully uses "stricture" as a synonym for "maxim," "agitate" for "militate," and "willy-nilly" where I think he meant "helter-skelter." And so forth and so on. It is a far, far cry from Rudyard Kipling and Somerset Maugham.

Despite all these crudities, *The Super Spies* makes a couple of points worth pondering, one explicit and one implicit. The explicit one, developed in several chapters, is that the United States carries on its espionage and counter-espionage through a crowd of overlapping, jealously independent and often mutually hostile agencies. As a result the President and other officers of government are likely to be confronted with intelligence estimates that contradict each other. Andrew Tully's chapter on the Tet offensive of January 1968 is an excellent illustration, and one that has the dismal ring of truth. Another result, of course, is waste of money on a scale unusual even for Washington. All the super spies obey the ancient law of bureaucracy that it is better to throw the unexpended balance of an appropriation down the nearest sewer than confess that the agency doesn't need as much money as it has been getting. In their case the practice is facilitated by the fact that some of their disbursements are "confidential" and subject to no outside audit. I don't know whether Mr. Tully's proposed remedy, "a nosier Congress," would do any good, but it might be worth trying.

The implicit moral is the obvious one that military or diplomatic intelligence is no better than the human intelligence that evaluates and acts upon it. The ordinary human mind is as resistant as steel alloy to facts that do not fit its preconceptions. In 1941 Stalin, afflicted with the queer unwillingness of devious and dishonest men to believe that others can have equal duplicity, simply ignored a mass of evidence, all pointing to the conclusion that Hitler was planning a double-cross of monstrous proportions. Similarly, prisoner interrogations, captured documents, and intercepts should have warned General Westmoreland that the Communists in Vietnam planned an all-out offensive in early 1968, but the idea belied his own propaganda and he refused to believe it. Politicians, of course, are no better than generals in this respect: it is doubtful that even a truly intelligent intelligence service could plant in the cranium of Senator Stennis or Senator McGovern a fact that contradicted his Inner Voices.

Sometimes, of course, no blame can be assessed for the failure to make use of good information. If Mr. Tully's account is accurate (allowing for the fact that his sources were naturally more inclined to disclose their successes than their flops), the American intelligence services had picked up ample evidence that the Russians really did intend to quell the Czech heresy by invasion; but if the Soviet government had announced its plans a week in advance and sent out free tickets to the press and the diplomatic corps, there would still have been precious little the United States could have done about it. The super spies' top secret reports on whether the Soviet Union does or does not intend to zap the nefarious Maoists must, by this time, run to a good many thousand pages; yet even if they contain more and better information than the newspapers, it is hard to see what use President Nixon can make of it.

Despite all this, people still like to read about spies and the paraphernalia of their trade. Most of *The Super Spies* is harmless, unpretentious entertainment. The author and publisher, to do them justice, claim nothing more. In an era when practically every trade book is announced as the ultimate indictment of society, or at least a devastating exposure of the bourgeois Establishment, I am grateful for one that pretends to be nothing more than summer reading.

Joseph W. Bishop, Jr.

Joseph W. Bishop, Jr., is professor of law at Yale Law School.

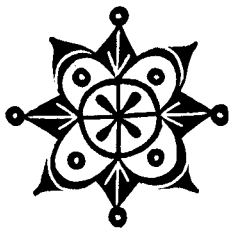
LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 I, 2E, 3G, 4L, 5D, 6J; 7K, 8F, 9C, 10 H, 11 A, 12B.

Criminal Record

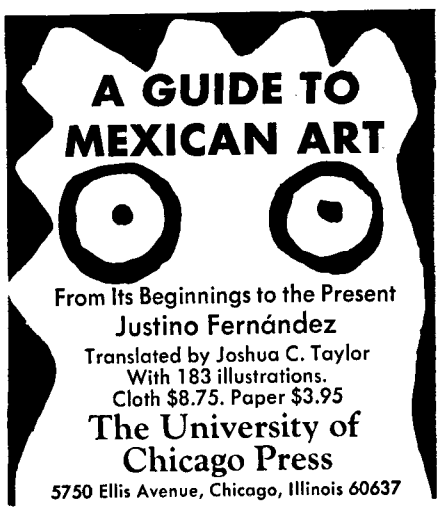
Fact

The Historian as Detective: Essays on Evidence. *Edited by Robin W. Winks. Harper & Row. $10.95.* Scholarship links hands with jollity in this fine package. Mr. Winks (he teaches at Yale) tells us that he assembled the anthology "for fun," and he must have had a lot of it. His roster of expert witnesses includes Christopher Morley, Paul M. Angle, Allan Nevins, Millar Burrows, Richard D. Altick, Henry F. Pringle, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and a score or so of others, and the high concern of all of these authorities is such problems as phony letters that have made their way into standard



biographies, lost documents (such as the Boswell papers), and hoaxes perpetrated out of malice or just for the hell of it. Prime goods.

Who Done It? A Guide to Detective, Mystery and Suspense Fiction. *By Ordean A. Hagen. Bowker. $18.95.* In 1918 President Woodrow Wilson, seeking a moment's relaxation from the strain of world war, picked up a detective story called *The Middle Temple Murder.* The author was J. S. Fletcher (as he always signed himself, on title-pages anyway). The President found the book to his liking and said so to somebody, and Joseph Smith Fletcher was soon sitting on the world (a colloquial expression then having a considerable vogue). Thus, one might



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venture to assert, was created the post-Sherlock Holmes cycle of mystery stories—the next-to-last Holmes collection appeared in 1917, and a most unimpressive assortment it was. The Fletcher contribution to the postwar boom eventually reached 155 units.

All this and more are chronicled in *Who Done It?*, an admirable and useful manual that lists thousands of titles in its field, or fields, an abundance of which are out of print and likely to remain so. The mystery fan's happiest hunting grounds, according to the compiler, will be "places such as the Salvation Army, Goodwill Industries, and St. Vincent de Paul." Perish the thought. It would be easier to find a Gutenberg Bible in a trash can. Several categories of mystery and suspense themes are sampled: bees, insurance, railroads, etc. The mystery embraces all mankind, and vice versa.

Fiction

A Risky Way to Kill. *By Richard Lockridge. Lippincott. $4.95.* Inspector Merton L. Heimrich of New York State Police tackles a year-old case in which a girl and a thoroughbred horse perished untimely. A winner all the way, with compelling overtones for our era.

The Bright Red Business Men. *By Philip McCutchan. John Day. $4.50.* Home Office tizzies when Commander Shaw, naval intelligence ace, discovers key associate at death's door; cause of demise is elastic water, latest menace to humanity as we go to press.

Ellery Queen's Murder Menu. *Edited by Ellery Queen. World. $6.95.* Twenty-two stories from *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine* comprise the twenty-fourth unit in this series, which stresses the culinary theme (and what could be nicer than that?).

No Haloes for Hoods. *By Craig Cooper. Roy. $3.95.* Arch Maguire, roving peeper, locates for a spell in an unlocated town where sin has taken root and anything goes. Pleasantly wisecracky.

Boucher's Choicest: A Collection of Anthony Boucher's Favorites from Best Detective Stories of the Year. *Selected by Jeanne F. Bernkopf. Introduction by Allen J. Hubin. Dutton. $5.95.* Boucher's associate in his six-year editorship of this fine annual was Miss Bernkopf, who has selected the best of the best as a sort of farewell tribute to Boucher. For seventeen years he conducted the Criminals at Large department in the Sunday *New York Times*.

Sergeant Cuff

Murrow

Continued from page 23

Salk needs no defense from me or anyone in his relationship with Murrow.

The tragedy of Murrow's early death is described step by step, sparing neither Ed nor the reader. The book ends: "Ed Murrow was dead. The Beverly Hillbillies lived on."

Prime Time is an indictment of the commercial broadcast system and the laws that govern it. It is also a fitting tribute and memorial to broadcast news' foremost practitioner. Unfortunately, the author by overgeneralizing tends to tarnish another Murrow monument, CBS News, for, as Kendrick himself says, "The 'Murrow style' became, and to some degree still remains, the CBS style." Whatever the faults of the system, CBS News has in the past few years recaptured its role as the dominant news organization in broadcasting. The half-hour nightly broadcast with Walter Cronkite and Eric Sevareid is a national institution, and with an additional half hour of air time could and would do many of the things that *See It Now* once did. The coverage of the recent moon shots and of the Vietnam War is something that Ed would have admired as he would have a number of documentaries, such as Martin Carr's *Hunger in America*. The CBS Washington News Bureau with Roger Mudd, Dan Rather, Dan Schorr and Marvin Kalb is certainly superior to that bureau in Murrow's time. These accomplishments are not indicated in this fine volume because the author perhaps strives too hard to prove that nothing much significant has happened since Murrow said "good night and good luck" for the last time. As one who is also identified in this book as part of "the golden age of broadcast news," I tend to think that much of the work being done at CBS and other networks is as professional or better than what we did. The problem is air time—prime time.

It is also true, as Kendrick implies, that the right to be wrong, the right to go way over budget in pursuit of some investigative report or interpretive essay is limited by a new generation of efficiency experts and layers on layers of group presidents. The current dedicated president of CBS News now has three presidents (count them) imposed between himself and the chairman. That's a quantum jump backward from the days when a thirty-second phone call from Murrow to Paley could send Murrow, five reporters and five camera crews to Korea, or when the chairman could suggest to Murrow and Friendly that they might let the J. Robert Oppenheimer interview "run over just a little." Paley, in the frankest reference during his interview with the author, comes close to understanding this: "In retrospect," Kendrick writes, "he felt that Murrow perhaps resented the way in which the corporation, so to speak, had come between them, even beyond the growing complexity and impersonality of the industry itself. But the corporate structure was no more complex, Paley always felt, than Murrow's own mind and nature."

That mind and nature, which sometimes puzzled and inspired the chairman, was what inspired a generation of broadcast newsmen. It still does. Day after day, year after year, when the performance soars or fails, it is the Murrow standard which remains the benchmark. Kendrick's book lives up to the Murrow documentary standards: tough, perceptive, fair, full of insight and emotion. Whatever my reservations, they are slight and perhaps subjective. It's a book I'd recommend to my students, although I wish it didn't cost $8.95. Often Columbia students, many of whom were only eight and nine years old when Ed was still broadcasting, ask me, "What made Murrow so special?" Certainly, he couldn't ad-lib a special event the way Cronkite and Robert Trout do, or write news analysis any better than Sevareid or Howard K. Smith. He couldn't create the droll humor of a David Brinkley or a Harry Reasoner. Although he did all of these things well, what set him apart was his sense of involvement. He was able to engage at once not only his viewers but their consciences as well.

This book captures that conscience and that involvement. And, it's a fulfilling reminder for those who lived through that Prime Time, a towering inspiration for a new breed of journalists who will now know what they missed, indeed, what we all miss.

WIT TWISTER #132

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Her potent _ _ _ _ _ subdued the lusty crew;
Each manly arm, each
_ _ _ _ _, flaccid grew.
Dull lethargy, like mist, engulfed them all.
As brutish _ _ _ _ _, they fled the witch's hall.

—A. S.

(*Answer on page 43*)

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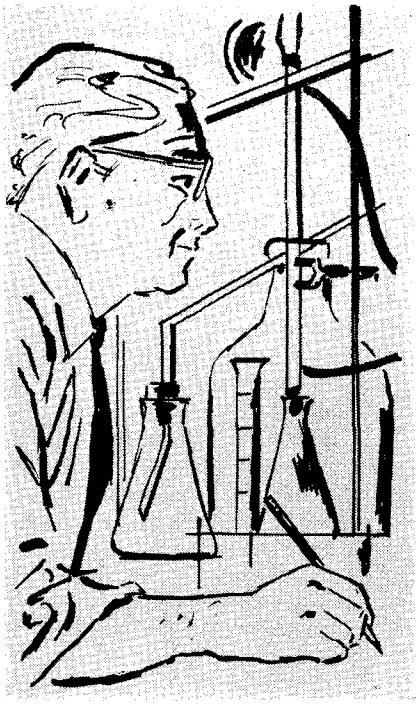
Leprosy

...a present day understanding.



When I returned to the U.S. a few years ago, after twenty years as a surgeon in India, it was a traumatic experience to discover how unconcerned the American public was about leprosy.

I think what bothered me most was jealousy—at the enthusiasm brought to the fight against polio, cancer and multiple sclerosis, while leprosy was thought of in terms of the cry that greeted Ben Hur's mother and sister, "unclean, unclean."

Perhaps part of the blame lies with leprosy organizations. Emotional appeals have been the major means used to loosen purse strings. Little wonder Americans have never been able to view leprosy as a disease, rather than a curse.

Please Don't Call Them Lepers.

The traditional use of the term "leper" symbolizes centuries of ignorance and disgrace.

This discrimination is probably the saddest example of man's inhumanity to man. Thus the social problems facing a leprosy patient are greater than the medical problems. Leprosy can usually be cured. But *superstitions* are much harder to treat.

The word leprosy itself is simply a poor Greek translation of a Hebrew word, "tsara'ath," which has no particular medical meaning. "Leprosy" could apply to any number of skin diseases.

Hansen's disease, the medical name for what we call leprosy, should be used, but too few Americans would know what we were talking about! Hansen found the bacteria to be a stubby, rod-shaped microorganism, closely resembling the tuberculosis bacteria. Both belong to the mycobacterium family, both are encapsulated, and both are acid-fast.

But public knowledge about such matters remains practically nil. For example, some people still think fingers and toes of leprosy patients "drop off."

Or that bones are "eaten away." Actually, the bacilli attack the peripheral nerves, causing loss of sensation. Sores, blisters, cuts go unheeded, and fingers and toes, without feeling, simply wear away from constant abuse.

Many times the badly deformed people you see overseas, begging in the streets, no longer have leprosy. They are "burnt out" cases. Had the first signs of leprosy been reported, and treatment begun early, they would probably be leading normal lives today.

How many people have leprosy today? No one knows exactly, mainly because most victims will try to conceal their condition. Perhaps fifteen million is a fair estimate, but even more important is the seriousness of the disease compared with other diseases. The duration is long, disabilities severe, social relations are cut off, and families separated.

A Quiet Revolution

Few people have heard about diaminodiphenyl-sulfone, (DDS). Yet this dramatic new drug was discovered here in America back in 1942! And under most conditions, it can actually *cure* leprosy.

Now, through the pioneering research of Dr. Paul Brand, it is even possible to perform surgery which will restore "claw hands" to usefulness. But there is such a shortage of qualified personnel, that few patients benefit from Dr. Brand's breakthrough.

We need physicians, occupational therapists, physiotherapists, vocational counselors, social workers, chaplains, administrators, laboratory technicians—and the funds to recruit them, train them, transport them, feed and shelter them.

What Can Be Done?

Medical research must go forward, training facilities must be updated, and reparative surgery continued. But at the same time, education of the American public must keep apace with scientific advancements.

To meet this challenge, I invite you to contribute to the work of American Leprosy Missions.

$25 will restore a hand to usefulness.

$100 will make possible reconstructive surgery for hands, feet, and face.

Make out your check today, and as a gesture of appreciation, I will send you a copy of Patrick Feeny's excellent book, THE FIGHT AGAINST LEPROSY.

Sincerely yours,

O. W. Hasselblad, M.D.
President

Dear Dr. Hasselblad:

Here is my check for ☐ $25 ☐ $100 ☐ $_____.
Please send me Patrick Feeny's THE FIGHT AGAINST LEPROSY.

☐ Please send me information about your film, "An End to Exile," available for showing to groups.

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SR 99

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

New Boys for the FCC

WHO GETS APPOINTED to the FCC, by whom, and under what circumstances are matters of fateful importance to the nation, but the recurrent drama can also provide theatrical fun for commissioner-watchers. Consider the delicate ironies that await the two men President Nixon has nominated—subject to confirmation by the Senate and to the President's own vagaries of reconsideration — to replace retiring Chairman Rosel Hyde and Commissioner James Wadsworth, who has been given his diplomatic hat and cane and asked to leave rather hurriedly for the Intelsat mission. The appointees, Dean Burch (chairman) and Robert Wells (commissioner), are Republicans and represent Nixon's initial steps in reshaping the FCC into a more conservative, less activist regulatory posture. Burch was Barry Goldwater's Republican National Chairman in 1964, and Wells is a radio station manager and part owner of several Midwestern AM and FM stations that are connected with a newspaper-broadcast group.

Broadcasting magazine, with its gilded stethoscope close to the industry's ticker, reported "accelerated action" at the summer White House in San Clemente, California, to "speed up the choice." After casually deferring new FCC deployments for quite some time, why should the administration suddenly be in such a rush? Knowledgeable guessers cite two factors: first, imminent action by the FCC that might limit licensees to ownership of one station to a market; second, anticipation of a 6-to-1 vote by the commission against the Pastore bill, which would bar the FCC from considering license applications from groups competing with incumbent franchise-holders. The FCC is not scheduled to testify on license competition before Senator Pastore's communications subcommittee until the latter resumes hearings, presumably in October, but the commission's hostile views became known when its testimony was submitted to the director of the Bureau of the Budget.

These two factors obviously are crucial to the broadcasters. The industry wants to kill any one-to-a-market ruling, and it wants the Pastore bill passed. Burch and Wells may have been designated hurriedly to accomplish both objectives. Appointees sometimes disappoint appointers, but here the odds on surprise are high. Yet the coming second-act curtain in this Washington drama may reveal unexpected thunder and lightning for the Nixon administration, as well as dilemmas for the appointees. The industry worries more about the one-to-a-market limitation; it is confident that Senator Pastore has the necessary muscle to put his bill through the Congress regardless of the FCC.

The market-limitation rule, however, will be an independent commission action. The replies in this matter are all in, and the FCC docket has been closed. Suppose, however, that the Senate confirms both Burch and Wells. Should they vote? Precedent suggests that judges do not share in a decision when they have not participated in the debate. Normally, new commissioners would abstain; in that case, a 4-to-1 or 3-to-2 vote limiting licensees to one station to a market is entirely possible. If they tried to save the day for the industry, eyebrows would be lifted at the violation of precedent. Burch, without broadcast experience, would be too "new" to vote in a complicated record he did not help make. Wells especially would be expected to proceed cautiously, since he is a multimedia broadcaster (would divestiture of his holdings lessen his objectivity?).

As for the Pastore bill, observers have intuited a connection between the delay in resuming the Pastore committee hearings and the rush to appoint Burch and Wells. The new chairman could move for a reconsideration, and the count could go down to 4-to-3, a less embarrassing position for Pastore. The question, again, is should newcomers Burch and Wells intrude to change the vote? Certainly, Wells, who has publicly supported the Pastore bill, should abstain. Burch could defer to the senior member of the commission to present the FCC's views. He and Wells might give their own views independently—*but at what point?* Will Senator Pastore ask them whether they will support his bill at their confirmation hearings before his own committee? That is certainly a delicate question for the Senator to ask — or to avoid asking — given his power to confirm or to deny an appointment.

On one horn of their dilemma, Burch and Wells are faced with acting honorably but failing in their pinch-hitting duties to the industry. On the other horn, they can serve the industry but start the Nixon administration's conservative, new FCC under a cloud that will rain and rain. Somewhere under that cloud suspends a significant connection between precipitateness and precipitation. Messrs. Burch and Wells are honorable men.

"That's what I love about you, Mom. You're one of the beautiful people not just another mother."

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We'll take Tuesday.

As far as we know, none of the days of the week have been spoken for as yet by anyone.

So we'll take Tuesday, if it's all right with everybody else.

Please make note of the fact that henceforth Tuesday (every Tuesday) is the day to drink Teacher's Scotch.

If this scheme is adhered to by all concerned, the other days of the week should take care of themselves.

We trust that everything will work out satisfactorily.

Please plan accordingly. Thank you.

Teacher's Scotch

86 Proof Scotch Whisky Blended and Bottled in Scotland by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd. ©Schieffelin & Co., N.Y., Importers

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Marsden Emig's inventiveness widened communication between the seeing and the blind.

Keys that open a new world between the seeing and the blind.

How could people who don't know Braille write to the blind? The problem baffled engineer Marsden Emig for three years. His story tells how people often benefit when IBM meets a challenge.

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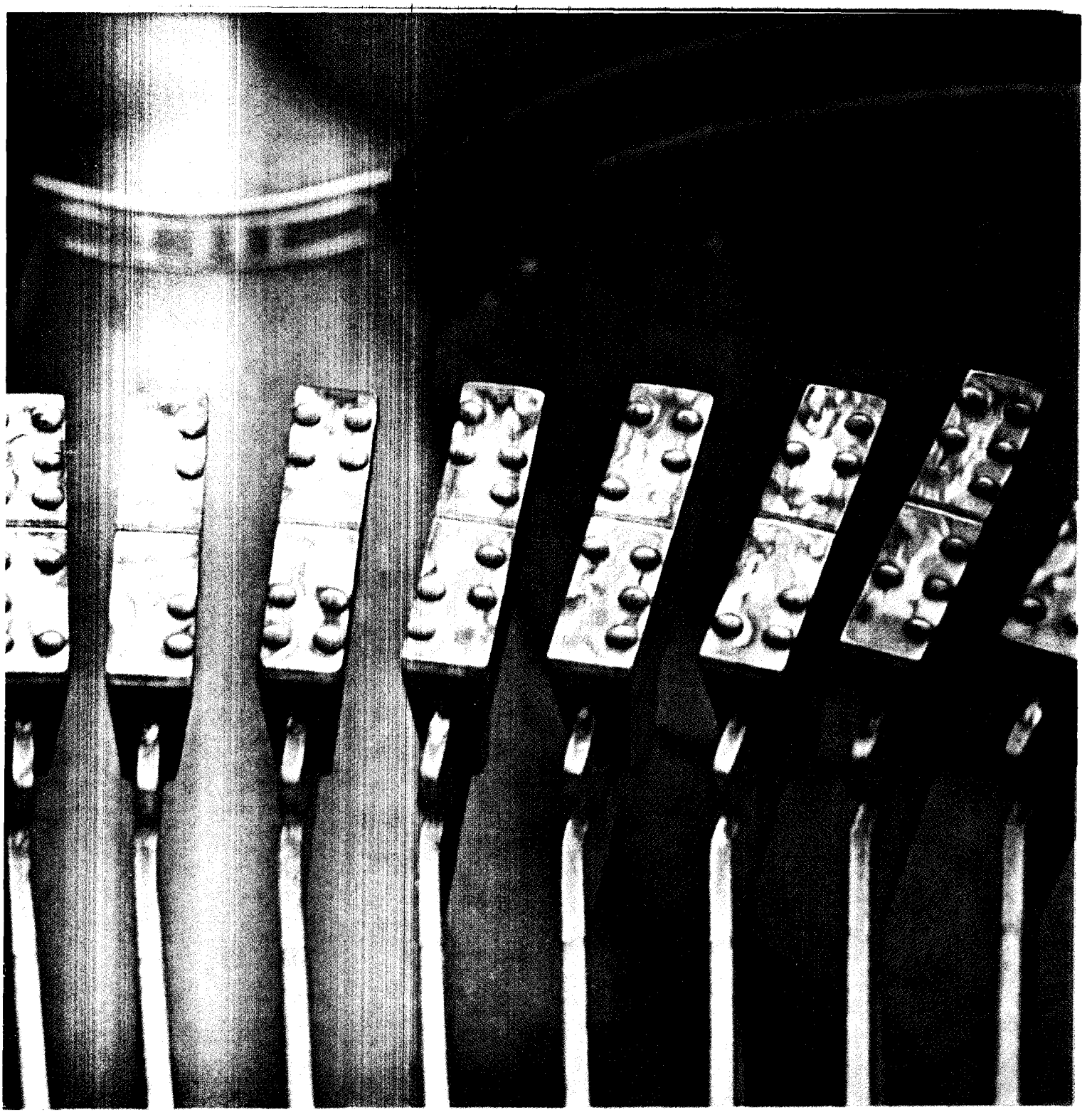

Close-up of the Braille keys adapted to an IBM electric typewriter.

"It didn't make sense to me," says Marsden Emig, an IBM engineer, "that a person had to know Braille in order to write to a blind person.

"The answer, I felt, was to adapt a standard electric typewriter so that anyone who could type, could type Braille. In this way, the advantages of Braille would be available to many more people.

"To print Braille, the type has to strike the back of the paper, and raise dots on the front. This is almost completely 'backwards' for a typewriter. But the idea fascinated me.

"In 1964, I decided to do something about it. I worked at home, in my spare time. After three years of plugging away at the problem, I finally developed the right Braille typewriter slugs and the necessary typewriter modifications.

"In 1967, I was able to type a letter to Fred Gissoni, a blind friend who was a consultant. The day after I wrote to Fred, I took the prototype to the office and proposed that my company manufacture the machine. Less than a year later, the first commercial IBM Braille typewriters were in use.

"Why put so much spare time into a Braille typewriter? Because a real need existed. An important need. And I was pretty certain that if I could figure out a practical way to do the job, IBM would work out a way to turn it into a reality. Today, the Braille typewriter exists."

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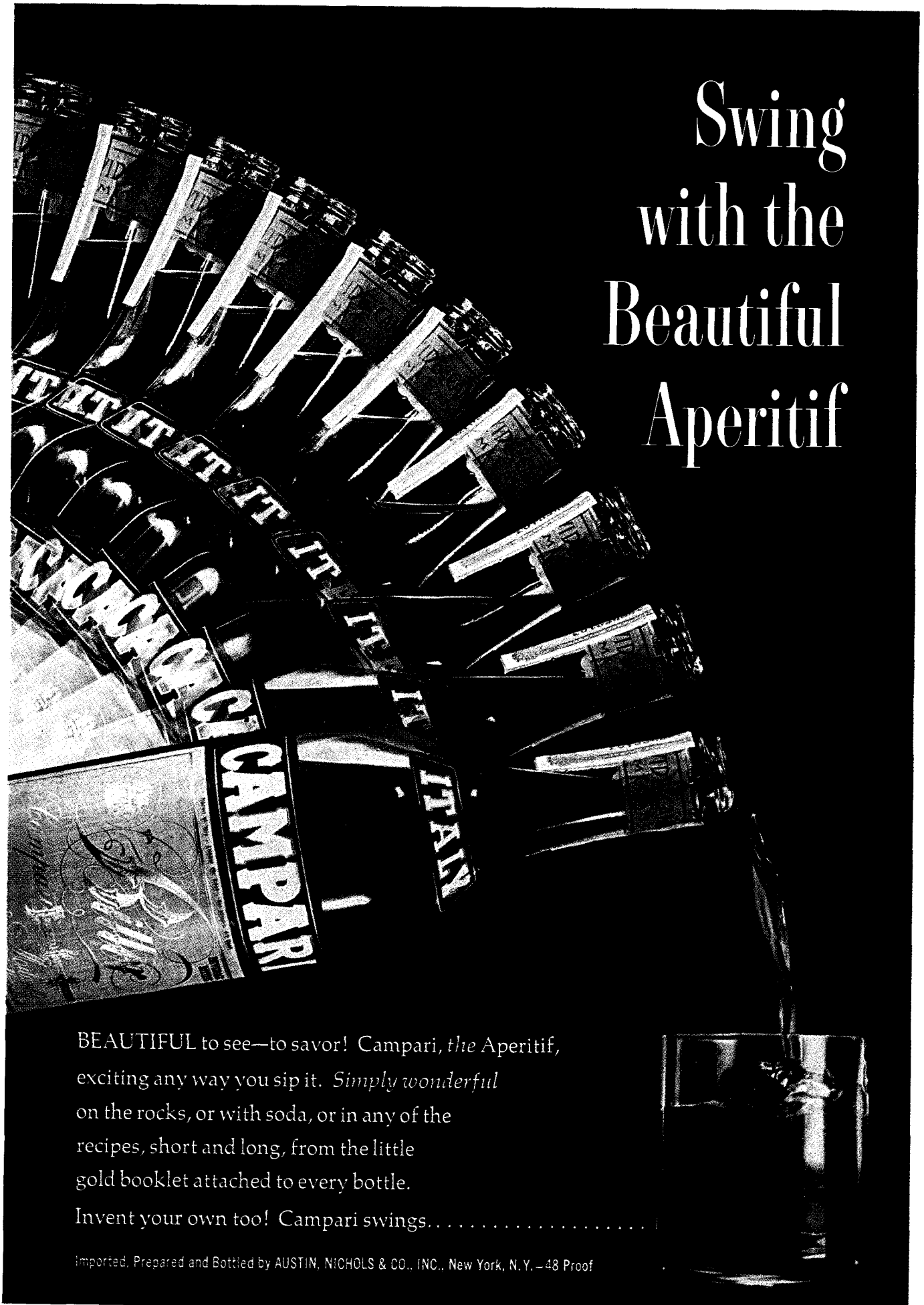
Swing with the Beautiful Aperitif



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REPETITIVE STROBOSCOPIC PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM MARIS.

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Classic Campari Recipes

for the Adventuresome!

AMERICANO
½ Campari
½ Italian Vermouth
Pour over cracked ice. Add twist of lemon. For a long drink, add sparkling water.

NEGRONI (CAMPARI COCKTAIL)
⅓ Campari
⅓ Gin
⅓ Italian Vermouth
Shake with ice. Strain into chilled glass.

CARDINAL COCKTAIL
Same as Negroni but with Dry Vermouth and twist of lemon

CAMPARI COOLERS
Pour 2 *or more* ounces of Campari over ice. Fill with choice of SPARKLING WATER, QUININE WATER, or BITTER LEMON

ROMAN CANDLE
½ Campari
½ Cranberry juice
Juice of ¼ lemon
Twist of lemon
Pour over ice into an Old Fashioned glass and stir. Add twist of lemon.

SOUTHWEST ONE
⅓ Campari
⅓ Pure Orange Juice
⅓ Vodka
Shake well and serve in cocktail glass.

CAMPARI GIMLET
¾ Campari
¼ Lime juice
Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into chilled glass.

•

A swinging gold booklet of recipes comes with every bottle of Campari. But if you want more suggestions for Campari out of this world mixtures, short and long, hot and cold, write Austin, Nichols, Dept. CSR, P.O. Box 432, Maspeth, New York 11378.

SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Variations on a Western Theme

LOOMING BEFORE US is one of the year's great controversies: whether the better film is *The Wild Bunch* or *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*. Both, as it happens, make use of the same basic material: the more or less true adventures of Butch Cassidy's "Wild Bunch" gang that operated in the West of the turn-of-the-century times. However, they are far apart (could hardly be farther) in terms of treatment. Sam Peckinpah's wild ones are meanly violent types, increasingly hemmed in by a closing frontier, and finally giving up their ghosts in an orgy of splattering blood and guts as has never before been seen on the screen. In the other, Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid are blown apart, too, but as an absurd conclusion to a largely funny tale.

Other differences: in *The Wild Bunch* there is no Butch Cassidy, and we may presumably identify him in the person of William Holden, a tough codger with his own peculiar ethical code. On the other hand, in *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, they and their cohorts are given the name of the Hole-in-the-Wall Gang—not exactly a historical inaccuracy, since the real Wild Bunch operated out of a place called Hole-in-the-Wall and were sometimes so identified. Also: Mr. Peckinpah is deadly serious, whereas George Roy Hill, following the plain lead of William Goldman's fine screenplay, is all fun and games.

If I don't exactly belong to that group meant by the late Robert Warshow when he termed the Western "an art form for connoisseurs," I do agree with his dictum that the Westerner (as type and archtype) is one of the most successful creations of American movies.

However, I have tended to prefer less the ritualistic examples, lauded by Warshow and others, than the "impure" variations represented by such films as *High Noon*, *Shane*, and *Gunfight at the OK Corral*. In fact, I like them precisely because they are variations; they tend to lead away from convention and cliché.

Last week, Roland Gelatt questioned here whether the Western film was beginning to wear out its long welcome. The question is certainly valid for those who have grown up with Westerns and can no longer see the movie for the cliché. A newer audience, on the other hand, looks at the compendium of clichés strung together by a Sergio Leone (in Spain, in Spain!) for such films as *A Fistful of Dollars* and lo!, a television cast-off, Clint Eastwood, becomes one of the few genuine stars left in a sadly depleted galaxy. Leone makes his gunplay a dream of violence, but Peckinpah makes it sickening and, to judge by early returns, the audience is turning away.

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid is another matter. When Butch and Sundance finally do blast away at some Bolivian cutthroat bandits, both are shocked (and so are we) at the horror they precipitate. The film does wonderful things, with mood and atmosphere. The touches are fleeting, but they are there. When the camera passes over the faces of women in a Western town, their hard life is written all over their dour faces. Best of all is what is done with the great chase. A "super-posse" has been formed by E. H. Harriman, a tycoon weary of having his trains robbed, to rid the land of Butch and his gang. The super-posse never tires. It rides on night and day. We hear the distant thunder of hooves. We see their distant torches at night. It cannot be shaken off, no matter how much the resourceful Butch and Sundance twist and turn. It is fate following hard on their heels, but it is also humor.

The super-posse chases after Holden and company in *The Wild Bunch*, too, but, more realistically, and, cinematically speaking, less effectively. Both Peckinpah and Hill are first-rate technicians as directors; oddly, both go after a kind of filmic poetry now and then. And both work for style. So have others before them: Ford, and Hawks, and Zinneman, and Stevens. Our best American directors have been attracted to the Western, because it affords them opportunities for the cultivation of style. Also like others before him, Goldman came up with a sophisticated variation on the form. When the corpse kicks like this, surely it must still have some life in it.

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Fiddler on the Roof
Mon. thru Sat. Evgs. Orch. $9.90; Front Mezz. $8.50; Rear Mezz. $8, 7, 6.40, 5.40, 4.60. Wed. Mat.: Orch. $6.25; Front Mezz. $5.10; Rear Mezz. $4.60, 4, 3.60, 2.80; Sat. Mat.: Orch. $7.50; Front Mezz. $5.50; Rear Mezz. $5.10, 4.60, 4, 3.60, 2.80.
MAJESTIC THEATRE, 245 W. 44th St., N.Y.C.

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Booked for Travel

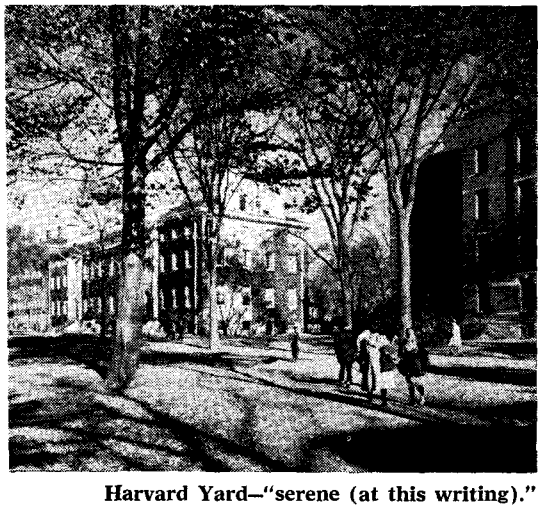
Edited by David Butwin

Concord and Cambridge Confidential

AMONG THE MORE plausible reasons to "See America First" are Cambridge and Concord, Massachusetts, just down the Freedom Trail from Boston. Proud in their faded crinolines, these doughty grandes dames sit mute in their wainscoted studies, their legends as irreversible as a Yankee trade. It is impossible, as Henry James said of Venice, to have an original idea of them. Their poetry and monuments have said it all.

If they pose no threat to the Luxembourg Gardens for splashy elegance, Cambridge and Concord have an interior grandeur of their own. The challenge is to find it. Any guidebook will tell you, for example, not to miss the University Museum's celebrated glass flowers. It will be hard to avoid dowdy old Cambridge Common, where Washington took command of his sullen colonial troops, itching almost to a man to return to their homes and farms. And bronzed old John Harvard beckons inescapably in serene (at this writing) Harvard Yard.

It takes a bit of knowing, though, to corner a sound knockwurst and frosty *Berliner Weisse* at Harvard Square's Wursthaus, New England's first and last word in imported *Gemütlichkeit*. An utterly satisfying duck *à l'orange* is to be had at Chez Dreyfus. And the Window Shop, next to the once legitimate Brattle Theater (now a movie house given to Bogart festivals and corporate undergraduate hissing), is a comely little sidewalk restaurant, offering continental lunch and pastries, cold Tuborg, good talk.



Harvard Yard—"serene (at this writing)."

The Square's environs are filled with pleasant surprises. The Fogg Museum's stunning collection of Chinese ritual bronzes of the Shang and Chou dynasties has few rivals. Shops rich in esoterica abound: the Mandrake Bookshop, well stocked with often out-of-print hardbacks and rare prints; Bernheimer's always astonishing Antique Shop on Brattle Street, where one shuttles from pre-Columbian artifacts to medieval chasubles and antique gems. Way-in emporiums offer everything from origami to Marimekko originals and the farthest out in hi-fi equipment. Beyond the precincts of commerce, the Friends' Meeting House in Longfellow Park stands in architectural purity to welcome all visitors, urging one to "walk cheerfully over the world answering that of God in every one." And, as the afternoon wanes, it is pleasant to stroll down Boylston Street, past Harvard's ivy-covered, proud "houses," for a walk along what Thomas Wolfe called "the blue ribbon" of the Charles River, where the shouted rhythms and slapping oars of sculls offer unlikely counterpoint to the bells of the Anglican monastery of the Cowley Fathers on Memorial Drive.

Among the most satisfying attractions of Cambridge, however, is perhaps its most obvious: the Longfellow House on Brattle Street. The poetry of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, to be sure ("Life is real, life is earnest"), strikes most modern ears as only more irrelevant than impertinent. The cloying romanticism of "The Wreck of the Hesperus" or "Evangeline" are embarrassing in the age of computerized war and Marshall McLuhan. Critics have learned a new appreciation for Longfellow's craftsmanship. But the prevailing image of Longfellow as a benign, bearded patriarch inflicted on unwilling school children and given to abrasive Victorian platitudes resists even the scholarship of a Newton Arvin and Edward Wagenknecht.

Longfellow's home discourages this pious popular image. "I think it exquisite," wrote this poet of the masses, "to read good novels in bed with wax lights and silver candlesticks." We know, too, that the poet of *Hiawatha* loved his creature comforts with an epicurean passion, downing his portion of game pie, Stilton cheese, and Madeira with the best of the Boston and Cambridge Brahmins. As great houses go, his home is more cozy than elegant, but it displays irrefutable evidence of the esteem in which his readers held him in his day. His works, then, were treasured with an almost liturgical reverence, so that criticizing Longfellow, as one wag put it, was "like carrying a rifle into a national park." And public adulation took most tangible form. In the year 1868 alone, while America staggered through the Industrial Revolution, mass immigration, and postwar trauma, Longfellow's income stood at an astonishing $48,000. For one short poem alone, *Harper's Magazine* paid the village blacksmith's champion $4,000.

The house itself was a wedding gift from the poet's wealthy father-in-law, Boston merchant Nathan Appleton. The visitor is greeted at the door by Houdon's bust of Washington, who used the mansion as his headquarters in the Revolution. Carrara marble pieces, delicate *chinoiseries*, and serviceably elegant period furniture—including Sheratons, Hepplewhites, and a massive Oriental red lacquer altar table—grace the house. Longfellow's study, though, is more homey than opulent. In addition to books, which abound through the house, it contains the poet's two desks: a folding writing table topped by the quill with which Coleridge wrote the *Ancient Mariner*, and a standing desk near the front study window from which the poet could look directly down to the Charles River, then a boundary of his estate. Throughout the house portraits and busts of the poet's favorite authors and friends pay mute witness to his interests as a versifier and linguist: Dante, whose *Divine Comedy* Longfellow translated and taught at Harvard; and Goethe, whom Longfellow, as Harvard's second professor of modern languages, introduced to American colleges. His cameo of Dante (it is in the library) is treasured by Dante adepts, and not to be missed. In the study are portraits of Emerson and Hawthorne, frequent visitors to Longfellow's hearth and table, as was his neighbor and Harvard successor, the poet, linguist, and reformer, James Russell Lowell.

Longfellow's capacious library is graced by a Raphael, and is somewhat haunted by the desk at which the poet's wife, the lovely Fanny, met death on a summer day. As she sat by an open window preserving locks of her children's hair in packets with sealing wax, Fanny's dress burst into flames when hot wax or a lighted taper fell on her. In terror she ran for help through the door that connects the Longfellow library and study; the poet tried vainly to save her by smothering the flames in a rug. Only a long beard, by which he would be identified ever after, could

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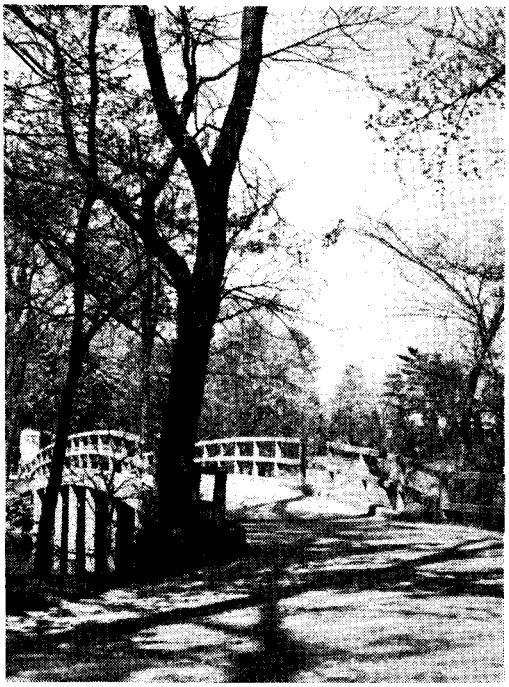

Concord Bridge—where was 'fired the shot heard round the world.'

hide the scars he suffered as he held his dying wife.

Henry Longfellow's love for children is legendary. His descendants, in fact, still live in his home. In the poet's day, neighborhood children, to the chagrin of his servants, entered his home at will. When Cambridge's storied "spreading chestnut tree" fell to the axe of progress, the town's children contributed pennies to have part of the tree made into a handsome souvenir chair for the poet. It still stands in his study. One young chap, astonished that Longfellow's distinguished library did not include a copy of *Jack and the Beanstalk*, presented the poet with a copy of the classic, to Longfellow's solemn delight. The poet's own children, the "grave Alice, and laughing Allegra, and Edith with golden hair" of "The Children's Hour," are subjects of a portrait in the dining room. Depicting the sisters with linked arms, the painting, in the words of the home's erudite, superbly droll curator, Thomas de Vallcourt, is "impossibly Medusa-like." But it attests rather movingly, if awkwardly, to the poet's immense respect for the young.

From Cambridge, it is a leisurely half-hour drive to Concord. On the way, one should tarry at the famed Lexington Battle Green, site of the first conflict of that fateful April day, and at the Munroe and Buckman taverns. If a fair sampling of Concord's historic treasures is to be had, an overnight stay is advised, and in Concord this means bedding down at the quaint, but excellently appointed Colonial Inn, founded sixty years before the Revolution. The Liberty Room Lounge offers a tidy Daiquiri, and in the Inn's almost consciously unpretentious dining room, no-nonsense Yankee fare is served: a commendable baked stuffed lobster, real Down East clam chowder, and a good mealy Indian pudding.

Concord's charms, like those of Cambridge, are associative, interior. Here, for example, is the Alcotts' "Orchard House," inspiration for Louisa May's *Little Women*. Here, too, is "The Old Manse," where Emerson wrote his epochally influential *Nature*, and Hawthorne later honeymooned with his fetching bride, Sophia, one of the cultivated Peabody sisters of Salem. In this brooding frame house, the Hawthornes lived the first frugal years of an almost idyllic marriage, and Nathaniel, *The Scarlet Letter* several years away, plugged away at a second volume of short stories—*Mosses from an Old Manse*. There was good fun to be had, too. Not yet an American emissary to England, smugly aware of the luxuries his position conferred, Hawthorne in his Concord days was not above the sheer animal revelry of roaring down the Concord River perched on an ice cake with a friend named Henry Thoreau.

Walden Pond remains the central attraction of this colonial town. Indeed, few national shrines approach its perennial appeal to the American conscience. It was here, as every schoolboy knows, that Henry David Thoreau, Harvard rebel, pencil maker, and naturalist built his solitary hut in the woods in the 1840s for $28.12½. It was here, he said, that he would escape the dehumanizing forces of the Industrial Revolution, the demeaning burden of material ownership, the unworthy concerns of men ridden by the very machines they had created to ride. It was here, too, that he would begin work on his monumental declaration of independence, *Walden*, which still commands the imagination of men to whom the benefits of automation, in the evolution of the human spirit, remain unclear.

Thoreau's ten-by-fifteen-foot cabin is gone now, although the approximate site of it has been marked. And the sound of his axe, clearing Emerson's lot in exchange for the right to squat on it rent free, has given way to the laughter of swimmers and picnickers at Walden Beach. In a sense, Thoreau's scarcely one-foot-high gravestone in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery—it is marked simply HENRY—is a more fitting witness to the man.

The memory of Thoreau's experiment is tangibly preserved in Concord's Antiquarian House, which, in

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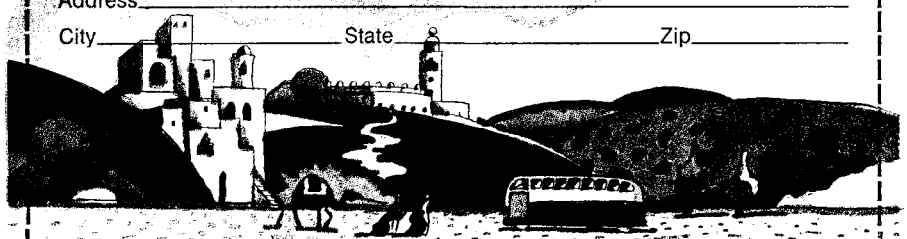

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addition to restoring American period rooms with astonishing fidelity, has placed on exhibit objects used by Thoreau in his hut. Here can be seen Thoreau's rustic study table; his cot; his spyglass and snowshoes; the books he took to his forest retreat, including his beloved Hindu scriptures for which he shared Emerson's admiration; his surveying equipment; and pencils made in his father's factory. Here, too, is Thoreau's flute, with which he charmed perch to his boat in the moonlit waters of Walden. In the presence of these simple, even crude, instruments and the books that enriched the hours not given to planting and hoeing, it is not difficult to accept Thoreau's assurance that he grew toward a oneness with nature at Walden Pond "like corn in the night."

The Emerson House, which once rang to the idealistic exchanges—and precious cant—of the Transcendentalist literati, is now occupied by descendants of the Sage of Concord. The house is open to the public, but its major treasures, like Thoreau's, are on exhibit in the Antiquarian House. The philosopher's study has been arranged just as he left it. There is an almost religious aura about this room, seedbed as it was for so many of the central thrusts of American philosophy. Emerson's rocker, in which he preferred to write, stands before a great study table on which a portfolio of papers rests, suggesting the author's imminent return. Books line the walls in specially constructed shelves equipped with handles for swift removal in case of fire. In this study, Emerson wrote *The American Scholar*, an essay justly hailed as the United States' declaration of cultural independence, calling as it did for a new national identity, an end to crippling dependence on European letters and thought. Here, too, Emerson gave poetic voice to "the embattled farmers" of Concord town who "fired the shot heard round the world." Here he wrote *Self-Reliance* and the famed *Divinity School Address*, which rocked New England theology to its foundations, and his *Journals*, an absorbing treasury of thought, continued almost to the end of his life. It is difficult to stand before this room, to recall the great works conceived here, and comprehend Emerson's early self-doubt. Because he was "cautious and cold," the young Emerson wrote, because he was guilty of the indolence of "strolling from book to book" without plan, he would be "insignificant."

Emerson's and Thoreau's artifacts are by no means the only treasures of the Antiquarian House. The museum is a panorama of evolving American architecture and furnishings from the earliest colonial times well through the federal period. Excellent specimens of imported seventeenth- and eighteenth-century English and French furniture share space with American-made pieces, some of them constructed by Concord craftsmen. The museum rooms reflect the nation's growing sophistication, notably in its wall hangings, its increasingly ornate mantelpieces, its more complex kitchens. One leaves this well-administered museum —its old trundle beds, Dutch ovens, Betty lamps, proud highboys, clay pipes, and counterpanes—with a firmer grasp of the domestic forces and interests that helped shape the American character. The Fathers come on as a hardy breed. A visit to the reconstructed Old North Bridge, where they

met the British Empire head on, reinforces one's respect for the colonial achievement. So does an unhurried, uncrowded look at French's *Minuteman*. For all its defense-stamp intimacy, it remains a noble sculpture.

As one returns to the Colonial Inn at dusk, the lighted facade of the grandly pillared First Parish Meeting House, where the Provincial Congress sat before the Revolution, illumines Concord Centre. Across the way, the somber Wright Tavern, headquarters of the British Army on that critical April 19, 1775, heightens one's awe before the sheer historic sweep of this modest town, where Royal troops, in James Russell Lowell's memorial words, came 3,000 miles in vain "to keep the past upon its throne."

—WILSON SULLIVAN.

Wilson Sullivan, free lance writer and critic, is the author of a forthcoming book, "New England Men of Letters."

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Continued from page 17

vantage to security. And at the same time it imposes a new and continuing threat to future international security.

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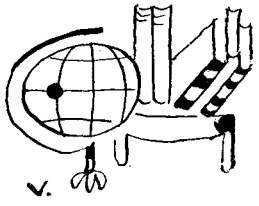
If this were to happen, there would be a general lessening of international fear and tension. It is the hope of the authors that this report will contribute to public awareness of the profoundly dangerous results if these weapons were ever used, and that an aroused public will demand and receive assurances that governments are working for the earliest effective elimination of chemical and bacteriological weapons.



Answer to Wit Twister, page 32: wines, sinew, swine.

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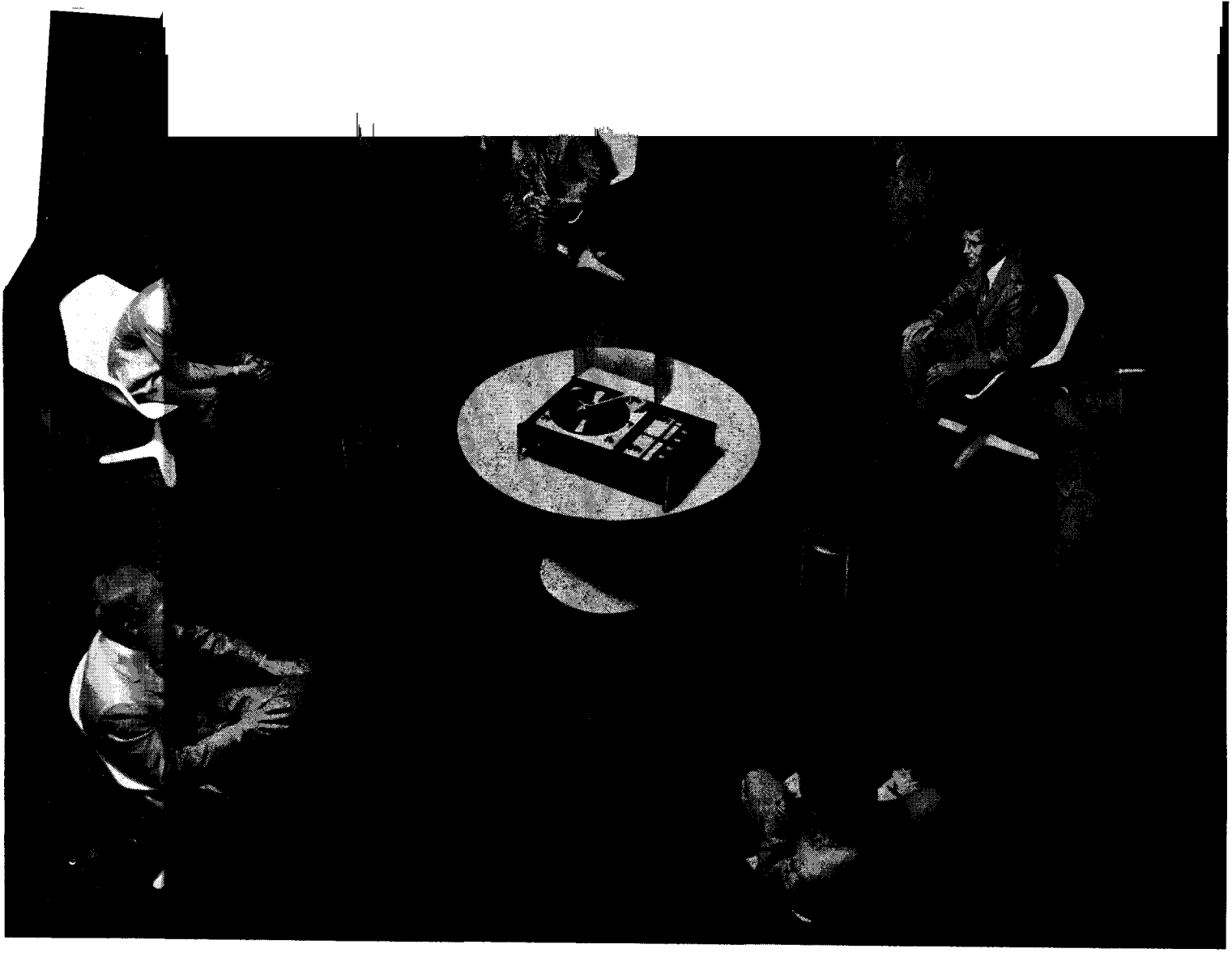

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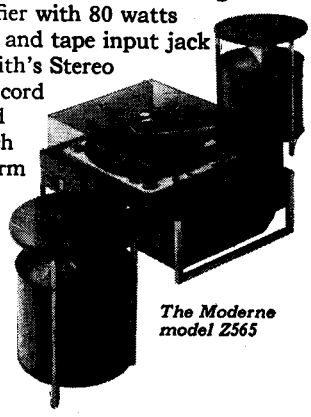

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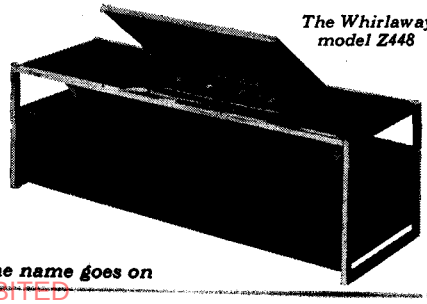

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SR: RECORDINGS

45 **Ozawa in Transit** by Robert C. Marsh

48 **The Year of No Show**

49 **Tape Today** by Ivan Berger

49 **Reel-to-Reel, Cartridge, or Cassette?**

50 **The Cassette and Its Content**

51 **The Tape Equipment Market**

56 **Recordings in Review** by Irving Kolodin

58 **Recordings Reports I:** Orchestral LPs

59 **The Ultimate Pop Experience** by Ellen Sander

60 **Recordings Reports II:** Miscellaneous LPs

61 **The "Great Recordings" Revisited** by Roland Gelatt

64 **Letters to the Recordings Editor**

Seiji Ozawa—"His right to lead has been made clear to the most critical of juries . . ."

OZAWA IN TRANSIT

by ROBERT C. MARSH

Seiji Ozawa sat on the terrace of the country club, idly spinning an ice cube in a half-glass of Campari and soda and watching the shadows lengthen on the elegantly kept greens of the golf course he didn't have time to use. "Six days," he said. "Six days I have stayed here, and not once has there been time to play golf. Last year I was lucky. I managed one game. But this year is bad. Never a day off."

Summer 1969 at the Ravinia Festival, where he returned with the ad hoc title of principal guest conductor (after resigning as music director in 1968), meant a hectic fortnight of six different programs with the Chicago Symphony and three all-day recording sessions for EMI. Moreover, within forty-eight hours of the close of his Ravinia chores, Ozawa was to be in Salzburg to begin piano rehearsals for a new production of *Così fan tutte* that would be his debut conducting opera in a theater. He might get some rest on the plane, he thought, but it would be a little late to play golf.

Ozawa, who passed his thirty-fourth birthday September 1, has securely grasped a role that thousands of musicians hope vainly to achieve. He is a conductor of international stature.

The 1969-70 season finds Ozawa in transit. "I wanted a year when I could get some rest," he observed ruefully, his eyes still wandering to the first tee. He thought of a few carefully selected engagements to provide a graceful transition from the Toronto Symphony, which he led from 1965-69, to the San Francisco Symphony, where he will become music director in the autumn of 1970.

"My plans did not go so well," he observes. "One thing is good. I will have to do no planning, no administration," both tasks he finds disagreeable necessities. "But there is much travel, much work."

Following Salzburg he began a period with the New York Philharmonic when, on August 30, he took over the orchestra from Karel Ancerl at the Meadow Brook Festival to direct the remaining seventeen concerts of its recent transcontinental tour and to direct its opening concert on September 23 in Philharmonic Hall. Then there are dates in Cleveland, Boston, and Paris before he returns to Japan in December for two months, at least five weeks of which are (momentarily) a holiday. A trans-pacific move follows to San Francisco, which he already considers home, where he will lead six weeks of Josef Krips's final season.

"I have bought a house in San Francisco," he adds. "I have been very lucky about houses. In Toronto, I lived right in the center of the city, surrounded by trees and green things. It was very nice. But the San Francisco house is so beautiful, by Twin Peaks, nearly to the top, not all the way to the summits but almost, with the Golden Gate Bridge here and the Bay Bridge there. . . . Ah!" One might guess he was seeing it in his mind's eye, perhaps sadly, as it would be weeks before he could return there, even for a moment.

The vision passed. Ozawa went on. "It is a simple house, unpretentious. After all, Vera, myself, we are only two people. We don't need a fancy house. But now everything has been sent there. I have a real base."

Although Ozawa would like to retain some sort of affiliation with the Chicago Symphony ("It is so great an orchestra, so wonderful to work with

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Robert C. Marsh is the music critic for the Chicago *Sun Times* and author of *Toscanini and the Art of Orchestral Performance.*

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musicans like this"), his place at Ravinia has been filled (by István Kertész), and his new obligations as joint artistic director of Tanglewood (with Gunther Schuller) beginning in 1970 limit his potential activity at another summer music center. Like it or not, he has passed a milestone, leaving behind one phase of his career as he enters another.

His "great sentiment" for Ravinia is undoubtedly real. It was, after all, Ravinia that in 1964 first gave Ozawa the title of music director, and it was in his Ravinia years that he added a great deal of music to his repertory. Indeed, he entered the life of the orchestra at a time when it was beginning to feel disenchantment with its winter boss, Jean Martinon, and was all the more willing to respond to its summer conductor with vitality and enthusiasm. There were quite a few occasions, during the mid-Sixties, when Ozawa got consistently better results on short rehearsal than Martinon managed with more extensive preparation.

There was a time, about 1965, when Ozawa could play golf frequently and wind up a weekend evening in Chicago's Old Town, listening (as he still loves to do) to folk, jazz, or rock, or indulging his passion for Italian food. Driving in from Ravinia, he was a youth in a white Mustang convertible, the focal point of a group of laughing friends. Even though he and the band might exchange salutes as he entered a favorite jazz emporium, he was self-effacing, modest, relaxed, the anti-

Kinshi Tsuruta, biwa, and Katsuya Yokoyama, shakuhachi; with Ozawa conducting—"It was crazy, . . . I understood nothing."

celebrity, the antithesis of the maestro stereotype. Yet one might recall that earlier in the day he had been conducting Xenakis on a rehearsal schedule that would make a senior colleague blanch.

Ozawa still drives the white Mustang, but it rarely goes to Old Town anymore. Now a slightly road-worn vehicle with the cosmopolitan emblems of Ontario plates and a large Japanese umbrella stowed between the seats (the latter a sun-dodger for Ozawa's radiant bride, Vera), the car is a shuttle bus from job to job. Ozawa's hairstyle changes regularly, but he still dresses in loose shirts, wash pants, and espadrilles. Making his rounds from rehearsals, recordings, and concerts, he totes a slightly dressed-up duffel bag in which a leather baton case, scores, and quantities of clothing—wet and dry—are stuffed with a nice disregard for the conventions of packing. The duffel bag is a step toward elegance. Many recall when its predecessor was a paper shopping bag from Woolworth's.

What is it that has made this slight young man from Hoten an international celebrity at an age when many of the greatest conductors of the past were fortunate to have achieved recognition in a single country?

Among the ready answers are: improved communications, modern press-agentry, a world-wide shortage of fine conductors. But these factors apply equally to many young musicians whose reputations are not equal to Ozawa's. Why is it Seiji Ozawa who succeeds?

Watch him at work and the reasons become clear. He is an extraordinary musician and, equally to the point, he is one of the few conductors of his generation to have served an apprenticeship comparable to that which gave the world Toscanini, Walter, and Szell.

Anticipating the Salzburg *Così*, Ozawa remarked how pleasant it would be to rehearse an opera cast from the piano, "knowing that this time I get to conduct the performance, too!" As a teen-ager in Japan he worked regularly with three opera companies, teaching singers their roles. "Then when they were secure, and everything was going very nice, the conductor would take over and the performance belonged to him."

The fact of Ozawa's musical talent was established in childhood, but his parents tried to interest him in traditional Japanese instruments. It didn't work. His clear inclination was for the piano. Although dedicated to the cause of Japanese music, he can find it as perplexing in some respects as any Westerner can. Thus, when Takemitsu's *November Steps* first came to him in score, he found the writing for the biwa and the shakuhachi soloists quite incomprehensible. "It was crazy," he recalls. "I understood nothing, so when I went back to Japan I went to the places where these instruments are played, I studied them carefully, and then I saw what was meant."

In 1951, when Ozawa entered the Toho School of Music in Tokyo, the Western tradition in Japanese music was a mixture of older Central European models and the influence of the American occupation. Ozawa's Americanization, at least in its superficial aspects, came easily. A ten-year-old when the war ended, the Japan Ozawa knows as an adult was shaped by the MacArthur regime, and (like many Japanese) he has high regard for the memory of the general, although he is also sympathetic to the need for continuing changes in Japanese society. In 1959 (at twenty-four) he was recognized as the outstanding young Japanese musician of the year, a composer-pianist who had already appeared professionally as a conductor in his homeland.

Early that same year, Ozawa set off for Europe with little money, no friends or allies, and a severe language problem. By autumn he had won the International Competition of Orchestral Conductors at Besançon, France. At age twenty-five, he was directing the Boston Symphony as a Koussevitzky Scholar at Tanglewood, and the following year took him to Berlin as apprentice conductor to Herbert von Karajan. In 1961 he was back in Japan, first as assistant conductor-elect of the touring New York Philharmonic, and then as guest with Japanese orchestras. The next season was spent in New York as a Bernstein aide, but guest engagements started coming along. (One of them was with the San Francisco Symphony.) He was starting to get around the musical map in the United States, but the date that promised the most came in July 1963, when Georges Prêtre fell ill and the Chicago Symphony needed a conductor fast for the Ravinia Festival. Ozawa accepted, won the support of the orchestra in rehearsal, and conquered the audience in the concerts. It was a clearcut triumph for the twenty-seven-year-old guest.

A few weeks later, when Walter Hendl resigned, Ozawa became the new music director. To the suburban dilettantes who ran the festival, he was talented, attractive ("cute" if you wanted to use the term), and very promotable. Moreover, there was some misapprehension that he would permit the senior trustees to dabble in artistic affairs. Ozawa played it cool, with the

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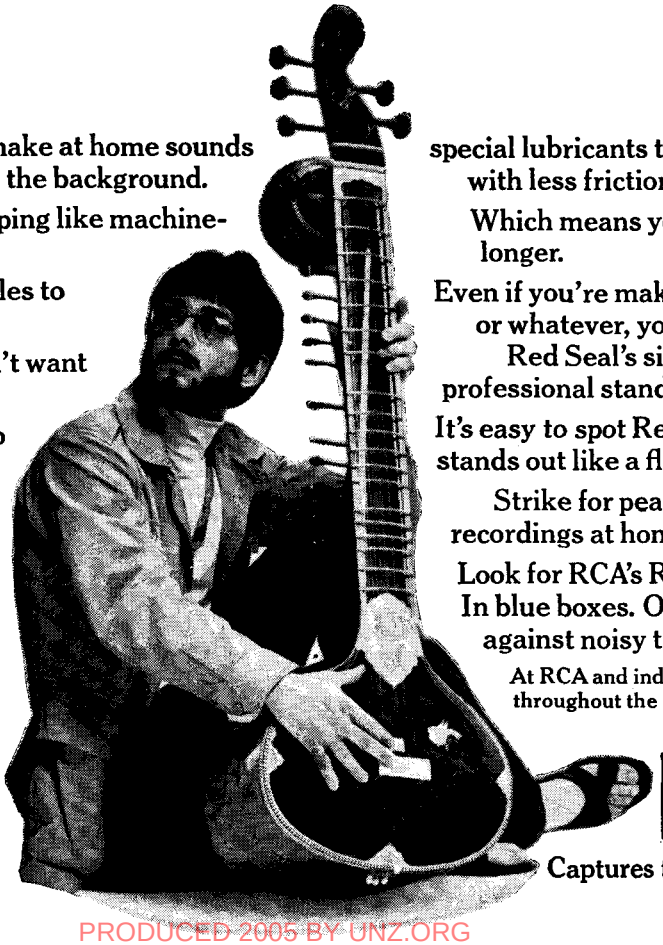

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Japanese skill in polite negotiation, but he had the courage to face up to the board and assert the authority of his position. After years in the doldrums, Ravinia began to be exciting in a variety of ways, but never more consistently than on Sunday afternoons when Ozawa offered a series of new and unfamiliar works to a public that had been stuffed full of symphonic staples.

What made everything possible, from Ozawa's initial success to his most imaginative innovations, was an exemplary baton technique that made the conductor's intentions explicit in his beat. Ozawa never could have succeeded as a talking conductor. The language barriers were too great. It was the clarity and precision of his leadership, his ability to make use of the universal, nonverbal qualities of music, and to translate a performance into sung phrases and movement, that won the day and saved him, even when rehearsal time was short and he was obliged to take risks.

For example, one August afternoon in 1968, with some twenty minutes rehearsal time remaining, he turned to the orchestra and observed calmly that "we still have some things to do." The things were the Beethoven Fifth Symphony and the Schubert *Unfinished*. Ozawa rehearsed the first work for twelve-and-a-half minutes and the second for seven. About thirty seconds were lost in the transition. After the evening performance (a good one), Ozawa recorded both scores and Mussorgsky's *Night on Bald Mountain* in a day-long frenzy of music at Orchestra Hall. The final master tape contains a finished performance by a great orchestra.

No one chooses to do it this way, but, with the Chicago Symphony, it need not be too dangerous. The men were completely familiar with the music, and there are advantages in not boring them with needless preparation. Put on their mettle, they will pay closer attention and feel a need to respond to the challenge, especially with a leader they respect as they do Ozawa. There are really two problems. First, the conductor must not make a mistake, for the players are going to be following him closely, even into disaster; and secondly, he must make that brief rehearsal the proper musical and psychological stimulus for the evening to follow.

Ozawa began with the opening bars, of the Beethoven Fifth, explaining (and illustrating) how he was going to beat the *fermatas*. The orchestra got that fast. "Repeat!" he added, and the men got that too. The oboe cadenza was run through "for me," as he put it, and the

(*Continued on page* 63)

THE YEAR OF NO SHOW

Any allusion to "No Show" is productive of an aeronautical association—that fellow who doesn't "show" when his plane reservation hangs in the balance. Nineteen sixty-nine was, no doubt, productive of a substantial number of them: but it was, in a more inclusive sense, the Year of No Show for hundreds of thousands in the Metropolitan area who wanted to go to nothing more distant than an Audio Show. (The Los Angeles area will have its own from September 30 to October 5.)

Failing a public confrontation on the East Coast (usually productive of a résumé as well as a forecast), *SR* deemed it desirable to fill in its readers on one important area, at least. That is, the rapidly expanding consumer interest in tape and tape reproduction. (Not all the producers have responded, and not all of those who responded have provided information in complete detail.)

But the evidence is clear, not only on the manufacturing but also on the consumer side, that the small, compact, readily portable (if not as yet economically irresistible) cassette is the most dynamic factor in the reproduction of music for individual consumption since the introduction of the LP. That was, as noted in *SR* for August 31, 1968, two decades ago—one mono (up to 1958), one stereo (1958 to the present). Technology waits on no man's convenience, nor can whim or will resist it.

The variations and variety of tape application have been explored in depth and in detail in the comprehensive survey by Ivan Berger on the following pages. It may be informative to those interested in the home reproduction of recorded music—which has, for decades, largely meant music reproduced on discs—to postulate some comparisons and elucidate some conclusions on the relative status, in this No Show Year, of the two contrasting though not necessarily mutually exclusive systems.

All recording in this area now begins with tape (or its counterpart, film). It is the cheapest, most convenient, pliable means of capturing aural phenomena yet devised. Note that it is *not* also the most dependable, authoritative, or unalterable means of capturing aural phenomena. It can be altered, edited, even corrected, when the self-interests of the producers command. Unlike the discs of the wax and acetate periods, when what was heard from a recording was exactly what happened when the recording occurred, the descendants of a taped session are subject to postnatal correction and editorial upbringing.

Thus, what reaches the consumer is a) a disc derived from the edited version of a taped recording, or b) a tape derived from the edited version of a taped recording. This is stated for the record (outmoded term though that is!) to establish the fundamental fact that there is nothing different, at all, about the *source* of the experience that is communicated—it is merely the *form* that is now undergoing changes and alterations.

What the current confluence of influences is concerned with is, thus, not a division of ends, but a separation of means. For those who have long enjoyed the disc and its built-in assets of accessibility, flexibility, and convenience, the disc will continue to be, for the foreseeable future, the preferable form for home utilization. For those to whom portability, versatility, and immediacy are all important, the newer modes, especially those served by the cassette, will have incontestable advantage.

Perhaps the year's most interesting development is that, amid the compulsive trend on the part of all manufacturers to grasp some part of the volatile tape market for their own, one very aggressive tape producer has decided that 1969 is the year to set up a company producing, of all things, discs! The name of the company is Ampex, which immediately suggests that the name of the game is not tape, or disc, but recorded music—disc if you want it, tape if you choose it, but not tape or disc exclusively.

At the most basic level, the underlying reality is a fascination in, and with, sound that is greater today than it has ever been in the past. What is different, only, is the form in which it is consumed. According to a well-established architectural principle, form follows function. Certainly there is, in the wide gamut of sound production, all the desirable forms to fulfill the ever-expanding functions. The succeeding survey exposes the newest, most variable of them. —I.K.

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TAPE TODAY

Reel-to-Reel, Cartridge, or Cassette?

by IVAN BERGER

Lots of people want to listen to tape, but nobody really wants to thread it.

That's why tape recordings in little drop-in boxes — cassettes, eight-track and four-track cartridges — are outselling open-reel recordings by nearly twenty to one. Nobody contests that open-reel tapes have much better fidelity. But tape threading is too much of a chore. Even rabid audio perfectionists are fiddling around with portable cassettes or automobile cartridge players as supplements to their main listening systems.

The quesiton, then, is which plastic box best merits fiddling with?

Endless-loop cartridges — four-track and eight-track—are the most established. Each contains a single reel of tape, from whose inside edge the tape is drawn, and to whose outside edge the tape returns after playing. The tape is the standard quarter-inch width, moving at 3¾ inches per second.

The basic difference between these two cartridge systems is in their track arrangement. The four-track cartridge has two stereo pairs of tracks: after playing the first half of the tape (on tracks one and three), the head shifts (or is shifted manually) to play the second half on tracks two and four. The tracks are all recorded in the same direction, unlike those on open-reel tapes. The eight-track cartridge is similar, but with four pairs, each lasting half as long; the head first plays tracks one and five, then two and six, and so on. In either system, the tape repeats itself continuously until stopped. Four-track cartridges can hold up to forty minutes worth of tape, eight-track cartridges up to eighty minutes; of course, the four-track and eight-track versions of the same album will have the same running times.

The endless-loop cartridges were developed as playback systems for the car, because of their simple operation. Push a cartridge into the slot, and play begins, continuing indefinitely until you shut the player off by withdrawing the cartridge.

There are also players for the home, (many incorporated into other components), as well as some recorders. But the cartridge systems, even in their home incarnations, pose severe problems for the serious music listener.

One of these problems is that all tracks must be of virtually identical length, so that track-shifting often occurs at intervals that don't accord with the divisions of the music.

Another is that few cartridge players have fast forward capability and none has rewind (though Lear-Jet is working on a rewind system now). Thus, if you stop playing a symphony in mid-movement, you must begin that symphony in mid-movement next time you play it.

As to fidelity, neither offers quite as good results as 3¾ inch open-reel tapes (which, in theory, the four-track cartridge should be able to), with somewhat limited frequency response, rather high, though not intolerable, hiss, and too much wow and flutter for piano music, though it's usually tolerable on other recordings. The eight-track system also seems to be a bit more susceptible to crosstalk.

Though the four-track, or fidelipac system, is older, the eight-track (Lear-Jet) system is the one available as original equipment in Detroit cars, and, as a result, it's far more popular (estimated tape sales this year will be $280-million for eight-track, $35-million for four-track). The best selection of recordings, will probably, therefore, be found on eight-track, especially in years to come. And for the widest selection, you can get players compatible with both systems—or buy the under-$5 "Gidget" made by Automatic Radio, which lets you play four-track recordings on eight-track machines. Four-track cartridges and equipment on the average seem to be a little less expensive than eight-track.

Cassettes are a totally different breed. There are two hubs in each cassette; when the tape has been wound from one to the other, you flip the cassette over (or, in some newer machines, reverse the tape), and wind the tape back onto the hub it came from. The tape is only 1/7 inch wide, and runs at 1⅞ ips, half the speed of the endless-loop cartridge.

The cassette's tracks run in two directions, unlike those of the cartridge systems, but like those of open-reel recordings. However, these tracks are not interleaved (as they are in cartridges and open-reels): instead of recording a stereo channel pair on alternating tracks, the cassette system records them on adjacent ones. That way, a monophonic head can scan both stereo tracks at once.

As a result, the cassette system has perfect mono-stereo compatibility. Monophonic cassette players pick up both channels of a stereo cassette recording, while both channels of a stereo player will pick up a monophonic recording. There are other ingenious aspects to the cassette system. Molded into the back of each cassette are two cavities, covered by plastic tabs. Break them off, and a sensing peg in the recorder will lock the machine out of "record" mode until you substitute another cassette—or tape the holes up. Thus, any cassette tapes you find worth keeping permanently are easily protected against accidental re-recording and erasure. Commercial cassette recordings, of course, have their tabs removed at the factory.

Mechanically, cassettes share few

This adapter channels the output of a cassette recorder (or radio) through an automobile's 8-track cartridge player.

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disadvantages of the cartridge systems. It is possible, on cassettes, to leave a long blank passage at the beginning of the first "side" or the end of the second, to locate the break between sides at a convenient point in the music. Moreover, virtually all cassette machines have both fast forward and rewind capability (the only exceptions are the least expensive portable and automobile players).

As to fidelity, cassettes shouldn't sound as good as cartridges—they move at half speed, and their tracks are narrower. But in reality, cassettes sound a trifle better than most cartridges, with frequency response to about 10,000 Hz, and signal-to-noise ratios of 45 db or better. Hiss, distortion, wow, and flutter are still problems—but not intolerable ones. Even better quality is possible—3M's Revere cartridge system of the middle Sixties performed nearly as well as disc recordings, and the latest cassette recordings from Deutsche Grammophon aren't far behind.

Cassettes are considerably more compact than cartridges (four cassettes will fit into one cartridge box). And the cassette is definitely the most versatile instant-loading tape system. Nearly all cassette machines can record as well as play back—nearly all cartridge machines are playback only. There are portable recorders from pocket-sized mono machines to fairly hefty stereo ones, and portable players for under $30. There are home recorders and players that take single cassettes, and others that take stacks of six. There are players for the car (soon to be available as original equipment on Mercedes-Benz), with push-in, rather than the usual drop-in loading. And there are cassette recorders built into a variety of other machines: electric organs, stereo receivers, portable radios, consoles and compacts.

There's a variety of cassette "software," too. Blank cassettes are now available in lengths of thirty minutes (fifteen per side), sixty minutes, ninety minutes, and one-hundred-twenty minutes; cassette recordings are now available in "micro" length, holding four popular tunes, as well as in standard album lengths.

There is absolutely no way to play a cartridge on a cassette machine. But Channel Marketing has announced the "Inmont Cass/8" adapter, which allows a cassette to play on eight-track cartridge units.

As to popularity, the cassette seems to be just hitting its stride: this year, for the first time, sales of cassette recordings have exceeded those of open reel and four-track tapes—though they're still only about a third as popular as eight-track cartridges.

The Cassette and Its Content

ONCE IT SEEMED that every teen-ager walked down the street with a music machine held to his ear. The scene hasn't really changed, but the music machine is beginning to: instead of the ubiquitous "transistor," today it's often a cassette machine.

The cassette is a natural for kids: small, cheap (players are available for under $30, and cassette recordings are getting competitive with LP records), portable. And it lets you hear your favorite album *right-this-second*, not just when some deejay (if they're still called that) chooses to play it. It even lets you hear songs radio won't play at all.

But wait. According to Jim Frye of Deutsche Grammophon/Polydor, the fastest-growing area of cassette sales is classical recordings. In fact, says Frye, in their cassette sales, DDG is, for the first time, realizing profit on chamber music.

Chamber music? You're not *supposed* to make a profit on chamber music. It's something you do for the good of the art and industry, a sort of gentleman's obligation, a way of retaining one's musical self-respect. Thus, chamber music's a freak market, anyway. Doesn't prove anything. "But," adds DGG's Lloyd Gelassen, "we're finding that classical releases generally do three times as well in the months following their release as cassettes than they did in the same number of months following their original release on discs." And this applies to recordings that have been available for quite some time on disc—so novelty is hardly the reason.

And this is just one sign of the revolution.

What revolution? Nobody really knows for sure—yet. Cassettes are popping up everywhere: in cars, in consoles, in portable recorders, compact systems, data-recording installations, telephone answering devices, electronic organs—and in radios.

And in the cassette/radio combination, says RCA Victor's Norman Racusin, lies the revolution—and the rub. "The very existence of the music industry itself will be in jeopardy," he told an industry convention last year, if vast numbers of people begin using tape cassettes to record music from radio broadcasts. "Our experience shows clearly that purchasers of tape recorders have never represented a significant market for recorded music. Cassette sales have been overwhelmingly of the blank variety."

But reports of the record industry's death have been exaggerated, according to Wybo Semmelink of North American Philips, originators of the cassette, and owners of a few record companies themselves. Within a week of Racusin's speech, Semmelink countered that the conflict was imaginary: "People are lazy and want their music pre-recorded."

And his predictions were for pre-recorded cassette sales of ten million units for 1968, against only six million blanks—not bad considering how little, comparatively, of the LP-record repertoire is available in cassette form.

To DGG's Frye, however, there is a revolution brewing in cassettes, and he's all for it. "The record industry, right now, is a failure," he claims. "Any industry with 200 million potential customers that gives a gold award for only a million-seller must be called a failure. If *Portnoy's Complaint* came out in paperback tomorrow, it would sell three million copies in three months. The few records ever to sell that many —the *Dr. Zhivago* album, for example —took years to do it."

Some of the reasons for that difference in sales are obviously beyond the cassette's reach: economics (a paperback of a best-seller usually costs between $1.25 and $2; cassette albums from $3.95 to $6.95), portability (cassettes—unlike books—need players, and even the smallest players are bigger than most paperbacks, and they lack sufficient sound quality for musical enjoyment), and privacy (you can read a book on a noisy subway train or in a quiet library).

But Frye points out one other difference the cassette *could* affect: distribution. "Walk back to your office from here," he told me, "and you'll pass at least a dozen places that sell paperbacks: drugstores, candy stores, subway stations, and so on. But how many record dealers will you pass?" (I counted: three.)

The cassette, then, could be the paperback of record retailing. Not because its cost is lower (though it might be, someday), but because it's easier to stock. In the compartment that my twenty-two Beethoven records fill to bursting, I can fit thirty-eight cassettes; both records of my Ninth Symphony album could be recorded on a single, extra-length cassette. What's more, the cassette is an easier shape to merchandise. It fits in smaller racks, and on shelves of more convenient depth. Titles are easier to read along its thicker spine. And it's small enough to be sold from slightly modified cigarette machines. (Will the Surgeon General turn out to be the cassette's best friend?)

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The Tape Equipment Market

Because of the impossibility of keeping in touch with all developments in this rapidly growing field and because many manufacturers responded incompletely (or not at all) to our survey, this table is not quite complete. Our estimate is that it covers about one-third to one-half of the recorders available between $50 and $100, about one-third to one-half of those between $100 and $250, and about nine-tenths of those selling for $250 and above. Only those features we consider most helpful in arriving at a choice are listed; for complete details and specifications, see your dealer.

CASSETTE

All cassette players and recorders operate at a tape speed of 1⅞ inches per second; all have rewind and fast forward unless otherwise noted.

PORTABLE RECORDERS, MONO

Over $100

Blaupunkt: optional AC adapter. Special feature – automobile adapter available ($29).
Sony (120): internal AC adapter, ALC, 5 lbs. Special features–end-of-tape alarm, built-in condenser mike, tape counter.

$50-$100

Aiwa (TP-745): internal AC adapter, 4 lbs, ALC.
Aiwa (TP-728): internal AC adapter, 4½ lbs, ALC. Special feature–cardioid mike.
Aiwa (TP-707PJ): optional AC adapter, 3 lbs.
Allied Radio (1150): internal AC adapter, 4 lbs, ALC.
Ampex (Micro 22): external AC adapter, 5 lbs. Special feature – additional large speaker built into carrying case.
Ampex (Micro 24): internal AC adapter, 5 lbs, defeatable ALC.
Ampex (Micro 14): internal AC adapter, 7¾ lbs, defeatable ALC.
Arvin (28L09): AC adapter, 5 lbs.
Arvin (20L11): AC adapter, 3½ lbs.
Bell & Howell (295B): optional AC adapter, 5 lbs, ALC.
Bell & Howell (2395): internal AC adapter, 3½ lbs.
Channel Master (6309): internal AC adapter, defeatable ALC. Special feature–case holds four extra cassettes.
Channel Master (6307): external AC adapter, 3¼ lbs.
Concord (F-98): internal AC adapter, 8 lbs, defeatable ALC. Special features–case holds two extra cassettes, coiled mike cord, tape counter.
Crown (CTR-8750): internal AC adapter.
General Electric (M8350): internal AC adapter, 6¾ lbs, defeatable ALC. Special feature–hideaway mike with coiled cord.
Grundig (C200): optional AC adapter, 5¼ lbs, ALC.
Hitachi (TRQ-260): internal AC adapter, 6¼ lbs, ALC. Special feature–push-in loading.
Hitachi (TRQ-220): internal AC adapter, 3½ lbs, ALC.
JVC Nivico (1620): optional AC adapter, 3¾ lbs, ALC.
Keystone (800CR): optional AC adapter, 3¼ lbs.
Magnavox (1V9019): optional AC adapter, 6 lbs, ALC.
Magnavox (1V9023): AC adapter, 10 lbs, defeatable ALC.
Magnavox (IV9032): AC adapter, 8 lbs, ALC.
Magnavox (2TC108): optional AC adapter, 7 lbs, ALC.
Masterwork (M660): AC adapter, defeatable ALC.
Norelco (150 Carry-Corder): optional AC adapter, 3 lbs.
Panasonic (RQ-208S "Englewood"): internal AC adapter, 7¼ lbs, variable ALC. Special feature–tape counter.
Panasonic (RQ-203S "Oakwood"): internal AC adapter, 5½ lbs, ALC.
Radiant (Carisetter): internal AC adapter, 3½ lbs, ALC. Special features – tape counter, cardioid mike.
Roberts (80): internal AC adapter, 5¾ lbs, defeatable ALC. Special feature–tape counter.
Sony (80): internal AC adapter, 4½ lbs. Special features – built-in condenser mike, end-of-tape alarm.
Sony (110): internal AC adapter, 3¾ lbs, ALC. Special features–built-in condenser mike, end-of-tape alarm.
Sony (70): internal AC adapter, 5 lbs, ALC. Special features–end-of-tape alarm.
3M–Wollensak (4300): 7¾ lbs, defeatable ALC. Special feature–tape counter.
3M–Wollensak (4200): AC adapter, 4 lbs. Special feature–tape counter.
Zenith (A610 "Duet"): internal AC adapter, 5¼ lbs, ALC.

Under $50

There are literally hundreds of cassette recorders in this category, with only minor differences between them.

POCKET-SIZED RECORDERS, MONO

Approximately $100

Aiwa (TP-726): 1½ lbs, ALC. Special feature–no speaker, earphone outlet only.
Ampex (Micro 7): optional AC adapter, 2¾ lbs, ALC.
Concord (F-101): optional AC adapter, 2¾ lbs, variable ALC.
Panasonic (RQ-210S "Tiny Tone"): optional AC adapter, 2¼ lbs, ALC.
Radiant (Microsetter): optional AC adapter, 1¾ lbs, ALC. Special features–built-in and external mikes provided, tape counter.
Sony (TC-50): optional AC adapter, 1¾ lbs, ALC. Special features–built-in mike, cardioid external mike optional.
Standard (SR-T111): external AC adapter, 2 lbs, ALC.

(*Continued on next page*)

Glossary and notes:

ALC: Automatic level control. Desirable for recording speech; for music, it should be equipped with an ALC defeat switch (i.e. on-off), or have variable action.
AUTO-REVERSE METHODS (in order of desirability):
1) sensing silent tape portions–will reverse automatically at silent end of any tape, but may also reverse in mid-play if by some rare coincidence all four channels are silent simultaneously.
2) 20-Hz signal–tape reverses when special 20-Hz signal passes over heads. Ampex recorded tapes have this signal already, and it can be recorded onto other tapes at will. May rarely cause accidental triggering on some deep organ notes.
3) 60-Hz signal–similar, but uses 60-Hz signal that must be recorded onto tape by user. More audible than 20-Hz, and possibly easier to trigger accidentally.
4) Foil strip–actuated by adhesive foil strip that must be fastened to tape by user. Foolproof, but time-consuming.
AUTOMATIC TUNING (signal-seeking): Radio dial automatically seeks out and tunes into next station on dial, when button is pressed.
DECK: Unit without amplifiers or speakers; must be plugged into external amp or sound system.
DIN CONNECTION: single plug (European type) for left and right line imputs and outputs; permits quick disconnection from external sound system.
EIA: Power rated at 5 per cent distortion.
IHF: Power at rated distortion (usually 1 per cent or less).
INPBM: Information Not Provided By Manufacturer.
MAG PHONO INPUT: Equalized input for magnetic phono cartridges; allows record changer to be plugged in directly.
MOTORS: More motors (up to three) mean faster rewinding, potentially greater durability.
MIKE/LINE MIXING: Separate controls for mike and line inputs; permit both to be recorded simultaneously, for voice-over-music and similar effects.
MW: Medium wave band.
PLAYERS: Machines that play back only, and do not record (all recorders also play back).
RMS: Average power, generally about one third lower than music power rating for the same amplifier.
SPEEDS: All open-reel machines have 7½ ips as fastest speed, unless otherwise specified. two-speed machines have 7½ and 3¾ ips; 3-speed machines, 7½, 3¾, and 1⅞; 4-speed machines also have 15/16 ips.
SOUND-ON-SOUND: Ability to transfer recording from one track to another while simultaneously adding new material (your own voice singing along, for instance) to the second track.
W: Watts of amplifier output (sum of both channels on stereo machines).
WEIGHTS: Listed only for items in portable cases. Check weights of battery portables closely: some manufacturers included weight of batteries, others didn't.

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PORTABLE RECORDERS, STEREO

$150-$200

Aiwa (TP-1004): internal AC adapter, 8 lbs.
Concord (F-400): internal AC adapter, 11 lbs, defeatable ALC. Special feature—tape counter.
Hitachi (TRQ-222): internal AC adapter, 11½ lbs, ALC.
Sony (124CS): internal AC adapter, 7 lbs, ALC.
Sony (124): internal AC adapter, 5 lbs, ALC.

PORTABLE CASSETTE PLAYERS, MONO

Under $35

Aiwa (TP-740): 2½ lbs.
Ampex (Micro 1): 2½ lbs.
Arvin (10L11-16): optional AC adapter, 3¼ lbs.
Bell & Howell (292): optional AC adapter, 2 lbs.
Channel Master (6301 "Band-Box"): optional AC adapter, 2½ lbs.
Hitachi (TRQ-200): optional AC adapter, 2¾ lbs.
Keystone (100CP): optional AC adapter, 2 lbs.
Zenith (A602 "Nomad"): optional AC adapter, 3¾ lbs.

AC-POWERED RECORDERS, STEREO

$200-$300

Aiwa (TP-1018S): Special feature—automatic changer (plays six cassettes).
Aiwa (TP-1018): Special features—automatic changer, speakers extra.
Ampex (Micro 95): 20W output. Special feature—automatic changer.
Ampex (Micro 87): 5W output, defeatable control. Special feature—mag phono input.
Ampex (Micro 86): 20W output.
Ampex (Micro 88): 20W output. Special features—in portable case, weighs 21 lbs.
Arvin (30L71): 2W output. Special features—in portable case; 9¾ lbs.
Bell & Howell (337): 20W output. Special feature—automatic changer.
Channel Master (6320): Special feature—DIN connection.
Concertone (216-3): INPBM.
Keystone (200-CRS): INPBM.
Norelco (2401): 8W output. Special features—automatic changer.
Norelco (2401A): 8W output. Special features—automatic changer, speakers extra.
Sony (130 Consolette): 15W output, ALC. Special feature—noise-suppressor switch.
3M-Wollensak (4800): 16W EIA output.

$150-$200

Arvin (30L71-12): 2W output. Special features—portable case, 5 lbs.
Lafayette (RK-510): 10W output.
Masterwork (M675): INPBM.
Panasonic (RS-250S "Constellation"): 20W output. Special feature—mag phono input.

AC-POWERED RECORDER DECKS, STEREO

$100-$150

Aiwa (TP-10009): INPBM.
Ampex (Micro 52): defeatable ALC. Special feature—mike and line input mixing.
Ampex (Micro 50): INPBM.
Concertone (406D): INPBM.
Fisher (RC-70): Special features—automatic shut-off, optional wood base.
Harman-Kardon (CAD-4): Special feature—automatic shut-off.
JVC Nivico (1624): INPBM.
Lafayette (RK-550): INPBM.
Magnavox (1K-8868): INPBM.
Panasonic (RS-256US "Bridgeport"): Special feature—automatic shut-off.
Sony (TC-125): ALC. Special feature—noise-suppressor switch.

$75-$100

Bell & Howell (326): Special feature—mike and line input mixing.
Hitachi (TRQ-242): INPBM.
Lafayette (RK-760): Special features—mike and line input mixing, sound-on-sound.
Packard-Bell (TRA-14): INPBM.
Roberts (95): INPBM. Special feature—DIN connection.
Zenith (A632): Special features—front-slot loading, no case (also available as #636W in case with storage for extra cassettes), available on Zenith consoles.

AC-POWERED PLAYBACK DECKS, STEREO

$125-$150

Ampex (Micro 90): automatic changer.
Bell & Howell (332): automatic changer.
Norelco (2502): automatic changer.

$50-$75

Ampex (Micro 5): INPBM.
Bell & Howell (322): INPBM.
Norelco (2500): INPBM.
Zenith (A634): INPBM.

CASSETTE/RADIO RECEIVER COMBINATIONS, STEREO

$200-$400

Ampex (Micro 87R): AM/FM, 50W output, defeatable ALC. Special feature—mag phono input.
Bell & Howell (2399B): AM/FM, 20W output. Special feature—remote start/stop.
Bell & Howell (2399A): AM/FM, 20W output. Special feature—remote start/stop.
Concord (HES-55): AM/FM, 40W output. Special features—built-in Garrard record changer; remote start/stop control optional.
Concord (HES-50): same as HES-55 less #CE-20 speakers.
Concord (HES-35): AM/FM, 35W output. Special feature—remote start/stop control available ($5).
Concord (HES-30): AM/FM, 35W output.
Concord (F-600): same as HES-30, in portable case, 30 lbs.
Panasonic (RE-7080 "Danville"): AM/FM. Special features—signal-seeking automatic tuning, automatic shut-off.
Panasonic (RS-280S "La Jolla"): AM/FM, 20W output. Special features—mag phono input, automatic shut-off.
Panasonic (RE-7060 "Charleston"): AM/FM, 16W output.
Panasonic (RS-252S "Orbitone"): AM/FM, 20W output. Special features—in black plastic, start/stop remote control ($12).
H.H. Scott (2560): AM/FM. Special feature—mag phono input.
H.H. Scott (3610): AM/FM, 82W IHF output. Special features—mag phono input, speakers not supplied.
3M-Wollensak (4850): AM/FM, 15W EIA output.

PORTABLE CASSETTE/RADIO COMBINATIONS, MONO

$100-$150

Aiwa (TPR-101): AM/FM/MW, 6 lbs, internal AC adapter. Special feature—cardioid mike.
Ampex (Micro 32): AM/FM, 9¾ lbs, defeatable ALC, optional AC adapter. Special features—optional 12V automobile adapter, tape counter.
Ampex (Micro 30): AM/FM, 4¾ lbs, ALC, internal AC adapter.
Concord (F-103 "Radiocorder"): AM/FM, 6¾ lbs, internal AC adapter.
JVC Nivico (9400): AM/FM, 7¼ lbs, internal AC adapter.
Norelco (RR-482): AM/FM, 4¾ lbs, ALC, internal AC adapter.
Panasonic (RF-7270 "Royal-air"): AM/FM, 9 lbs, optional AC adapter. Special features—automobile bracket and 6-12V battery adapter $25 extra.
Roberts (530): AM/FM, 5½ lbs, internal AC adapter. Special feature—wood case.
3M-Wollensak (4310): AM/FM, 7¾ lbs, defeatable ALC, internal AC adapter.

$75-$100

Aiwa (TPR-104): FM only, 5 lbs, ALC, internal AC adapter. Special feature—cardioid mike.
Aiwa (TPR-103): AM only, 5 lbs, ALC, internal AC adapter. Special feature—cardioid mike.
Arvin (40L31-19): AM/FM, 6¼ lbs, internal AC adapter.
Bell & Howell (298): AM/FM, 3¾ lbs, ALC, internal AC adapter. Special feature—"oscillator switch" to prevent AM interference.
Bell & Howell (2398): AM/FM, 5½ lbs, ALC, internal AC adapter.
General Electric (M-8500): AM/FM, 8 lbs, AC adapter.
Lafayette (RK-160): AM/FM, 8 lbs, AC adapter.
Magnavox (1V9024): AM/FM, 13 lbs, defeatable ALC, AC adapter.
Panasonic (RQ-232S "Westwood"): AM/FM, 5 lbs, internal AC adapter.
Roberts (525): AM/FM, 5½ lbs, ALC, internal AC adapter.
Zenith (A-625 "Interlude"): AM/FM, 8 lbs, ALC, internal AC adapter.

$45-$75

Bell & Howell (2396): AM only, 5¼ lbs, ALC, internal AC adapter.
Concord (F-95 "Radio-corder"): AM only, 5 lbs, ALC, internal AC adapter.
Lafayette (RK-95): AM/FM, 4 lbs, optional AC adapter ($4).
Lafayette (RK-90): AM only, 4 lbs, optional AC adapter ($4).
Panasonic (RQ-233S "Beachhaven"): AM only, 5½ lbs, AC adapter.

$35-$45

Aiwa (TPR-111): AM only, 2½ lbs, playback only.
JVC Nivico (9300): AM only, 3¾ lbs, playback only.

CASSETTE EQUIPMENT FOR AUTOMOBILE USE

$100-$200

Aiwa (TPR-2002): Special features — includes AM/FM radio, plays stereo (records mono only).
Aiwa (TP-1022): Special features — plays stereo (records mono only).
Aiwa (TR-1015): Special features — tape pops out at end of play; plays stereo (records mono only); remote start/stop switch on mike; coiled mike cord.
Aiwa (TP-1023): Special features — tape pops out at end of play, stereo playback only.
Ampex (Micro 42): Special features—tape pops out at end of play; plays stereo records mono); coiled mike cord; slide-

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out tray holds mike and four cassettes.
Channel Master (6316): Special features—plays stereo (records mono), ALC.
Panasonic (RF-7270): Special features—monophonic recorder with built-in AM/FM radio, removable for portable use.
Sony (TC-20): stereo playback only.

$75-$100

Aiwa (TP-1036): stereo playback only, no rewind or fast forward.
Ampex (Micro 40): stereo playback only.

REEL-TO-REEL

Mono Portables

About $700

Tandberg (11-1P): takes 7-inch reels with case open, 5-inch reel with case closed; 3 speeds; AC adapter optional ($45). Special features—Pilotone motion picture synchronizer, line/microphone mixing, limiter with defeat switch, 3d-head monitor, 200-ohm Cannon-plug microphone input.
Uher (1000 Pilot): 5-inch reel, 7½ ips, external AC adapter, defeatable ALC, 7½ lbs. Special features—Pilotone synchronizer, low-filter switch, 3d-head monitor.

$200-$300

Sony (800-B): 5-inch reel, 4 speeds, internal AC adapter, defeatable ALC, 11¾ lbs. Special features—built-in condenser mike plus remote cardioid mike, varispeed pitch control, tape lifters.
Tandberg (11-2): 7-inch reel (case open), 5-inch reel (case closed), 3 speeds, optional AC adapter ($45), defeatable ALC, 11½ lbs. Special features—line/mike mixing, optional 200-ohm Cannon microphone input.
Uher (4000L): 5-inch reel, 4 speeds, external AC adapter, 7 lbs. Special features—cardioid microphone with voice/music switch, input selector switch, car battery connection, and many other accessories available.

$75-$150

Aiwa (TP-719): 7-inch reel, 2 speeds (1⅞ ips by capstan change), internal AC adapter, 16½ lbs. Special feature—car battery adapter available.
Aiwa (TP-735): 5-inch reel, 7½ ips, internal AC adapter, 6 lbs.
Aiwa (TP-713): 5-inch reel, 2 speeds, internal AC adapter, defeatable ALC.
Arvin (57L19): 5-inch reel, 2 speeds, AC adapter, 10½ lbs.
Arvin (7OL54-12): 5-inch reel, 2 speeds, AC adapter, 12 lbs.
Channel Master (6464 Keynoter): 5-inch reel, 2 speeds, internal AC adapter, 8½ lbs, ALC.
Hitachi (TRQ-570): 5-inch reel, 2 speeds, internal AC adapter, 10 lbs, ALC. Special feature—microphone and line mixing.
JVC Nivico (1541): 5-inch reel, 2 speeds, internal AC adapter, 7¼ lbs, ALC.
JVC Nivico (1545): 5-inch reel, 2 speeds, internal AC adapter, 7¼ lbs, ALC.
JVC Nivico (1561): 5-inch reel, 2 speeds, internal AC adapter, 7¼ lbs, defeatable ALC.
Magnavox (1V-9011): 5-inch reel, 2 speeds, AC adapter, 14 lbs, defeatable ALC.
Panasonic (RQ-501S "Bandleader"): 5-inch reel, 2 speeds, internal AC adapter, 7 lbs, defeatable ALC. Special feature—manual reverse.
Panasonic (RQ-194S Vista): 5-inch reel, 2 speeds, internal AC adapter, 7 lbs, defeatable ALC. Special feature—sound-on-sound.
Sony (222-A): 5-inch reel, 2 speeds, internal AC adapter, 8¾ lbs, defeatable ALC.

$25-$75

Aiwa (TP-716): 3¼-inch reel, 3¾ & 1⅞ ips, internal AC adapter. Special feature—automobile adapter optional.
Aiwa (TP-710): 3¼-inch reel, 3¾ & 1⅞ ips, internal AC adapter, 5 lbs, ALC.
Aiwa (TP-714): 3¼-inch reel, 3¾ & 1⅞ ips, optional AC adapter.
Arvin (87L08): 3-inch reel, 3¾ ips, 6 lbs.
Hitachi (TRQ-310): 3-inch reel, 3¾ ips, AC adapter, 5¼ lbs, ALC. Special feature—mike/line mixing.
Hitachi (TP-715): 3¼-inch reel, 3¾ & 1⅞ ips, optional AC adapter, 5 lbs.
JVC Nivico (1351): 3-inch reel, 3¾ & 1⅞ ips, internal AC adapter, 5¼ lbs, defeatable ALC.
Magnavox (1V): 3¾-inch reel, 3¾ & 1⅞ ips, AC adapter, 8 lbs.
Magnavox (TR-106): 3¾-inch reel, 3¾ & 1⅞ ips, optional AC adapter, 8 lbs.
Standard Radio (SR-350): 3-inch reel, 3¾ & 1⅞ ips, optional AC adapter, 5 lbs, ALC.

Stereo Portables

$750

Sony (770): 7-inch reel, 3 speeds, internal AC adapter, 24¾ lbs, defeatable ALC. Special features—deck, no amplifiers or speakers, 3d-head monitor, varispeed tuning, 4th head for 2-track playback, "SNR" noise reduction system, mike/line mixing, Cannon microphone inputs.

$300-$400

Roberts (610X): 5-inch reel (7-inch with adapter supplied), 4 speeds, external AC adapter, 13½ lbs, defeatable ALC. Special features—Crossfield bias, for extended range, DIN connector.
Uher (4400): 5-inch reel, 4 speeds, external AC, 8 lbs. Special features—input selector switch, cardioid microphones, DIN connection. Auto battery adapter and many other accessories available.

$100-$200

Aiwa (TP1012): 7-inch reel, 2 speeds (+ 1⅞ ips with capstan adapter), internal AC adapter, 17¼ lbs. Special features—cardioid microphone, car battery adapter available.

Mono Recorders (AC only)

$250-$400

Tandberg (1541): 3 speeds, 10W output. Special features—available as full-track or 2-track (Model 1521) mono, or 4-track; 4-track version allows 2 tracks to be played at once, line and mike mixing.
Tandberg (1441 and 1421): 3¾ & 1⅞ ips, 10W output. Special features—1421 is 2-track mono; 1441 is 4-track mono allowing 2 tracks to be played at once; line and mike mixing, teak case.
Uher (5500): 5-inch reel, 3¾ ips, 2W output, 16 lbs, defeatable ALC. Special feature—parallel-track for language instruction.
Uher (Universal 5000): 5-inch reel, 3 speeds, 2W output, 16 lbs, defeatable ALC. Special features—for dictation and transcription: stop, start, and rewind controls on mike and optional remote control; record button on microphone.

$70-$150

Aiwa (TP-802): 2 speeds, 2½W output, 17¾ lbs.
Arvin (86L38): 7½ ips, 44¾ lbs.
Hitachi (TRQ710): 3 speeds, 2½W, 22 lbs, ALC. Special feature—sound-on-sound.
Lafayette (RK-71OA): 3 speeds, 1½W output, 14 lbs.
Panasonic (RQ-706S Encore): 3 speeds, 4W output, 7½ lbs, defeatable ALC.
Sony (105): 3 speeds, 10W output, 20¾ lbs, defeatable ALC. Special feature—cardioid mike.
Sony (104-A): 3 speeds, 10W output, 20¾ lbs. Special feature—cardioid mike.

Stereo Recorders (AC only)
Non-Reversing

$300-$550

Aiwa (TP-1006): 2 speeds (plus 1⅞ ips with capstan adapter), 35 lbs, 40W RMS output, 3d-head monitor, mixing, sound-on-sound. Special feature—mag phono input.
Ampex (767): 2 speeds, 42 lbs, 16W RMS, 3d-head monitor, sound-on-sound, echo. Special feature—portable or walnut case.
NordMende (800 1T): 3 speeds, 47 lbs, 6W RMS output, 3d-head monitor, 3 motors, variable ALC, mike/line mixing (6 inputs), sound-on-sound, echo. Special features—on-off key removable to prevent tampering, DIN connection.
Roberts (770X SS): 3 speeds (plus 15 ips with optional adapter), 42 lbs, 40W output, hysteresis motor, mike/line mixing. Special features—crossfield biasing, tape cleaner, DIN connection.
Sony (630): 3 speeds, 46¼ lbs, 40W IHF output, 3d-head monitor, sound-on-sound, echo. Special features—noise suppressor switch, cardioid microphones, mag phono inputs.
Sony (540): 3 speeds, 41¾ lbs, 20W IHF output. Special features—noise suppressor switch, mag phono adapter available.
Tandberg (1200X): 3 speeds, 20W output, monophonic mixing. Special features—mag phono input, DIN connection, crossfield biasing, teak or rosewood cases.
Telefunken (Magnetophon 244U): 3 speeds, 28 lbs, 12W output, sound-on-sound.
3M-Wollensak (6360): 3 speeds, 36W RMS (62W IHF) output, 3d-head monitor, 2 motors, line/mike mixing, sound-on-sound, echo. Special features—bias selector for regular or low-noise tapes, mag phono inputs.
3M-Wollensak (6250): 3 speeds, 36W RMS (62W IHF) output, 3d-head monitor, 2 motors, mike/line mixing, sound-on-sound, echo. Special features—bias selector for regular or low-noise tapes, mag phono inputs.
Uher (Royal 10,000): 4 speeds, 20W RMS output, 3d-head monitor, hysteresis motor, mike/line mixing, sound-on-sound, echo. Special features—built-in slide projector synchronizer. Interchangeable head blocks permit conversion to 2-track.
Viking (880): 2 speed, 44 lbs, 10W IHF output, 3d-head monitor, 2 motors, sound-on-sound.

$100-$300

Aiwa (TRQ-737): 3 speeds, 10W, ALC.
Aiwa (TP-1001): 2 speeds (plus 1⅞ ips with capstan adapter), 26½ lbs, 8W output.
Allied Radio (TR-1040): 3 speeds, 32 lbs, mike/line mixing.
Ampex (861): 2 speeds, 37 lbs, 12W RMS output.

(Continued on next page)

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Channel Master (6324): 3 speeds, 8W output, sound-on-sound. Special feature—cardioid mikes.
Channel Master (6430 "Sir Realist"): 2 speeds, 28 lbs, 6W output. Special feature—cardioid mikes.
Concertone (4001): 3 speeds, 30 lbs, 8W output, 3d-head monitor.
Grundig (TK 247): 2 speeds, 30 lbs, 5W, variable ALC, sound-on-sound. Special feature—built-in tape cleaner.
Hitachi (TRQ-707): 3 speeds, 31 lbs, 5W output, ALC.
Hitachi (TRQ-717): 3 speeds, 25 lbs, 3W output.
Lafayette (RK-835): 3 speeds, 25 lbs, 8W output, sound-on-sound.
Lafayette (RK-825): 3 speeds, 20 lbs, 5W output.
Magnavox (1V9001): 4 speeds, 30 lbs, 6W output, sound-on-sound.
Panasonic (RS-761S La Scala): 3 speeds, 8W output, sound-on-sound.
Panasonic (RS-760S Band Wave): 3 speeds, 22 lbs, 8W output, sound-on-sound.
RCA (YZG570 Royale): 3 speeds, ALC.
RCA (YZG265 Masquerade): 3 speeds, ALC.
Roberts (1720): 2 speeds (plus 15 ips with optional adapter), 26 lbs, 12W RMS.
Roberts (1719): 2 speeds (plus 15 ips with optional adapter), 25 lbs, 12W RMS.
Sony (230 Compact): 3 speeds, 35¾ lbs, 20W IHF output. Special features—mag phono inputs, noise-suppressor switch, cardioid mikes.
Telefunken (Magnetophon 207): 3 speeds.
3M-Wollensak (6300): 3 speeds, 22 lbs, 16W EIA output, 2 motors.
3M-Wollensak (6200): 3 speeds, 15 lbs, 16W. EIA output.

Stereo Recorders, Auto-Reversing

$200-$300

Allied Radio (TR-1080): 3 speeds, 40 lbs, auto-reverse by preset counter, 2-way recording, auto-repeat, sound-on-sound.
Ampex (2161): 3 speeds, 40 lbs, 12W RMS output. Auto-reverse by 20-Hz signal, 2-way record, auto-repeat, line/mike mixing, sound-on-sound. Special feature—automatic threading.
Ampex (1467): 3 speeds, 40 lbs, 16W RMS output, auto-reverse by 20-Hz signal, 2-way record, auto-repeat, 3d-head monitor, sound-on-sound, echo. Special feature—auto threading.
Ampex (1161): 3 speeds, 37 lbs, 12W RMS output, auto-reverse by 20-Hz signal, auto-repeat, hysteresis motor. Special feature—automatic threading.
Hitachi (TRQ-777): 3 speeds, 45½ lbs, 10W output, auto-reverse by foil strip, auto-repeat, defeatable ALC. Special feature —DIN connector.
JVC Nivico (1224): 3 speeds, 10W output, auto-repeat, sound-on-sound.
Lafayette (RK-960): 3 speeds, 44 lbs, 12W output, auto-reverse by foil strip, 2 motors, sound-on-sound.
Panasonic (RS-790S Console-Aire): 3 speeds 43 lbs, 20W output, auto-reverse by foil strip, 2-way record, sound-on-sound.
Roberts (420X): 3 speeds (plus 15 ips with optional adapter), 50W output, auto-reverse by counter preset. Auto-repeat, 3d-head monitor, defeatable ALC, mike/line mixing, sound-on-sound. Special features—optional remote control of all functions; cross-field biasing; light signals when heads are dirty; built-in tape cleaner; tape thickness adjustment.
Sony (560): 3 speeds, 50¼ lbs, 20W output, auto-reverse by detection of unrecorded tape portion, 2-way record. Special features — noise-suppressor switch, varispeed pitch control optional, mag phono input, auto-battery adapter available.
3M-Wollensak (6360): 3 speeds, 25 lbs, 36W RMS output, does not include speakers.

Approximately $700

Ampex (985A Music Center): AM/FM, 2 speeds, 12W RMS output, auto-reverse by 20-Hz signal, auto-repeat. Special features—auto threading, mag phono input.
Panasonic (RS-763S Interlude): AM/FM, 3 speeds, 32W output. Special feature—automatic tuning.

Stereo Reel/Cartridge Recorders

$350-$450

Roberts (778X): records reels and 8-track cartridges, 3 speeds (plus 15 ips with optional adapter) on reel, 3¾ and special 7½ ips dubbing speed on 8-track cartridges, 37½ lbs, 12W output. Special feature-crossfield bias for extended frequency range.
Roberts (1725-8L): similar to 778X, but 2-speed on reel, 3¾ ips only on cartridge, 34 lbs, 4W RMS output.

Stereo Decks, Non-Reversing

$400-$750

KLH (Forty): 2 speeds, 3d-head monitor, mike/line mixing, sound-on-sound, echo, 3 motors. Special features—Dolby noise-reduction system (claimed signal-to-noise ratio 66-71 db); single master record level control for both channels; single VU meter reads louder of two channels automatically in stereo, can be switched to read either channel individually; bias/equalization switch for low-noise tape; foil-activated automatic rewind; internal oscillator for bias and Dolby system adjustments.
Sony (770): 3 speeds, 24¾ lbs, 3d-head monitor, mike/line mixing, sound-on-sound. Special features — built-in, rechargeable battery; low-impedance Cannon mike inputs; varispeed pitch adjust, SNR noise reduction switch; 4 heads (770-2 has 2-track record/play plus playback head for 4-track; 770-4 has 4-track record/play, 2-track playback from 4th head); limiter with defeat switch; automobile 12V adapter available.
Sony (650): 2 speeds, mike/line mixing, sound-on-sound, echo, 3 motors. Special features—plug-in heads allow easy conversion to 2-track; bias selector for low-noise tape; optional remote control ($45) of all functions.
Tandberg (64X): 3 speeds, 3d-head monitor, sound-on-sound, echo, cross-field bias. Special features—FM multiplex filter, center-channel output, DIN connection, also available as 2-track 62X. Teak case, rosewood $7.50 extra, portable case $28.35 (total weight 23¼ lbs).
Uher (Royal 9500): 4 speeds, 27 lbs, 3d-head monitor, mike/line mixing, sound-on-sound, echo, 3 motors. Special features — interchangeable 2-track and 4-track head assemblies (optional), built-in slide synchronizer.

$200-$400

Aiwa (TP-1011): 3 speeds, 3d-head monitor, mike/line mixing, sound-on-sound. Special features — DIN connection, mag phono input.
Ampex (755A): 3 speeds, 3d-head monitor, sound-on-sound, echo.
Concord (Mark III): 3 speeds, 3d-head monitor, sound-on-sound, echo. Special feature—switchable hiss reducer.
Concord (Mark II): 3 speeds, 3d-head monitor, sound-on-sound, echo. Special features—built in tape cleaner, hiss reducer.
KLH (Forty-one): 3 speeds, 3d-head monitor, sound-on-sound. Special features—Dolby noise-reduction system (claimed signal-to-noise ratio 66-68 db on standard tape), master record gain control for both channels.
Panasonic (RS-768US Templeton): 3 speeds, 3d-head monitor, mike/line mixing, sound-on-sound. Special feature—noise-suppressor switch.
Sony (630D): 3 speeds, 3d-head monitor, sound-on-sound, echo. Special features—noise-suppressor switch, mag phono adapter available, also 2-track version.
Sony (355): 3 speeds, 3d-head monitor, sound-on-sound. Special features—noise suppressor switch.
Tandberg (1600X): 3 speeds, cross-field bias. Special features—DIN connection, teak or walnut case (portable case: $28.35; total weight, 19 lbs).
TEAC (A-1200U): 2 speeds, 3d-head monitor, line/mike mixing, sound-on-sound, echo, 3 motors.
Telefunken (Magnetophon 250): 3d-head monitor, sound-on-sound, echo. Special features—available in walnut or colors.
3M-Wollensak (6150): 3 speeds, 3d-head monitor, mike/line mixing, sound-on-sound, echo, 2 motors. Special features—bias selector for low-noise tape, mag phono input.
Uher (900L): 2 speeds, 3d-head monitor, sound-on-sound. Special feature—built-in tape cleaner.
Viking (433): 3 speeds, 3d-head monitor, mike/line mixing, sound-on-sound, echo, 3 motors.
Viking (88): 2 speeds, 3d-head monitor, sound-on-sound, 2 motors.
Viking (423): 3 speeds, 3 motors.

Stereo Decks, Auto-Reversing

$500-$800

Panasonic (RS-1000S): 2 speeds, 55½ lbs, 3d-head monitor, mike/line mixing, sound-on-sound, echo. Special feature—optional remote control of all functions.
Roberts (420XD): 3 speeds (plus 15 ips with adapter supplied), auto-reverse by preset timer, 3 motors, defeatable ALC, 3d-head monitor, crossfield bias. Special features—optional remote control of all functions, built-in tape cleaner, light indicates when heads need cleaning, tension adjustment for different tape thicknesses.
Sony (700): 3 speeds, auto-reverse by detection of unrecorded tape portion, 2-way recording, auto-reverse, 3d-head monitor, mike/line mixing, sound-on-sound, echo. Special features—automatically skips blank leader of tape, varispeed pitch adjustment, bias selector for regular or low-noise tape, SNR noise-reduction switch, optional remote control of all functions ($55).
Sony (666-D): 2 speeds, auto-reverse by detection of unrecorded tape, 2-way recording, 3 motors. Special feature—SNR noise reduction switch.
TEAC (A60104): 2 speeds, reversal by 60-Hz signal or metal foil, auto-repeat optional, 3 motors, 3d-head monitoring, mike/line mixing. Special features—interchangeable head assemblies for conversion to 2-track, 20-Hz sensing optional, pause control optional, tape-tension switch, DIN connection.

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$200-$500

Ampex (2150): 3 speeds, auto-reverse by 20-Hz signal, 2-way recording, auto-repeat, mike/line mixing.
Ampex (1455A): 3 speeds, auto-reverse by 20-Hz signal, auto-repeat, 3d-head monitor, sound-on-sound, echo. Special feature—auto threading.
Astrocom-Marlux (407): 2 speeds, auto-reverse by foil strip, 3d-head monitoring, mike/line mixing, sound-on-sound, echo. Special feature — tape-tension switch.
Concord (Mark IV): 3 speeds, auto-reverse on silent tape portions, 3d-head monitor, sound-on-sound, echo. Special feature—hiss suppressor.
Lafayette (RK-920): 3 speeds, 40 lbs, auto-reverse by foil strip, 2 motors, sound-on-sound.
Magnavox (1K8879): 3 speeds, auto-reverse by foil strip.
Panasonic (RS796US Symposium): 3 speeds, foil strip reverse, 2-way record, auto-repeat, sound-on-sound.
Pioneer (T-600): 2 speeds, foil strip reverse, 2-way recording.
Sony (560-D): 3 speeds, auto-reverse on silent tape portions, 2-way recording. Special features—noise-suppressor switch; varispeed pitch control; options include remote Varispeed; 12V converter for auto, sound-on-sound, mag phono input.
TEAC (A-4010SU): 2 speeds, foil strip reverse, 3 motors, monitor, mike/line mixing.
TEAC (A-1500U): 2 speed, foil strip reverse, 3 motors, 3d-head monitor, mike/linc mixing, sound-on-sound, echo in walnut or portable case, 42 lbs.

TAPE DECKS—PLAYBACK ONLY

$330

TEAC (A4000SU): 7½ ips, preamp output, 3 motors. Special features—automatic reverse (foil strip), converts to equivalent of 4010S recorder by adding optional RA-40 record amplifier.

$100-$150

Sony (155): 3 speeds, preamp output.
Tandberg (65): 3 speeds, tape head output.
Viking (807): 2 speeds, tape head output. 3 motors.

LARGE-REEL RECORDERS AND DECKS:

Over $1,000

Crown (SX824): 10½-inch reel, 2 speeds, 52-59 lbs, deck only, 3 motors, 3d-head monitor, mike/line mixing, sound-on-sound, echo. Special features—bias metering and adjustment, 15 ips optional, photo-cell auto-stop also permits auto-cueing, 2-track version (SX822) available, 4-channel version available at higher price.
Magnecord (1048-4X): 10½-inch reel, 2 speeds, 47-50 lbs, deck only, 3 motors, 3d-head monitor, mike/line mixing. Special features—optional 4th head ($85).

$500-$1,000

Ferrograph (700 series): 8¼-inch reels, 3 speeds, 3 motors, 3d-head monitor, mike/line mixing, sound-on-sound, echo. Special features—available as deck only, or with 20W stereo amp and speakers (in portable case, 50 lbs), variable-speed rewind / fast-forward, bias metering. Other options include 2-track stereo, monophonic, 15-7½-3¾ ips, low-impedance mike inputs.
Magnecord (1024): 8-inch reel, 2 speeds, 47 lbs, deck only, 3 motors, 3d-head monitor, mike/line mixing. Special features—optional 4th head, optional remote control for all functions.
Magnecord (1020): 8-inch reel, 2 speeds, 35 lbs, 3d-head monitor, mike/line mixing. Special feature—optional walnut base.
ReVox (A77): 10½-inch reel, 2 speeds (15 ips optional), 39 lbs, 3 motors, 3d-head monitor, mike/line mixing, sound-on-sound, echo. Special features—available with 16W RMS stereo amplifier and built-in speakers, without speakers, and as deck only.
Tapesonic (70-TRSQ): 10½-inch reel, 2 speeds (plus 15 ips with adapter supplied), 69 lbs, deck only, 3 motors, 3d-head monitor, mike/line mixing. Special features—optional remote control for all functions, low-impedance microphone inputs optional.
TEAC (A-7010): 10½-inch reel, 2 speeds, 62 lbs, deck only, 3 motors, 3d-head monitor, mike/line mixing. Special features—auto-reverse (60-Hz signal and foil sensing tab, 20-Hz sensing and auto-repeat optional), walnut case optional, optional remote control of all functions.
TEAC (A-7030): same as A-7010, but without auto-reverse. Special features—4th head for 2-track playback, foil-sensing auto rewind, DIN connection.

EIGHT-TRACK CARTRIDGE

AUTOMOBILE PLAYER/RECORDER

$125-$150

Lear Jet (A-260): records monaurally, plays stereo recordings in stereo, 8W RMS output.

AUTOMOBILE PLAYBACK ONLY

$100-$225

Lear Jet (A-250): with AM/FM-stereo tuner, signal-seeking, fast-forward, 8W RMS output.
Lear Jet (A-130): with AM/FM-stereo tuner, 8W RMS output.
Lear Jet (A-240): with FM-stereo tuner, fast forward, 8W RMS output.
Lear Jet (A-230): with AM tuner, fast forward, 8W RMS output.

$50-$100

Channel Master (6200): 14W output.
Hitachi (Car Stereo CS-113): 5W output.
Lear Jet (A-220): fast forward, 8W RMS output.
Lear Jet (A-110): 8W RMS output.
Lear Jet (A-50): 8W RMS output.

BATTERY-OPERATED PORTABLE EIGHT-TRACK PLAYERS

$100-$130

Lear Jet (P-560): includes AM/FM tuner (not stereo), plays stereo from cartridges, built-in AC converter, 12V input for automobile use.
Weltron (WMFT-103): includes AM/FM tuner (not stereo), plays stereo from cartridges, built-in AC converter; 12V input for automobile use.

$30-$80

Lear Jet (P-550): built-in AC converter, 12V automobile input.
Lear Jet (P-530): plays mono only, optional second speaker/amplifier unit converts to stereo, 12V input for car.
Lear Jet (P-510): Mono only.

HOME PLAYER/RECORDERS

COMBINATION REEL/EIGHT-TRACK: (See "REEL/CARTRIDGE RECORDERS" page 54).

$100-$300

JVC Nivico (1250): deck, fast forward, DIN connection.
Lear Jet (H-360): with speakers, 26W output.
Panasonic (RS-820S Bainbridge): with AM/FM-stereo tuner, fast forward, 16W output.
Sony (TC-8): deck, ALC. Special feature—auto shut-off.
Viking (811-R): deck. Special features—logic circuits allow auto-stop at end of any track or tape or continuous playback.

HOME PLAYERS, WITH SPEAKERS

$100-$300

Channel Master (6206): with AM/FM-stereo tuner, 8W RMS output.
Hitachi (TPQ-115): also usable as 14-watt amplifier.
JVC Nivico (9800/9810): with AM/FM-stereo tuner. 8W output.
Keystone (3800 SX): AM/FM-stereo tuner.
Lear Jet (H-460): built-in record changer, AM/FM-stereo tuner, 12W output.
Lear Jet (H-410): similar to H-460, but without changer.
Lear Jet (H-340): 12W output.
Lear Jet (H-330): 12W output. Speakers built in, not detachable.
Masterwork (M8601): INPBM
Panasonic (RE-7070S Symphony 8): AM/FM-stereo tuner. 9W output.
Panasonic (RS-810S Music Master 8): 16W output.
Viking (811 series): 10W IHF output. 811-P in portable case, 811-W in walnut, 811-A in walnut without speakers.

HOME PLAYBACK DECK

$50-$100

Concord (CP-250A)
Heath (GD-28): only 8-track player in kit form.

Hitachi (TPQ-114)
JVC Nivico (1100)
Lear Jet (H-310)
Magnavox (KO886)
Packard-Bell (TPA-6): also available uncased as TPAK-5.
Panasonic (RS-802US Collingswood)
Panasonic (RS-800AS Player 8)
Standard Radio (SR-78000P)
Viking (811)
Zenith (Z635W): has storage compartment for extra cartridges.

FOUR-TRACK CARTRIDGE

AUTOMOBILE

Muntz Stereo-Pak (M-35-69) $50, 12W output.

BATTERY PORTABLE

Standard Radio (SR-T183F): $85, 2W output. Records stereo. Internal AC adapter, ALC.
Standard Radio (SR-T115): $40, 1.5W output. Optional AC adapter.

HOME RECORDER

JVC Nivico (9450): $280, 20W output.

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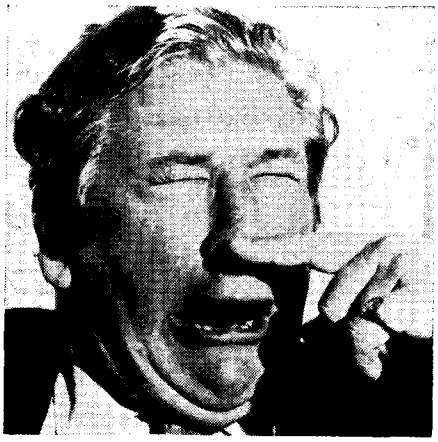
Recordings in Review



Peter Ustinov—"the mighty sneeze . . . that validates the truth of everything he says."

Kodály Plus Ustinov

KODALY: *Háry János. György Melis (Háry/Napoleon), Margit László (Empress), Erzsébet Komlóssy (Orzse), Olga Szönyi (Marie-Louise), László Palocz (Marczi), and Zsolt Bende (Bombazine); with Edinburgh Festival Chorus; Wandsworth School Boys Choir; John Leach, cimbalom; Peter Ustinov, narrator; and István Kertész conducting the London Symphony Orchestra.* London stereo, OSA 1278, $11.96 (two discs).

AS THOSE WHO may have stumbled on Qualiton HLPX 1023-5 (in which Janós Ferencsik directed a complete Hungarian-language treatment of Kodály's celebrated stage work) are aware, *Háry János* is something more than a straightforward telling of the tales involving the legendary John Háry. It is Kodály's own kind of *Singspiel*, in which the orchestral interludes are surrounded by spoken text, vocal interpolations, choral numbers, etc. In any language this would be a formidable combination for export purposes; in Hungarian it is all but unthinkable.

However, in his career as a recording producer, Erik Smith has learned to think the unthinkable (such as a complete recording of Mozart's music for wind ensembles) and dare the undarable. This was good (if not ideal) preparation for this project, in which he undertakes to do the undoable: that is, to convert the above-listed elements into a mere mélange that would be internationally palatable.

He has, in some important respects, succeeded. Armed with the indispensable collaboration of Peter Ustinov as narrator, Smith has created a scenario that certainly expands the familiar suite into something like a sequential stage work. János, as everyone knows, begins with the mighty sneeze that (according to local lore) validates the truth of everything he says, then goes on to recount the adventures that took him to Vienna in the entourage of the Empress, brought him into mortal and victorious conflict with Napoleon, eventually to return home with his village sweetheart. And Ustinov, with his polished pronunciation, his apt mimicry of voices, and his always evident feeling for music, performs it as the superb *conférencier* he is.

But is there really enough music in the score as here represented to sustain the attention through four sides? Is not the best music contained in the Suite? More particularly, is it conducive to an artistic whole to have the solo vocal and choral segments sung in Hungarian in rather mood-shattering alteration with the English narration? For my taste, the result cannot avoid being something of a hybrid.

All these objections fall into the area of individual preference, or the exercise of judgment. So it must be granted that there will be others who will feel otherwise. Certainly there can be nothing but admiration for the performance under Kertész, for he delivers the orchestral interludes with fine appreciation of their satirical character as well as blending the vocal elements skillfully into the total sequence. One link with the Qualiton version is present in the person of Melis, who is a suitably self-satisfied Háry János as well as a credible Napoleon. The gifted Komlóssy is admirably suited for the music of János's sweetheart Orzse, and the others do well what is required of them. As a recording, incidentally, the "Battle" music shows that London's technicians are continuously searching for ways to improve on their normally high standard—and frequently succeeding.

The Versatility of Webster

RACHMANINOFF: *Etudes-Tableaux, Opus 33, and Opus 39. Beveridge Webster, piano.* Dover stereo, HCR-ST 7284, $4.95. STRAVINSKY: *Petrouchka, Sonata, Serenade in A, Piano Rag, Circus Polka, Ragtime, The Five Fingers, Four Etudes, and Tango. Webster, piano.* Dover stereo, HCR ST-7288-9, $9.90. BERG: *Sonata Opus 1.* WEBERN: *Variations (Op. 27).* SCHOENBERG: *Piano Pieces (Op. 11), Pieces (Op. 19), Pieces (Op. 23). Webster, piano.* Dover stereo, HCR-ST 7285, $4.95.

BEVERIDGE WEBSTER doesn't enjoy the public repute of some pianists newer on the scene than he is, but it is hard to think of one—certainly none other of American birth—who could provide the repertory above with a very substantial part of what it needs, back to back with the Debussy cycle he gave last season in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the composer's death. As he began his American career in the Thirties as something of a Beethoven specialist, it is evident that he has not only a wide range of sympathies, but also a wide range of the qualities required to do them justice.

Perhaps the most surprising extension both of sympathies and qualities is embodied in the Rachmaninoff *Etudes-Tableaux.* They are infrequently heard today, and Webster's disc is the single one currently available on which they appear in toto. But to those who had the good fortune to hear the composer in recital, this will be an old experience re-created rather than a new one: for a set from one opus or the other was a common occurrence on a Rachmaninoff program. Webster has the required pianistic power not only at hand, but under control; he senses the underlying drama and brooding passion of the music in their true proportions and colors.

In his treatment of the broad range of Stravinsky's piano music and representative examples of the three Viennese composers, Webster bears witness to the thesis of such a performer as Clara Schumann that to be a pianist is to play the repertory of the piano. In other words, the specialist may have his place, but agile fingers, a disciplined mind, and a strong sense of rhythm are keys to open almost any combination of musical values.

Sills in Paris

MASSENET: *"Je marche sur tous les chemins," Fabliau: "Oui, dans les*

Beveridge Webster—"an old experience re-created. . . ."

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bois et dans la plaine" (Manon). CHARPENTIER: *"Depuis le jour" (Louise).* THOMAS: *"A vos jeux, mes amis," "Partagez-vous mes fleurs!" (Hamlet); "La Philine est vraiment divine," "Je suis Titania" (Mignon).* MEYERBEER: *"Robert, Robert, toi que j'aime" (Robert le Diable); "O beau pays de la Touraine" (Les Huguenots). Beverly Sills, soprano; with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and Ambrosian Opera Chorus conducted by Charles Mackerras.* Westminster stereo, WST 17163, $5.98.

MISS SILLS confronts the varied challenges of this formidable range of repertory with unfailing flair and spirit, with a highly developed sense of vocal colorations and contrasts, and the kind of agility with which her name has become synonymous (or Sillnonymous).

Curiously, in view of the variety of characters with which she identifies herself, what is disaffecting — to my taste—is not an inability to identify herself with the subject matter (she does this extremely well) but her laxities on behalf of good vocal quality. Thus, the *"Suis-je gentille ainsi"* at the opening of her *Manon* excerpt is more than a touch acidulous, and the effect of her sensitive "Depuis le jour" is disturbed by exquisitely shaped phrases followed by others that are coarse. A tribute to good taste is her choice of the "Fabliau" Massenet wrote for a Manon of the Nineties to replace the much performed "Gavotte"; it is also well sung.

However, the inequalities noted above come and go in almost all of the arias (least frequently perhaps in "O beau pays de la Touraine"). The broad strokes of volume she applies to "Je suis Titania" and Ophelia's "Mad Scene," and some strident sounds elsewhere give rise to a feeling that this was designed to be a "vocal spectacular," with agility and *fioriture* in the foreground. These are, of course, admirable components of fine singing, but hardly all of it, or worth winning at a cost to sound vocal quality (as in the cabaletta to "Je suis Titania," which is forced and shrill).

When she puts all the pieces together consistently (as in the opening section of "O beau pays de la Touraine"), Miss Sills is an artist not only to admire but to enjoy; when she is slipping in and out of good vocal production, one can admire some of her technical achievements but not enjoy the sounds themselves. The conducting of Mackerras is, in all circumstances, vitalizing, though some orchestral effects strike me as overblown on behalf of the "vocal spectacular" previously mentioned.

Von Karajan's "Siegfried"

JUST AS IN the sequence of the *Ring* itself, the new Deutsche Grammophon version of *Siegfried* (139 234/238, $29.90), which went into work under the direction of Herbert von Karajan after he left this country last year, comes third in the release of the eventually-to-be-completed cycle. Unlike the Wagner sequence, however, it follows *Das Rheingold*, which came into being second.

This may be of seemingly small consequence where either quality or durability of results is concerned. However, as those who are acquainted with the first release in the Karajan sequence will readily recall, it was Régine Crespin who went to sleep on the Valkyries rock for disobeying her lordly father's instructions. In *Siegfried*, it is Helga Dernesch who is awakened by the kiss of Jess Thomas, and thereby hangs not one tale but two.

It is, of course, Jess Thomas's first venture as Siegfried that is being offered here, for it was not until after the recording was made that he participated in the Easter Festival performances in Salzburg. For Miss Dernesch, it is her first prominence in a recording of any kind, though her name is already greatly familiar as one of the participants—an innocent one—in the great Karajan-Nilsson-Bing flap. To my ear, this is a voice well worth making a flap about: a big, warm, gleaming instrument, which—of all recent Wagnerian singers—brings to mind more than any other the sound of Helen Traubel. It has some of the same weighty middle and an equivalently big top (reached, it may be added, not without some sense of strain in the recording).

In their duet together, the amount of sound that Thomas has produced previously to make a creditable and sometimes eloquent Siegfried is cut back to its true dimensions—which is to say, something less than sufficient for parity vis-à-vis the Dernesch volume. He gets through with it all right enough, but the conditions of recording being what they are, no one can tell with how many takes he was favored, or over what period of time.

If the discussion of so great a score as *Siegfried* gravitates to its two principal characters rather than to the work as a whole, it is not without reason. In the two-and-a-half acts that precede the concluding duet, Karajan's conducting is, by turns, probing, absorbing, and illuminating, but not steadily as communicative as one would expect. In Act I, for instance, the early going is rather bland and matter of fact, until the arrival of the Wanderer and the colloquy with Mime provides a focal point for drama.

In Act II, there are again *longueurs* until the presence of Siegfried, the musings in the woods (in which Thomas does what is, to me, by far his best singing in the three acts), and the duel with Fafner again fire his energies. Act III is more consistently on a high level of interpretative excellence, building from the confrontation of the Wanderer (Thomas Stewart) and Siegfried to a truly jubilant performance of the closing duet.

For the most part, and this is the signal single weakness of the whole undertaking, the orchestra is much too loud, a curtain in the foreground through which the voices in the background must penetrate. It sounds as though the sessions were made in a studio of considerable size, and some effort was made to position the performers to give an illusion of stage relationships—as, for instance, when Siegfried enters with his bear and engages in banter with Mime. Gerhard Stolze, whose second Mime is even better than his first in the London set, is fairly forward, but Thomas is off in center field someplace, to his disadvantage and ours. After a while, the balances get better, but whatever caused the original imbalance, there was—apparently—insufficient time, or will, to go back and do it over again.

For Stewart, the Wanderer sounds to me a more comfortable role than the Wotans of either *Walküre* or *Rheingold*—which he has sung in that order, at the Metropolitan—particularly in Acts I and II where the writing is in the midrange. In Act III, where it gets back to the earlier range of Wotan, he begins to drive hard, but manages—for recording purposes, at least—to make a powerful as well as sympathetic character of His Troubled Highness. There are, otherwise, very good efforts by Oralia Dominguez (Erda), Zoltán Kelemen in another installment of his excelling Alberich, and Karl Ridderbusch, who voices Fafner's dying moments with uncommon poignance. Catherine Gayer is named as the Voice of the Forest Bird (though Edda Moser was mentioned in some pre-release publicity, as was Erwin Wohlfahrt as Mime, and Martti Talvela as Fafner).

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Orchestral LPs

Data	Report	
Gluck: Orchestral music from *Orfeo ed Euridice* (Overture, "Pantomime," and "Moderato" [Act I]; "Dance of a Fury," "Dance of the Furies," "Dance of the Blessed Spirits," "Air," and "Assez lent" [Act II]; Ballet Music, "Maestoso," "Très lentement," and "Chaconne" [Act III]) Pierre Monteux conducting the Rome Opera House Orchestra. Victrola stereo, VICS 1435, $2.50.	Whoever in RCA's Department of By-products thought of extracting these instrumental elements from the full-length version of the opera in which Risë Stevens, Roberta Peters, and Lisa della Casa were the principal vocal participants is entitled to at least the Victor (if not Victoria) Cross of the Second Class for gallantry above and beyond the call of duty. It makes a tight, beautifully organized sequence, unified by the pulse of	life that Monteux was eminently capable of instilling at eighty-three, and later. (One of the appealing aspects of this project is RCA's candor in stipulating June 1957 as its time of origin.) Needless to say, the tonal outcome is tinged by local, Roman tastes in woodwind sound, but the shaping hand of Monteux makes it all a part of a grand design inimitably his own (and Gluck's). The record is early stereo, but quite satisfactory.
Herrmann: Scores for the films *Psycho, Marnie, North by Northwest,* and *Vertigo; A Portrait of "Hitch."* The composer conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. London stereo, SP 44126, $5.98.	In succession to the score of his opera *Wuthering Heights* and his *Moby Dick* reviewed in *SR* during recent months, this presentation of film music for Alfred Hitchcock films shows Bernard Herrmann's talents in their most familiar as well as recognizable guise. As tends to be the case with music that is singularly suitable for its primary purpose, the conversion of them to a secondary one—hearing without seeing—is apt to restrict productive outcome considerably. The best of what is presented here is concentrated in *Pyscho* (a fine scherzo for a	cinematic symphony), the materials of *Vertigo,* and, above all, *A Portrait of "Hitch,"* based on materials from *The Trouble with Harry.* In the last named, Herrmann has the welcome opportunity to rework previous matter for a new purpose and has produced a little gem of characterization (on behalf of the man, it will not be forgotten, for whose TV program Gounod's *Funeral March of a Marionette* was the perfect prelude). Herrmann gets vigorous response from the players, and the reproduction honors the "Phase 4" designation.
Mozart: Concertos Nos. 1 and 4. Arthur Grumiaux, violin; with the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Colin Davis. Philips stereo, PHS 900-236, $5.98.	Grumiaux as soloist and Davis conducting may be the beginning of a partnership to rival the great ones: Heifetz and Toscanini, Menuhin and Furtwängler, Serkin and Szell. They match each other, not only musically but artistically; they complement each other perfectly, especially vis-à-vis a composer such as Mozart to whom they have so much to give. The B-flat Concerto has been recorded previously (most recently by Isaac Stern), but not with the total sense of fitness that emerges from this collaborative effort. It is a miracle of communal functioning, not only in respect to those things which can be rehearsed and mutually agreed upon, but also in the slight	adjustments, give and take, that emerge in the course of a truly re-creative performance. It would seem, with so much more to work with, the D-major would be as good or better. However, for whatever reason, the first movement is more than a little overstressed by Grumiaux, with an obstrusive kind of accent here and there. Felicity returns in the slow movement, which is beautifully conceived, and the finale, which moves along at a spirited pace. The cadenzas for No. 1 are credited to Grumiaux, and are mostly good, if a shade showy. Those for No. 4, also unfamiliar, bear no attribution. The liner notes likewise are anonymous, and more than a shade silly.
Scriabin: Symphony No. 3 *(Divine Poem).* Yevgeny Svetlanov conducting the U.S.S.R. Symphony Orchestra. Melodiya/Angel stereo, SR-40098, $5.98.	Whatever the listener's emotional temperature vis-à-vis Scriabin, it is apt to be raised several degrees—from apathy to interest, or enthusiasm to unbounded admiration—by the quality of result Svetlanov generates on the composer's behalf. Whatever his merits relative to other repertory, he is clearly a convinced Scriabinist. Thus, before many measures have passed, one is caught up in the surge and swell of a performance possessing Koussevitzkyan insight and passion. To his great credit, Svetlanov is able to sustain the interest thus aroused	in the pulsating first movement through the more sustained intermediate section without overdriving either the music or the orchestra. To its credit, the U.S.S.R.'s official symphonic unit produces one of the best examples in recent months of Soviet instrumental prowess. Some portion of the result may be a result of a perfect match of elements, but as much is a product of *esprit de corps* and pride in workmanship. The molten character of the outcome is graphically conveyed in its reproduction.
Wagner: "Entrance of the Gods" *(Das Rheingold);* "Ride of the Valkyries" and "Magic Fire Music" *(Die Walküre);* "Forest Murmurs" *(Siegfried);* "Dawn," "Siegfried's Rhine Journey," "Siegfried's Funeral Music," and "Final Scene" *(Götterdämmerung).* George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra. Columbia stereo, MS 7291, $5.98.	If there is one quality beyond all others that distinguishes this outstanding record—beyond the sensible plan by which a group of excerpts is related to a larger unity—it is, simply: beauty of conception, beauty of feeling, but above all, beauty of sound. Those who accuse Wagner of vulgarity and garishness should spend the time required to hear Szell's "Entrance of the Gods" or "Ride of the Valkyries" (not to mention the *Götterdämmerung* excerpts) and then decide for themselves whether the vulgarity and garishness are in Wagner's scores or the ill-informed interpreters of them. Szell's mastery of these works was demonstrated as long ago as 1943-44, when he did a memorable *Ring* at the Metropolitan with Traubel and Melchior. There is,	however, little question that he has a sharper eye for detail, a keener ear for sonorities now than he did then. Thus, to mastery of the dramatic scheme of the works he has added a high refinement of orchestral values that places this disc on a parity with any other great examples of Wagner one chooses to mention—Muck, Toscanini, Furtwängler. If I cite it as in a class of its own among contemporaries, it is not for lack of esteem for Von Karajan, but simply because the Cleveland strings and brass have a sheen and sonority beyond anything the Berlin Philharmonic—great orchestra that it is—can currently provide. The reproductive quality strikes me as a new high for Columbia's technicians. —Irving Kolodin.

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WOODSTOCK MUSIC AND ART FAIR:

The Ultimate Pop Experience

When the day came for them to stand up and be counted there were almost half a million of them on their feet, exhausted, ecstatic, and cheering. The night resounded ten miles around with their cries of triumph and the music of their movement. Knee-deep in the mud of a gigantic farmyard they stood, their hands held high in two-fingered "V"s. Rock music thundered out over hundreds of thousands of rock 'n' roll fans, but they were applauding, primarily, themselves.

Such was the scene at Bethel, New York, during the three-day late August Woodstock Music and Art Fair, where the heaviest billing of pop talent ever assembled played to almost half a million people who had come to celebrate their life-style.

It was no easy success. Rain, provisions inadequate for the double-to-triple capacity crowd, and any number of major crises might have brought the festival to a tragic end at any time, might have put an end to all pop festivals anywhere on the East Coast. You only had to be backstage for a few hours catching snippets of panicked telephone conversations to understand just how precarious the balance of this festival was. But you only had to be out in the field, in the audience, on the campgrounds, or at the Hog Farm free-food concession to know that even if the festival failed, the generation represented there had succeeded.

The media were flabbergasted. The festival was international front-page news. The bewildered and reluctantly delighted attitude of most of the press coverage (particularly *The New York Times*, which did a complete turnabout overnight) was a significant result. No longer can the magical multicolored phenomenon of pop culture be overlooked or underrated. It's happening everywhere, but now it has happened in one place at one time so hugely that it was, indeed, historic.

Conclusively, pop showed itself to be bigger than the sum of its parts. The audience was a much bigger story than the groups. It was major entertainment news that the line-up of talent was of such magnificence and magnitude (thirty-one acts, nineteen of which were colossal), that The Band made a rare appearance there, that Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young made their major debut, and that Sly and the Family Stone won a running battle of the bands on Saturday night. These were, however, the least significant events of what happened over the Woodstock weekend. What happened was that the largest number of people ever assembled for any event other than a war lived together, intimately and meaningfully and with such natural good cheer that they turned on not only everyone surrounding them but the mass media, and, by extension, millions of others, young and old, particularly many elements hostile to the manifestations and ignorant of the substance of pop culture.

By virtue of the fact that it was impossible for the skeleton security staff to collect tickets, the festival became a free-for-all (though many had bought tickets in advance). Cooperation, courtesy, and genuine concern for each other were established almost at once in the spirit of freedom, and they grew more profound as the festival continued. Sanitation facilities were inadequate, and overflowing. Food concessions ran out of supplies. Traffic was an utter mess. Security was nonexistent, but turned out to be unneeded. Rain and chill caused many discomforts over the weekend. It was an emergency, the same type of circumstances that brought blacks and whites together in Mississippi in the afternoon of the hurricane, or as *The*

(*Continued on page* 65)

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Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report	
Brahms: Variations on a Theme by Handel; Variations on a Theme by Paganini. Gary Graffman, piano. Columbia stereo, MS 7276, $5.98.	Few contemporaries are more assured in the pursuit of their objective than Graffman, who realizes unerringly exactly what he sets out to do in these complementary sets of variations. That, as it strikes my ear, is to play every note in both hands, with a maximum of clarity and exactness of note values, at a carefully calculated gradation of dynamic stress and degree of momentum. The outcome, however, sounds less like the reproduction of a studio recording than the restoration, via a disc, of a great performance from a player-piano roll. Somewhere along the way, the elements	of impulse, spontaneity, and—even—human error have become subordinated to the exercise of Graffman's keyboard skills. The results may fascinate connoisseurs of such matters, but they will also exclude more than a few listeners who prefer a more inclusive musical purpose in their interpretations of Brahms. There are, from time to time, more flexibility and shading in the Handel variations than in the Paganini, but the characteristics of Graffman's treatment remain more conspicuous than any deviation from them.
Chabrier: *Pièces ... resques; Feuillet d'album; España* (arranged Chevillard); *Bourrée fantasque.* Aldo Ciccolini, piano. Angel stereo, S-36627, $5.98.	Those who recall the splendid success Aldo Ciccolini made of his Erik Satie series (RECORDINGS IN REVIEW, Feb. 24, 1968) will recognize, in his attentions to Chabrier, an instance not of guilt but of affinity by association. Or, as Adolphe Jullien says in his sketch of Chabrier for *Grove's Dictionary* "Satie . . . greatly admired Chabrier and largely took him for a model." In Chabrier, the sentiment	that is consistently dissembled by Satie is closer to the surface, and given appropriate emphasis in Ciccolini's affectionate, wholly understanding performances. Now and then, as in the "Danse villageoise" and "Scherzo-Valse," his impact on the keys produces a sound that is a little percussive for my taste, but he certainly has a right to *his* taste.
Glière: Concerto for Soprano. Joan Sutherland, soprano; with London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Richard Bonynge. Concerto for Harp. Osian Ellis, harp; with Bonynge conducting. **Cui:** "Ici bas." Sutherland, soprano; with Bonynge, piano. **Stravinsky:** *Pastorale.* **Gretchaninov:** "Lullaby." Sutherland, soprano; with Bonynge conducting. London stereo, OS 26110, $5.98.	The unquestionable attraction for vocal devotees here is Sutherland's fleet, suave, not to say glossy, enactment of the role in which Glière had cast the soprano in this creation of the early Forties. The date is consequential, for the *scena* is in the shadow of such other *vocalise* writers as Rachmaninoff and Ravel. Her skill is unquestionable, the embodiment of it rather less so. For music lovers, however, the invitation to partake derives from the Harp Concerto	which, after a somewhat dull opening movement, turns into a beautiful series of variations and a finale not unworthy of such a prior harp concerto as Tchaikovsky's *Sleeping Beauty* score. It also sounds to me as the best performance Bonynge has organized for the phonograph: well paced, acutely conveyed. Sutherland's singing of the songs is technically agile, a little lacking in projective power. Excellent reproduction.
Prokofiev: Sonata No. 6. **Chopin:** Mazurkas Op. 30 (Nos. 2, 3, and 4) and No. 42 in A minor. **Haydn:** Sonata No. 48 in C. Aleksander Slobodyanik, piano. Melodiya/Angel stereo, SR-40109, $5.98.	Aleksander Slobodyanik is a young Soviet pianist who excited attention at his New York debut last season (an event unreported in *SR* because of a complication of other events at the time). To judge from this recording, he is brilliant in Prokofiev, more than capable in Chopin, and slightly standoffish in Haydn. Of the size and scope of his pianistic equipment there is no doubt, but of his musical resources there is—in a way somewhat characteristic of Soviet pianists other	than Gilels, Richter, and Ashkenazy—more than a little. For drive and momentum, his Prokofiev would be hard to surpass, and he also commands the lyric feeling to deal persuasively with the aspects of it that resemble the *Romeo and Juliet* music. As a curio, it may be noted that the finale of the Haydn Sonata works over much the same material as the composer used in his much played G-major (No. 88) Symphony (also the finale) of a few years before.
Schumann: *Fantasia; Kinderscenen.* Alexis Weissenberg, piano. Angel stereo, S-36616, $5.98.	Without suggesting that Weissenberg is in any way schizophrenic, it is noticeable that there are at least two of him audible on this record. It is not so much a matter of the big dimensions of the *Fantasia* or the intimate ones of the *Kinderscenen* that splits them apart. Rather it is the circumstances (common to both works) when he is playing soft and slow vs. loud and fast. In the first instance, he is as interesting and satisfying an interpreter as one would care to hear; in the second, the listener is apt to be disaffected by two things—the amount	of irrelevant velocity he generates and (perhaps even more crucially) the overstated, distorted sound he produces. Thus, it would be useful for this able pianist and intelligent musician to have near the keyboard a variant of the sign one sees all over New York, save that this one would read: "Curb your speed." At the heart of the Weissenberg paradox is one of the most beautiful performances of "Träumerei" imaginable. Why cannot he do elsewhere, in finesse and restraint, what he does there? Ask him, not me. . . .
Wuorinen, C.: *Time's Encomium.* Realized at the Columbia-Princeton Electronic Music Center, New York. Nonesuch stereo, H-71225, $2.98.	Wuorinen's numerous recordings (this is the sixth known to me) put him in the category of higher sensitivity among workers in the electronic media. The synthesizer herein employed functions in terms of twelve-tone equal temperament, which produces its own effect on the sound that is heard. The interest it arouses for me is in Wuorinen's refined sense of sonorities, which makes for a mingling of timbres with a fair range of fascination on their own. Whether I am hearing what Wuorinen meant the listener to hear, only he could say. He notes that Side 1 is "generative," Side 2	"developmental." It contains, further, "a core of synthesized music . . . surrounded and interlarded with analog-studio transformations of that music." As for the title, Wuorinen ascribes it to the "precise temperamental control that, perhaps beyond anything else, characterizes the electronic medium." In other words, no inflections, no alterations—however minute—of the composer's purpose which characterize the "live" performance of conventional music. "If this music must be the food of love," plug in. —I. K.

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The "Great Recordings" Revisited

The resurrection and augmentation of Angel's "Great Recordings of the Century" series on the $2.49 Seraphim label is a phenomenon at delightfully sharp variance with the inflationary temper of our times. At the new price these recorded performances are now about one-fifth their prewar 78-rpm cost. And if the comparison were to be made in terms of real buying power—1939 dollars vs. 1969 dollars—the decline would appear even more astonishing. What other pleasure-yielding commodity has so successfully defied the consequences of Keynesian economics?

But a valuation solely in terms of dollars and cents does these reissues a profound injustice. They not only cost less; they sound better. Hearing them again in close succession inevitably provokes the question, "Why don't they make records like this anymore?" The query is of particular pertinence to this listener, who has found himself in recent years deriving less and less pleasure from the general run of new releases, and turning more and more often to recordings made twenty, thirty, even forty years ago. Is it sheer antiquarianism that has sent him scurrying back to these old performances, or do they really possess definable points of superiority?

In attempting to formulate an answer, due allowance must be made for the power of nostalgia. Record listeners have a peculiar penchant for the sounds of yesteryear, especially if they carry a heavy freight of memories. But remembrance of things past will take us only so far. Beyond that point, the old recordings must make it on their own. And they do so, I submit, for three essential reasons. First, they date from an epoch when musicians cultivated individuality more than today, when they were less afraid to express personal idiosyncrasies in performance. Second, the absence of tape splicing and insertions in pre-1950 recordings insures a sense of immediacy and reality that has largely disappeared from today's artificially perfected productions. Third, survival of the fittest has left us with the cream of the old crop, and has relegated the mediocre remainder to oblivion.

A substantial portion of that crop can be found among the twenty-two discs comprising Seraphim's initial "Great Recordings" release. A few are direct transfers from the former Angel series, unchanged in every respect save for price and packaging. Most of them, however, are new reissues of recordings long unavailable in this country. For reasons presumably related to merchandising, a good deal of this material has been consolidated in a series of three-record sets bearing omnibus titles. To the discriminating collector such conglomerations are always hazardous, since they are almost certain to include some unwanted items. But in view of the low cost and generally sagacious choice of contents, there is really small cause for complaint.

Surely, the set entitled *Six Chamber Music Masterpieces* merits consideration if only for the Schnabel-Pro Arte account of Mozart's G-minor Piano Quartet, in which the pianist's probing, subtly sculptured style finds a perfect foil in the Pro Arte's patrician, understated collaboration. Having justified itself with this plum, the set then pro-

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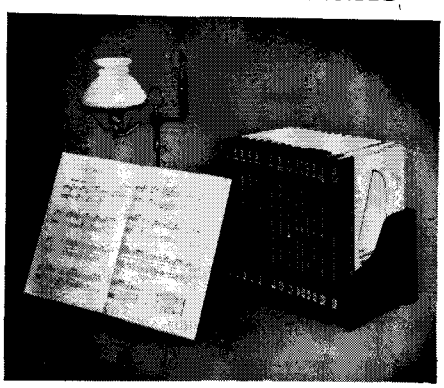

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The compilation of *Six Concertos* is notable for inclusion of a 1929 Barcelona recording of the Brahms Double Concerto with Cortot on the podium, and Casals and Thibaud as soloists. This was the last occasion on which the celebrated trio collaborated before the recording microphones, and it represents Cortot's only appearance on records in the role of conductor (among other exploits, he had led the first French performance of *Götterdämmerung* in 1902). Here the restricted sound is something of an overall liability, though it puts no obstacles in the way of savoring the soloists' impassioned, warmly cohesive partnership. This set also contains the Fifth *Brandenburg*, performed with relaxed unanimity of spirit under Adolf Busch; the Mozart C-minor, with Edwin Fischer at the keyboard; Schnabel's 1946 version of the Beethoven No. 2; Kreisler's classic Mendelssohn; and a creator's account of the Ravel Concerto in G by pianist Marguerite Long and conductor Maurice Ravel. In my book, all qualify for posterity's attention, except for Fischer's glibly played (and sloppily accompanied) Mozart.

In *Six Legendary Pianists*, alas, Seraphim's compiler faltered. The set is worth having for Myra Hess's marvelously serene Opus 109 Beethoven and Schnabel's eloquent *Moments Musicaux*. But what a pity that the rest is not up to this level. Instead of Gieseking's colorless, uninvolved Mozart, why not the still-unissued K. 332 Sonata by Landowska (recorded on the piano in 1939)? And instead of Bach by Edwin Fischer, why not that of the much-esteemed Harold Samuels? Again, Alfred Cortot is poorly represented by his inaccurate and eccentric 1953 recording of the Chopin "Funeral March" Sonata; a far worthier choice would have been his poetic interpretation of Schumann's *Kinderscenen*. And though Solomon gives a good account of *Carnaval*, it is not in the same class as his breathtaking scamper through Brahms's Handel Variations. Fortunately, Landowska's Mozart can be heard on a separate disc coupling the richly ornamented *Coronation* Concerto with a Haydn harpsichord concerto.

For vocal aficionados the pickings are not as copious as might be expected. A record called *Great Voices of the Century* runs the gamut from 1902 vintage Caruso ("Questa o quella") to 1944 vintage Teyte (Debussy's "Beau soir") by way of John McCormack (Handel), Feodor Chaliapin (Mussorgsky), and Elisabeth Schumann (Schubert), among others. This olla-podrida is pretty good of its kind, but could have been put together more imaginatively. Surely a better Melba might have been selected than her dim and spineless "Mattinata" (why not the electrically recorded "Dite alla giovane" with John Brownlee?), and a more representative Muzio than her gutty "Voi lo sapete" (why not the "Addio" from *Bohème*?). Otherwise there is the welcome reappearance of the Lehmann-Schumann-Mayr *Rosenkavalier* excerpts—the standard by which all other performances of this opera are inevitably judged. In its Seraphic incarnation the set comes with a bonus record on which Lehmann sings the *Ariadne* and *Arabella* arias, and Elisabeth Schumann performs eight Strauss songs with that soaring, floating radiance that was uniquely hers.

Admirers of Hans Hotter will rejoice in a three-record set devoted principally to Schubert's *Winterreise* and *Schwanengesang*. I confess to a blind spot with regard to this singer, and cannot share in the jubilation. But there is no resisting a recital of Carl Nielsen songs by Aksel Schiotz, recorded between 1938 and 1941, when the Danish tenor was at the peak of his fresh-voiced glory.

The annotations are not as thoroughgoing as those in the Angel "Great Recordings" series, but they provide all the essential information, including dates of recording. The sound? That all depends on your point of view. To my ears, the vocal, solo instrumental, and chamber ensemble waxings of the 1930s and 1940s hold their own very well with comparable stereo tapings of today (opera and orchestral recordings are another story). But perhaps my ears are hopelessly middle-aged. At any rate, Seraphim's engineers have done an exemplary job in transferring these old recordings to microgroove. Needless to say, everything appears in honest mono. Thanks to the good taste and intransigence of Mr. Brown Meggs, Capitol's vice president in charge of classics, Seraphim continues to turn a deaf ear to those know-nothing dealers who cry out for stereo even when the stereo is manifestly bogus.

—ROLAND GELATT.

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Ozawa in Transit

Continued from page 48

passage into the coda was played. The second movement was untouched. Ozawa launched the men into the third movement with a surge of vitality, but soon began shouting cues to skip ahead. A few firm baton strokes set the character for the finale. There was a warning "here the repeat was not to be observed," and the rehearsal was over.

On this foundation Ozawa secured a performance. Six days later, when the men reported to Orchestra Hall to record the work for RCA, the performance was still there—and they were fresh, interested, and ready to participate fully in developing the potential. Hearing the first playback, Ozawa was immediately self-critical, and his words of thanks began to be intermixed with such phrases as "I was wrong," or "Here we must. . . ." The men only needed the guidance, and a new idea was generally fully realized on the first try. Now Ozawa was doing what he could not do in his brief rehearsal, departing from the familiar to implant his own distinctive thinking on the final product.

Once more, I was thinking of Walter and Szell. In a pinch, they could provide an acceptable Beethoven symphony in next to no rehearsal. But who of Ozawa's generation, other than himself, could be trusted with the assignment? Few, I think. Very few. For here technical security, depth of musicianship, and a sure sense of style are uppermost, and, when the pressure is on, these things cannot be faked. In Ozawa's case, no faking is necessary, and this is why his players respect him. He leads because his right to lead has been made clear to the most critical of juries.

No enterprise involving a stageful of musicians can be without some personality conflicts, and Ozawa knows this. Thus, while concentrating on a desired effect ("I try again, I must try. . . ."), his ear can pick a single malefactor out of the strings ("One reason it is not right is that someone takes off his mute too early . . ."). Ozawa is not listening to his internal, idealized performance, but is acutely focused on what the men before him are actually doing.

In five years of fairly regular conversations with Ozawa, I have come to the conclusion that he is an easy person with whom to work but a difficult person to know well. His relaxed approach, his seemingly impenetrable cool, his total lack of pretension or egotism all make superficial exchanges easy and pleasant. He is obviously a genuinely polite, considerate, and understanding person, quite apart from any social or cultural factor.

But behind this facade of good manners there is obviously a lot going on, and the character of that process is not always easy to judge. Indeed, the point of the good manners appears, at times, to deny you the raw materials needed for such judgment. Thus, paradoxically, this young conductor, who seems so friendly and accessible, preserves what probably must be called his spiritual privacy more successfully than many of his senior colleagues, who are aloof, self-revealing autocrats in their personal contacts. Ozawa shows no sign of wishing to be an autocrat, no desire to be a celebrity.

"Professionally," he observes, "I am a very cosmopolitan person. I play the music of many countries to audiences all over the world. But personally, I am still very Japanese. I realize this, and I have no wish to change." Again, of course, he is being polite.

Ozawa will praise a work of music, the musicians he leads, and his colleagues, but I have no recollection of his ever praising himself. (This, too, I suspect, comes under the heading of bad taste.) To speak of his Fifth (rather than Beethoven's) would be offensive to him, I am sure.

Is there, I asked facetiously, an Ozawa sound?

"No," he replied. "Only the composer's—at least for now. I may change as I grow older." Smiling, he added, "I may become more limited."

Yet the fact that he would indulge in a quip such as that is further evidence of change. You can see it as well in his rehearsal technique, which has become more direct. In the past, he tended to avoid straightforward criticism of a player's work. It was very Japanese and indirect: Was his tempo too fast, the material faulty, the beat unclear? Now, especially when on deadline, he will say it flat out—"You are too loud," "That is the wrong note," and so on—without, one must add, the slightest hard feelings from the ensemble, which has heard these phrases before from other conductors.

Perhaps a key to his success is his sense of the paradoxical. "An orchestra, after all," he says, "is a very unnatural thing. An impossible thing, almost. A musician naturally wants to play alone, or in a group where he can be heard, appreciated, and still express his individuality. This is why *Così fan tutte* is so marvelous—chamber music for 100 musicians. But for so much music, the musicians must submerge themselves into an orchestra to make the necessary sound and let one musician tell them how to play. Whenever it goes well, I am happy, because it is surprising that it ever works at all."

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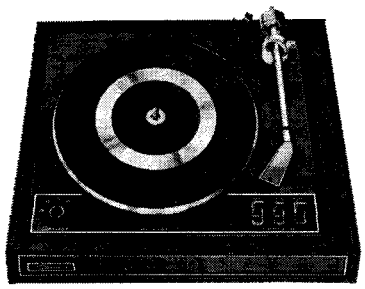

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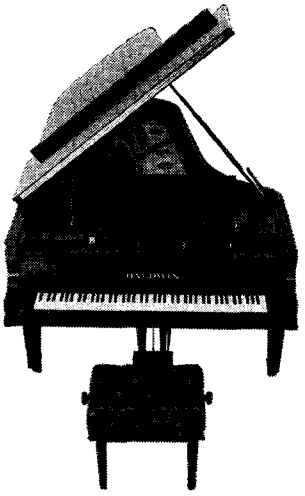

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Letters to the Recordings Editor

Ellen, the Rock Garden, and Johnny Winter

FOR THE PAST three or four months I have been following *SR*'s somewhat overanalytical explanations and long-winded critiques regarding the "rock garden," as Miss Sander so aptly expressed it, and have generally enjoyed them—even though disagreeing with more than a few. Miss Sander must be commended for her honest approach and self-appointed attitude of guardian angel of the rock world. That rock connoisseurs do not need people like her is of no consequence, and does not taint her good intentions. Her articles would help (if you want to think of it as help) to dissolve the wall that many older people—the over-thirties seem to have been stereotyped as non-enjoyers of pop—still retain regarding this type of music.

That was just an introduction for what I'm going to say about Martin Williams. In "New Adventures of the Jazz Guitar" [*SR*, July 26], he hands Johnny Winter a rather severe downgrading by saying that *hundreds* of black blues guitarists are better than he is. Now, I'm not a professional music reviewer, but I do know that when a well-known magazine allows one of its staff to make such a wide generalization it must be quite certain that it can be supported with facts or honest opinions. I publicly *dare* Mr. Williams to qualify his statement and name fifteen (not two hundred!) blues guitarists—black, white, red, or glacial blue—whom he believes to be better than Winter. Perhaps Williams didn't pay his professional attention to the last cut on Johnny Winter's first album; I doubt that Williams could name fifteen blues guitarists who could top that performance.

I would now like to qualify *my* accusations by making it clear that I don't believe Winter is the best blues guitarist around—but rather much better than Williams seems to think. I'm disagreeing as much with Williams's lack of precise terminology as with his unfair remarks about a very fine musician. And as a final response: Why did he place Winter in an article entitled "New Adventures of the Jazz Guitar"? I was under the impression that he was a blues guitarist. Two inaccurate and gross generalizations make any article quite unbearable.

CONSTANTINE GEORGE ALIKES,
Canandaigua, N.Y.

Korall and Jazz-Rock

BURT KORALL'S article "Can Jazz-Rock Find Happiness Together?" [*SR*, July 12] was, at best, a disappointing treatment of a vibrant musical field. His spotlighting of Blood, Sweat and Tears as the group spearheading the jazz-rock fusion was totally unwarranted for several reasons. First of all, Blood, Sweat and Tears has never attained anything near to a "fusion" of the two styles. Though a listener to their latest album is treated to bits of jazz and rock within the same song, the two styles never merge. Instead, all that is present is an incoherent and often tasteless failure.

But more importantly, Korall scarcely mentioned the British group, Ten Years After, that has been at the forefront of the jazz-rock merger for the past three years. This quartet successfully unifies these musical idioms in a manner which displays none of the pretentiousness that characterizes the recent style of Blood Sweat and Tears. Though the future for jazz-rock is still bright, there should be no doubt it will be Ten Years After that will continue to lead the way.

WILLIAM G. VISCUSI,
Louisville, Ky.

Package and Content

RE: A letter from Mrs. Gretchen Bliss, Mt. Carmel, Connecticut [*SR*, Aug. 30], it would seem that in deriding the "salesmanship" of John and Yoko, Mrs. Bliss falls prey to the fault of cherishing the wrapping, but not the contents, of a package so completely attractive as peace.

What pretty decorations must believers in peace wear? They have abducted me from work on my Masters in English literature and clothed me in olive drab. Despite all their efforts I am still a believer in peace. Would you spill blood all over me and call me a weapon of war?

PFC. JOHN F. DZURAK, JR.,
APO,
San Francisco, Calif.

Presser and Santa Fe

IN REFERENCE to the statement in "Santa Fe's Operatic Oasis" [*SR*, Aug. 30]: "Nearby are a musicians' lounge and practice rooms whose cost was contributed by the music publishing firm of Theodore Presser, Inc."

Please be advised that this money was contributed by the Presser Foundation. The Theodore Presser Company does not participate in such activities.

We realize mistakes must happen and we shall consider the matter closed.

JOHN RONALD OTT,
President,
The Presser Foundation,
Philadelphia, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The credit was verbalized and probably misunderstood.*

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Woodstock

Continued from page 59

Times reported August 23, "Banded together by . . . hurricane calamity, white and black Mississippians were living together and eating together in the biggest exercise of integrated living in the state's history." The pressures demanding the cooperation and brotherhood that prevailed over the duration of the Woodstock Music and Art Fair were much the same, but the counter-culture that had spawned these young people had a head start: the youth of this country are *starving* for opportunities to give peace a chance. (Sometimes they are so undernourished they react with spite.)

Pop encourages freedom and flamboyance. It creates an introspective climate in which constructive attitudes flower. It revels in its own power to satisfy its own needs, it defiantly shouts its rejection of the traditional American values that contradict it.

Pop created the third largest city in the state of New York, and for three days and three nights that city generated no violent crime. Drugs were plentiful. There was no trouble. The death toll was two. That has to be a record of some sort.

The Woodstock Music and Art Fair was nothing less than the ultimate pop experience, an event that completely transcended anything and everything hitherto considered pop. For anyone whose life has been integrally involved, even to the merely apprehensive, it seemed to everyone there over those three days that rock 'n' roll had inherited the earth.

Pop music is only the leading edge of the culture, simply its most visible known quality. What is truly happening is that pop has created a community of its audience, the impact of which has only begun to make itself felt.

Half a million came to Bethel to affirm themselves, as opposed to 10,000 who went to Chicago almost exactly a year before to negate something else. It shows where the sentiments of the turned-on young lie; it is clear where the numbers are. It dramatically demonstrates why John Lennon's voice for peace is more overwhelmingly relevant than Richard Nixon's excuses for war or any yippie's effort at organizing violent revolution or militant opposition. When Abbie Hoffman grabbed a microphone at the beginning of The Who's set at the Woodstock festival, Townshend knocked him off the stage with a guitar and the kids in the audience who saw what happened cheered. Similarly, when a rabid "crazie" (the newest self-descriptive nomenclature

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of young militants) tried to incite a bunch of festival-goers to liberate a hot dog stand (!), they watched, listened, and walked away. Some even applauded. It was part of the show, and not very entertaining at that. It should be quite evident that young revolutionaries who encourage violent disruption of the system are barking with negligible bite. The majority of the population of the rock generation is passionately peaceful.

The police had nothing but the kindest things to say of this crowd. Many of them openly re-examined their attitude toward what one local paper described as "hairy types." When pop culture makes itself so strongly felt, when it erupts so monumentally, it is even capable of easing the generational resentment to which it exists as an equal and opposite reaction. And it's getting better all the time.

On Labor Day, *The Times* reported pop festivals going on in Dallas, New Orleans, Tenino, Washington, and the Isle of Wight in Great Britain. Every one of them was massively attended and peaceful. "We had no problem with violence," the sheriff of Prairieville, Louisiana, said of the young audience at the New Orleans Pop Festival. "It's an experience being around them."

He had obviously begun to get the point. —ELLEN SANDER.

Log:

by Miller Williams

It is Sunday.

There are two wars.

In four days
not counting border outbreaks
and rebellious acts

seventy thousand lay down dead
who were not ill or old
and did not fall off ladders.

Two blocks from where I am
words on a laundromat window
appear to say

WHITE ONLY

The words are in code: they say

A decree went out

they say

I own a laundromat and I am mad

they say

kill

It is the sign of his madness
he can write in codes
he does not know.

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LAND FOR SALE: Northern Vermont beauty available without billboards. Brooks. Views, Skiing, Lake Frontage, Timberland, Farms, Summer or year round residences. Free Brochure. Write Box N-614.

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VACATIONS

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WINDHAM HILL FARM—Country inn. Tranquillity. Comestibles. Folder. West Townshend, Vermont 05359.

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GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE — see "STUDIES ABROAD." Language-Literature-Art.

STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE offers American college students stimulating academic year program in HEIDELBERG (upperclassmen); and in castle near STUTTGART (underclassmen) September-June, $1,950; American credit system; quarter-length European Seminars in Berlin; two six-week SUMMER COURSES. Write Schiller College, 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany, or U. R. Laves, Director, U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73118. Phone 405-842-5979.

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ANTIGUA, WEST INDIES—Modern Falmouth Harbour Beach Studio Apartments. Maid, shopping service. Private white sand beach. Swim, sunbathe, fish, sail, snorkel. No charge for use of boats. Write for color brochure or see your Travel Agent. N.Y. Rep: F. Junge, 51 East 42nd Street, New York, 212-867-7585. Owner: Hancarib, 770 Welch Road, Palo Alto, California. 415-325-5627.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1851

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Moray, Solway, Clyde, and Forth, for instance.	15 20 33 79 106 109
B. Arbor; open porch.	137 143 145 161 168 193
C. Ultimate result of a series of experiences, tendencies, or activities (2 wds.)	201 207 32 76 92 94 112 118 36 82
D. Military units.	86 101 26 30 39 56 61 81 138
E. Libertine, rake; character in Rowe's "The Fair Penitent."	175 180 204 211 216 230 4 11
F. Mountain climber's staff.	52 215 95 102 115 163 173 189 28 124
G. Bested.	153 196 214 227 16 27 72
H. Somewhat; sooner.	147 169 183 190 213 219
I. The division of the octave into twelve half steps (2 wds.)	223 117 166 199 232 23 34 51 187 191 3
	9 53 66 97 103
J. "I am but mad ———," says Hamlet (comp.)	189 25 37 84 110 167 44 49 105 131 208
	218 63 116
K. Stamped with urban ways.	60 80 108 113 165 181 13 140
L. Syllogism in which one premise is unexpressed.	141 172 210 17 88 90 121 122 132
M. The only science it pleased God to bestow on mankind, according to Hobbes.	43 46 50 170 184 222 21 104
N. Thought but not spoken.	186 195 22 58 65 144
O. Just begun; rudimentary.	71 203 57 135 146 174 225 93
P. Measured, plotted; ceased to employ, usu. temporarily (2 wds.)	5 77 119 151 38 179 19
Q. Faint illumination of the part of the moon not illuminated by sunlight, as during the crescent phase.	54 87 162 127 156 177 29 41 62 125
R. Thwart, block.	182 128 233 1 154 159
S. Italian statesman and economist (1868-1953), premier of Italy, 1919-20.	224 231 134 149 176
T. Carries too far.	85 45 69 197 185 99 136 40
U. Helen Hunt Jackson heroine.	55 226 178 91 67 202
V. Wedding attendants (3 wds.)	228 2 220 73 98 150 48 158 83 35 129
	192
W. Pejorative term for artists known as "The Eight" (2 wds.)	206 89 160 64 107 7 59 100 164 152 14
	31
X. Small passenger buses.	200 126 120 12 74 6 78
Y. Condition of being cherished as sacred.	111 221 10 142 47 209 234 18 198 96 75
	130
Z. The Stagirite.	229 70 139 194 155 133 157 24 148
Z¹. Lennox speaks "Of dire combustion and confused events/ —— to the woful time." (wd. and contr.; "Macbeth")	42 171 8 205 123 217 68 212 114

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

1 R	2 V	3 I	4 E	5 P	6 X	7 W		8 Z¹	9 I	10 Y		11 E	12 X	13 K		14 W	15 A					
16 G	17 L	18 Y		19 P	20 A	21 M	22 N	23 I		24 Z	25 J	26 D	27 G		28 F	29 Q	30 D	31 W				
32 C	33 A	34 I	35 V		36 C	37 J	38 P	39 D	40 T	41 Q	42 Z¹	43 M		44 J	45 T	46 M	47 Y					
48 V	49 J	50 M	51 I		52 F	53 I	54 Q	55 U	56 D	57 O	58 N	59 W		60 K	61 D	62 Q	63 J	64 W				
65 N	66 I	67 U	68 Z¹	69 T	_	70 Z	71 O	72 G	73 V	74 X	75 Y		76 C	77 P	78 X	79 A		80 K				
81 D	82 C	83 V		84 J	85 T	86 D	87 Q	88 L	89 W		90 L	91 U	92 C	93 O		94 C	95 F	96 Y				
97 I		98 V	99 T	100 W	101 D	102 F	103 I	104 M		105 J	106 A	107 W	108 K		109 A	110 J	111 Y					
112 C	113 K	114 Z¹	115 F	116 J		117 I	118 C	119 P	120 X	121 L		122 L	123 Z¹	124 F	125 Q		126 X	127 Q				
	128 R	129 V		130 Y	131 J	132 L		133 Z	134 S	135 O	136 T	137 B		138 D	139 Z	140 K	141 L					
142 Y	143 B	144 N		145 B	146 O	147 H	148 Z		149 S	150 V		151 P	152 W		153 G	154 R	155 Z	156 Q				
	157 Z	158 V	159 R		160 W	161 B	162 Q	163 F	164 W		165 K	166 I	167 J	168 B	169 H	170 M	171 Z¹	172 L				
173 F	174 O	175 E	176 S	177 Q	178 U		179 P	180 E	181 K	182 R	183 H	184 M	185 T		186 N	187 I	188 F	189 J				
	190 H	191 I	192 V		193 B	194 Z		195 N	196 G	197 T	198 Y	199 I		200 X	201 C	202 U	203 O					
204 E	205 Z¹	206 W	207 C		208 J	209 Y	210 L	211 E		212 Z¹	213 M	214 G		215 F	216 E	217 Z¹	218 J	219 H				
	220 V	221 Y	222 M	223 I	224 S	225 O		226 U	227 G		228 V	229 Z	230 E	231 S	232 I	233 R	234 Y					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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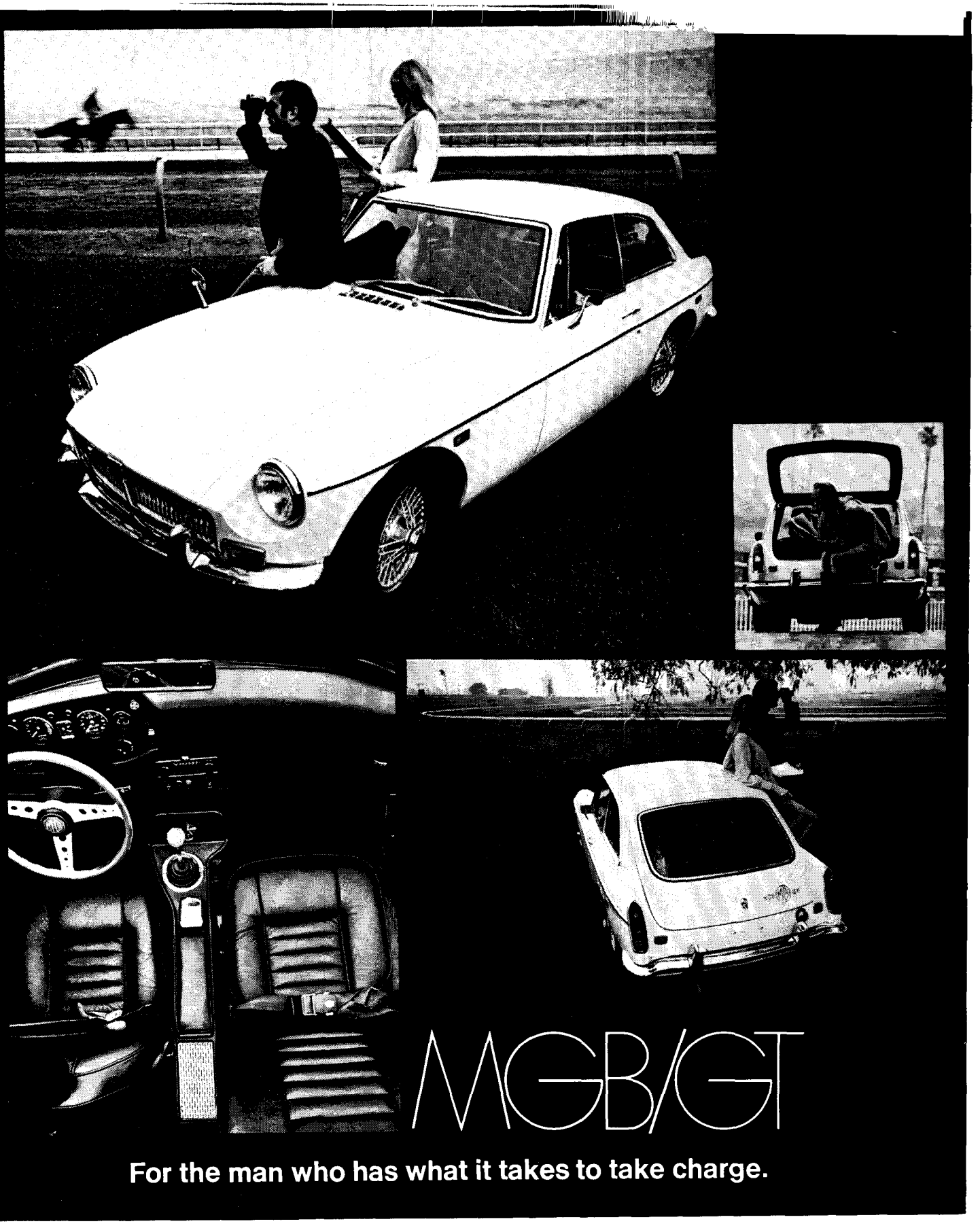

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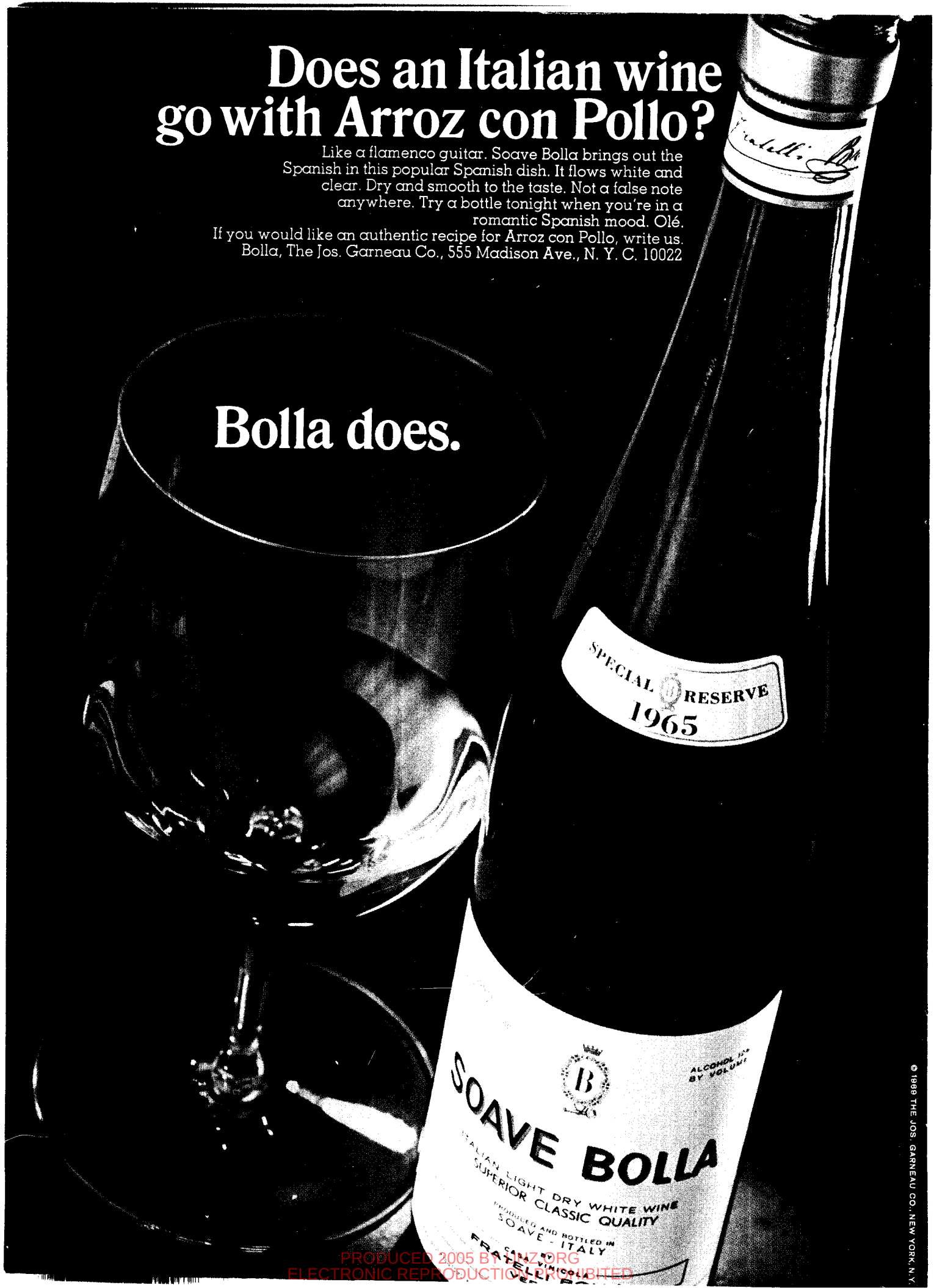

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